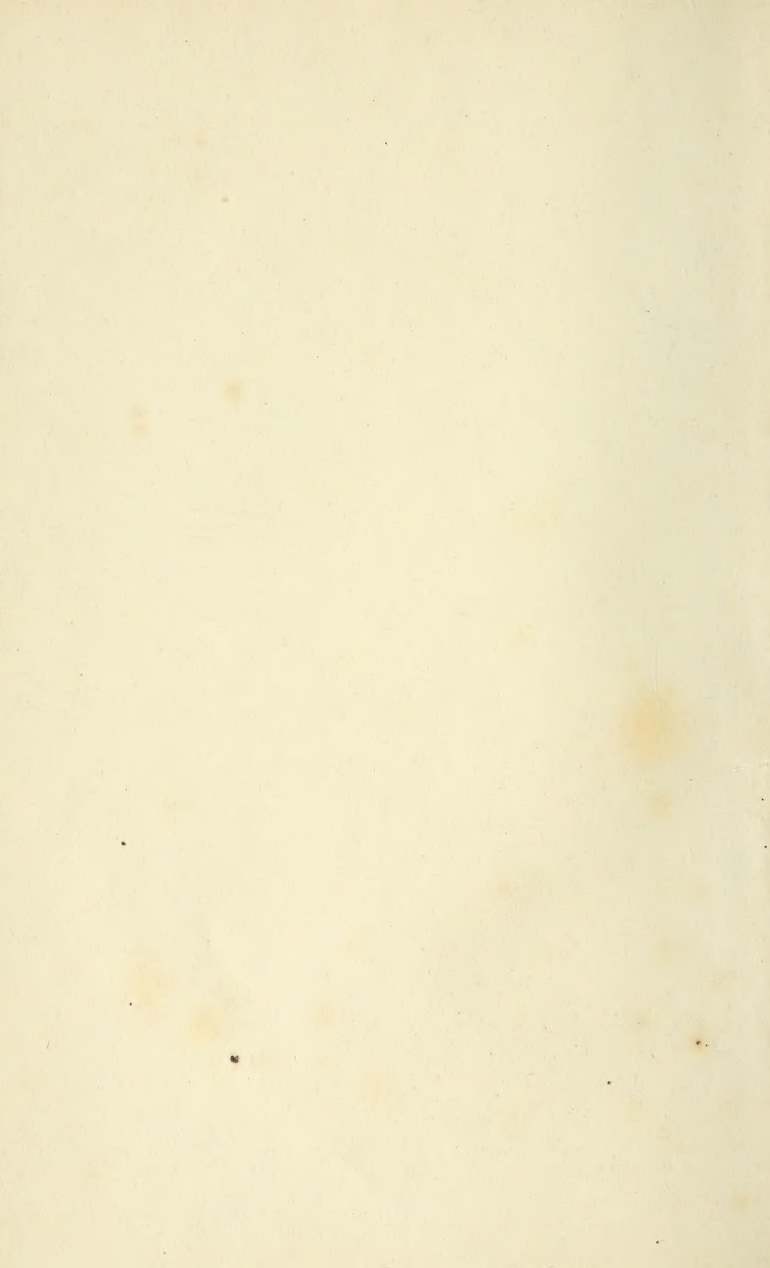


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The strongly-marked dotted line denotes the route of the Journey.

C. K. OGDEN

A HUNDRED DAYS IN THE EAST:

A Diary of

A JOURNEY TO EGYPT, PALESTINE,
TURKEY IN EUROPE, GREECE, THE ISLES OF THE
ARCHIPELAGO, AND ITALY.

BY

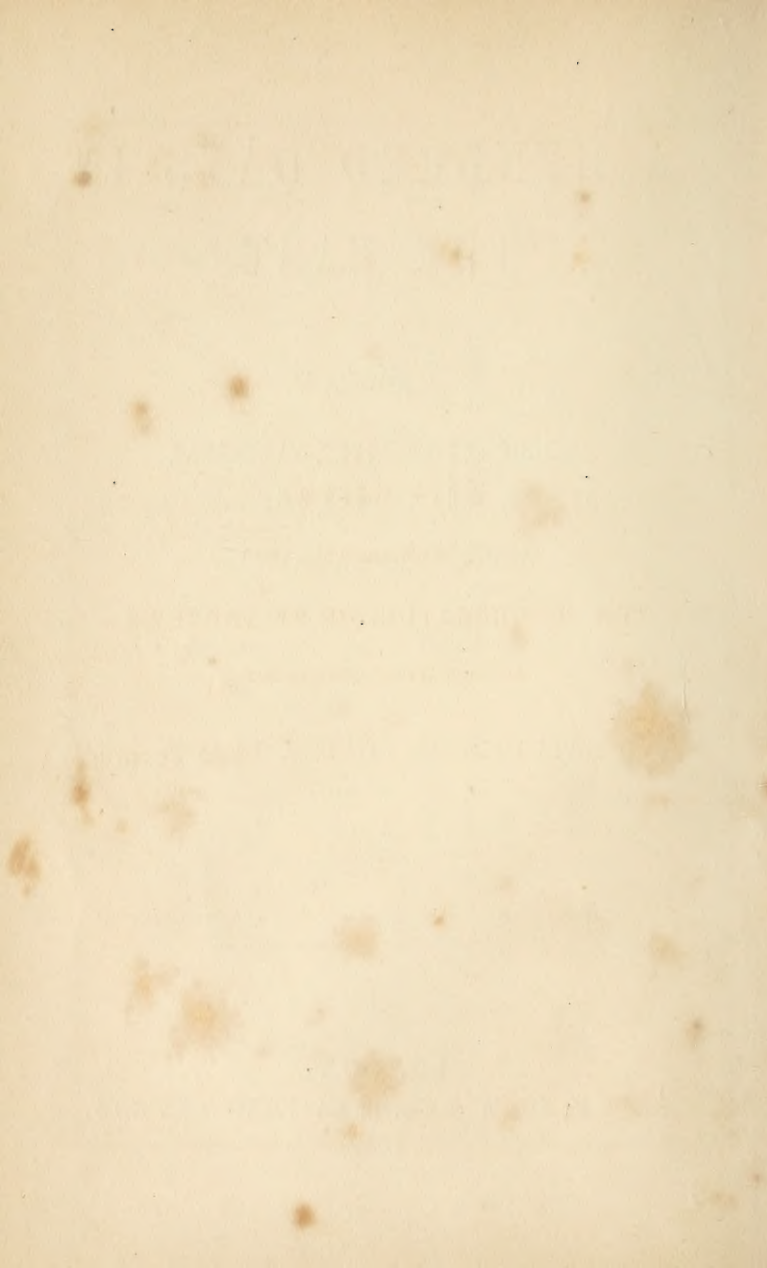
ARCHIBALD POLLOK BLACK,

M.A., F.R.S.A.E.

Ἐποίησέ τε ἐξ ἑνὸς αἵματος πᾶν ἔθνος ἀνθρώπων κατοικεῖν ἐπὶ πᾶν
τὸ πρόσωπον τῆς γῆς.—Acts xvii. 26.

LONDON:

JOHN F. SHAW & Co., 48 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1865.



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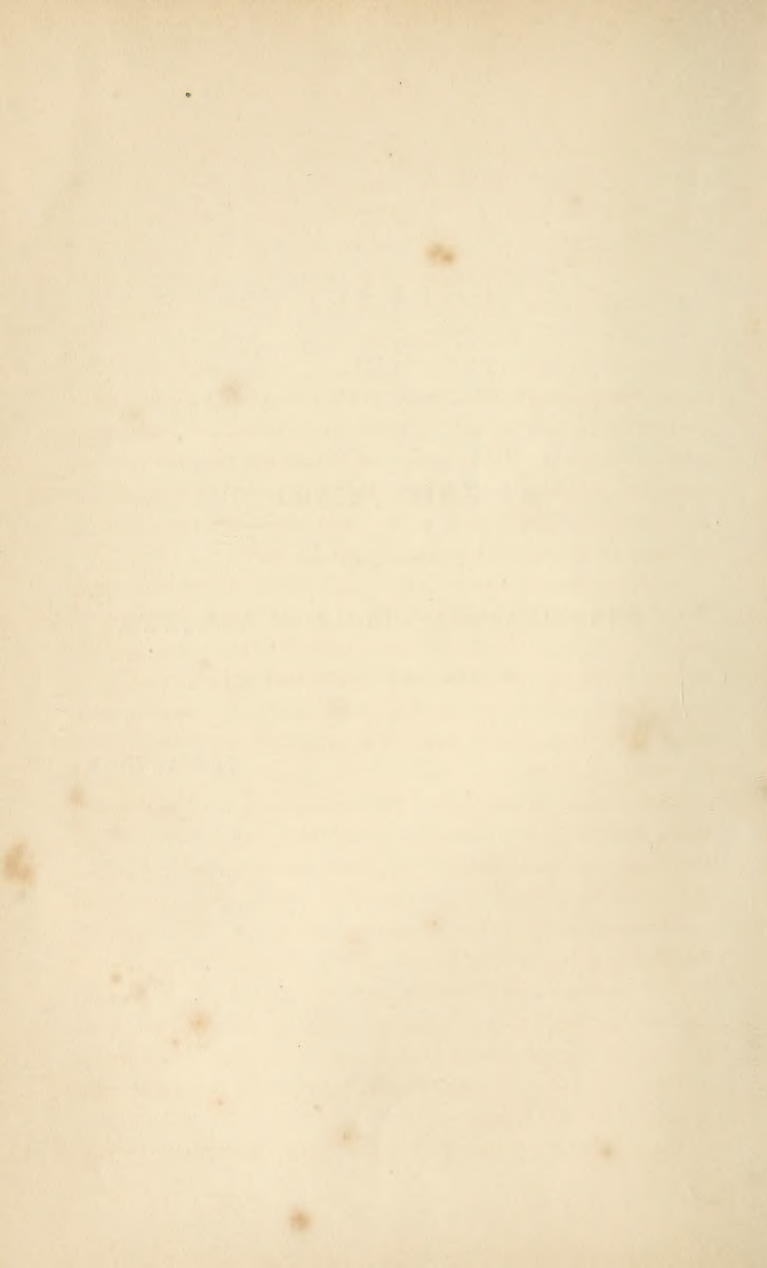
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THE CONGREGATION OF ST ANDREWS,

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE PASTOR,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

PALESTINE, though occasionally visited since early in the fourth century by travellers and pilgrims, remained till of late almost a *terra incognita*. Its geographical limits and position were an unsolved problem, its physical character a hypothesis, whilst its ruined cities and holy shrines were as much enveloped in mystery as its population were misunderstood.

A change has, however, taken place within these few years. Syria is now traversed from Sinai to Lebanon, by men of science, artists, antiquaries, and latterly by photographers, whose writings, portfolios, and views have familiarised, to a considerable extent, the reading world with the sacred mountains, bituminous lakes, fruitful valleys, and marvellous ruins of the Holy Land.

The number of excellent works, comprising travels, descriptions, and scientific investigations, which have lately issued from the press, have neither sated the demand, nor diminished the desire for further information and details concerning this wondrous country. In proportion as science has extended her limits, geography and geology have become better known, biblical research and Palestinic history have been studied more universally; with equal pace the inquiry widens, and each year more urgent demands arise for definite and exact information, regarding the prominent scenes and localities consecrated in Bible story.

There is scarcely a land in these days, civilised or savage.

that science has not mapped out its mountains, defined its limits, arranged its geological formation, and classified its flora. Nineveh, Carthage, and Central Africa have been visited, and the sources of the Nile made known. Can any of these lands or countries, in point of interest, relation to our faith, feelings, or hopes, for a moment be compared with the "Land of the Book?" This territory, small and outlying, it may be, is emphatically the land promised to the fathers, the birth-place of true religion, and the cradle of Christianity. Upon this narrow platform were accomplished the issues and acts which constitute the history of both Old and New Testaments.

From among the sons of Israel, God raised and sent forth a succession of prophetic men, whose words sent either a shout of jubilation, or whose burden was followed by a cry of anguish, through the nations of the earth. Upon others, He breathed the spirit of inspiration, that gushed forth in the sublime and lofty strains of epic and lyric poetry, which still stirs the soul of the believer, or soothes the troubled spirit of the lowly and the penitent. If Rome and Athens be visited by men of education, in order to become acquainted with their antiquities and classic history, should not the Bible student be as intimate with Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem,—as conversant with the Lake of Gennesareth, redolent in rich and precious memories, as with Como, Geneva, or Loch Lomond? Why should not the green hills of glorious old Galilee be as well known and as oft trodden as those of the Tyrol? In a word, why should not Mount Hermon, the valley of the Jordan, and the ravines of Hasbeiyeh, be as frequently visited as either Mont Blanc or the valleys of Piedmont?

It is pleasing to remark that Palestine is no longer unknown, or her claims for exploration ignored. A society of scientific men has been formed in London, whose object is to determine thoroughly the physical character of Syria, excavate

her ruins, endeavour to settle the vexed question of disputed sites, and bring to light her archæological and antiquarian treasures. A breakwater, we understand, is about to be erected at Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem ; the line has been surveyed, and measures are being taken to construct a railway from this point of the coast to the metropolis of Judea. A magnificent hospital is to be built at Nazareth. The Empress of the French proposes the rebuilding of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, whilst America, Prussia, and Britain are rivalling each other to meet the spiritual wants of the population, by establishing missions and schools in the cities, villages, and hamlets of long-neglected Palestine. We rejoice to witness these first instalments of a long unpaid debt of moral and civil obligation, which the world, and especially Christendom, owes to Syria, since all that makes a people religious, or nations great, has been derived from the gospel of the blessed God, which was first preached at Jerusalem.

Any work, then, that sheds a ray of information on the country, its physical outlines, its cities, ruins, or people, is a boon, if not to the general student, at least to the Christian reader. Amongst the learned and scientific men who have published their researches in Palestine, are to be enumerated Tichendorf, Dr Robinson, Sandys, Wilson, Lord Nugent, Ferguson, Williams, and Lamartine, whilst their investigations have been illustrated by the paintings of Roberts and the photographs of Graham. The accompanying journal has not been penned to support a theory, settle doubtful historical questions, pantæological researches, or re-arrange sacred geography ; these and cognate subjects are left in a great measure untouched. The aim of the writer has been humbler, though, perhaps, not less useful ; he has simply drawn out a series of pen-and-ink sketches, descriptive of the scenes, ruins, cities, and peoples, just as they presented themselves before his eye as he

went along ; in short, an extension of the passing impressions of the moment jotted down, as a photographer would take a negative, from which to print his positives on returning to his studio. These notes were written daily, on horseback, in the tent of the Beduee, the native hut, or in the midst of the scenes, rocks, and ruins described. The writer lays no claim to the wide philosophic grasp of Dean Stanley, the masterly style, and generalisation of Hepworth Dixon, the keen argumentation of Ferguson and Sandys, or the racy humour and chequered pathos of Dr Macleod. The author, from circumstances and choice, having travelled without tent or escort, found himself in localities and amidst scenery seldom visited by ordinary tourists, and hence mixed more with the inhabitants, became more conversant with the in-door life of the peasant and operative classes. Thus affording peculiar facilities, if not better opportunities, of observing the peculiar customs and habits of the people, than falls to the lot of those who entangle themselves with tent-equipage, and are satisfied with the second-hand information of a dragoman. The present work, therefore, in no way interferes, as far as he is aware, with any book of travels in Palestine extant.

The journey occupied seventeen weeks, and the total outlay was £185. Any one following the same route and mode of travel may easily accomplish the same undertaking at a like expenditure. The maps give an outline of the route from Malta going east, and as far as Rome on the return journey homeward. A few of the views interspersed through the volume were photographed by the author ; and if he may be permitted to make the suggestion, the book will not only be useful to Sabbath-schools, church libraries, travellers to Palestine, but also to all who take an interest in the Holy Land.

THE MANSE, BOW ROAD, LONDON.

November 1865.

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A HUNDRED DAYS IN THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

FROM an early period of life I have anxiously desired to visit the Holy Land, and become acquainted with the birthplace of Israel, a country which, though geographically less in extent than Scotland, has nevertheless been the theatre of events that have revolutionised the opinions and religions of the world,—the promised land in which the Messiah was born, died, and—blessed be His name !—rose again ; whilst from its metropolis radiated that glorious gospel which is now filling the earth with the knowledge of Salvation. Other lands boast of their hoar antiquity, poetry, and philosophy ; this was indisputably the cradle of nations, had Heaven-inspired prophets, and a Divine revelation. Though I have travelled over much of northern and continental Europe, and am tolerably conversant with the literature of Greece and Rome, yet Palestine, with its thunder-riven mountains, scathed lakes, ruined cities, and scriptural associations, has ever exercised a far stronger hold upon my heart, intellect, and aspirations, than the classic lands of Homer's song, and Rome with all her artistic and military glory.

In the spring of last year I had an opportunity of realising my ardently-cherished wish ; and losing no time, I made the requisite preparations for an absence of four or five months'

duration. Having obtained a Foreign Office passport, and secured my passage by the overland route in connexion with the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, I left London Bridge on the 7th March by the night train, and proceeded by way of Dover and Calais to Paris. The line of road traversed by the railway is too well known to warrant description, although it forms an interesting feature in the itinerary of a modern pilgrim. Suffice it, then, to say, that on quitting the train we found ourselves on the quay of Dover, and immediately embarked on board a steamer that lay hissing and whistling as if impatient to be off. We speed out into the open channel; the night dark and stormy, the wind blowing almost a gale. No sooner do we leave the friendly shelter of the harbour than we feel the effects of the elemental strife; myself, and all on board, the "old salts" excepted, are in a state common to landsmen who "go down to the sea in ships." This abnormal state of things fortunately did not last long, for in an hour and a half we are on French soil, and proceed to the *embarcadère*.

On entering the railway carriage, I was gratified to find that of the five passengers who filled our compartment, two were young Scotsmen, one a commercial traveller, the other a literary gentleman, and both destined for the capital. The night being overcast and boisterous, there was little or no conversation. The carriages are exceedingly pleasant, being well cushioned, padded, and glazed; while, as an agreeable addition, we have an elliptically-shaped iron tube with hot water for the feet. These comforts soon lulled us all into sleepy forgetfulness. When the sun rose in the morning, and we were fairly awake, the train was drawing near to Paris. Having passed over the ground twice before, I probably felt less interested than those who make acquaintance for the first time with "La belle France." Although the Channel is not broad, and our position only a few hours distant from the south of England, the advance in the ripening crops and a difference in the mode of cultivation were very apparent. With this brief preface I now proceed to furnish a fair transcript from the rough notes in my Journal, begging the reader of this narrative to pardon the perhaps over frequent use of the first person singular.

CHAPTER II.

FRANCE.

Tuesday, 8th March 1864.—Exactly at 7.15 A.M. we roll into the large and well-appointed station of the “Great Northern” of France. Here there is some little delay, owing to my keys having been left or lost in London, but as my boxes, on being opened and examined, were found correct, I leaped into a cabriolet, which conveyed them and myself to the gate of the Hôtel Wagram, Rue de Rivoli. After breakfast I gave myself up to sight-seeing, and made, in the first instance, for the Tuileries, where I luxuriated among the beautifully-ordered grounds, statues, and magnificent *entourage* of the palace, which, as far as I can judge, well merits the commendation bestowed upon it. Next, finding my way to the Bourse, the centre of ’bus traffic, and ascending one of these vehicles, I proceed round the Boulevards Vivienne and Montmârtre, as far as the “Place de la Bastille,” where, after paying three *sous*, I take another omnibus, and then another, until the circuit of the entire city is completed, and a tolerably correct notion of its size and general aspect obtained. The Parisians have adopted in macadamising the Boulevard Montmârtre a sensible and effective mode of rendering the loose broken granite, newly laid down, smooth and solid. They simply roll over it three or four times a heavy iron cylinder, some eight feet in length and four in diameter, drawn by six strong horses. The result is surprising. The mass is thus beaten down and consolidated, so as at once to admit light or heavy traffic to pass over it with ease.

Strolling through the Louvre, I attempt to form some conception of the art-treasures it contains, consisting chiefly

of paintings and sculptures. I soon discover my own ignorance, lack of information, or, it may be, want of taste, in attempting to estimate these *chefs-d'œuvres*, by assigning a money value to products of genius, talent, and skill, in themselves priceless.

After devoting an hour to Nôtre-Dame, I come to the conclusion that the rose and other windows of this noble cathedral are too densely figured, since they render the nave and aisles gloomy and sombre. The surroundings of this glorious pile are shockingly mean and insignificant, tending to throw an air of dinginess and poverty over an edifice which *per se* is beautiful. There can be little doubt from what is observable in Paris, that the Emperor, who is leaving no stone unturned to enrich and beautify his capital, will ere long demolish these narrow lanes and dilapidated houses which disfigure the approach to, and dwarf the architectural proportions of Nôtre-Dame. Hiring a cab for a few hours' ride through the principal streets, I witness a gratifying transformation. Where lately stood ruinous dwellings, stately shops and palatial residences are now upreared. The Parisian shopkeepers display excellent taste in dressing the windows of their shops. In London, so to speak, cart-loads of goods are heaped together, without any regard to effect; while the Frenchman, with a shawl here and a vase there, a mere handful of articles, develops an arrangement that must induce Paterfamilias to part with his money. There seems to be a greater number of idlers here than in London, allowing for the disparity of population; the *cafés* being constantly crowded with men playing at dominoes, drinking *vin ordinaire*, or poisonous *absinthe*. But stay! is this any worse than the life of our own countrymen, who muddle themselves with beer, and waste their time upon skittles?

On my first visit to Paris in 1846, and again in 1848, I thought it the finest city in Europe; but how much more so now in 1864! Indeed, some portions may not unaptly be termed the work of an enchanter, so great is the improvement and marvellous the effect, wrought under the magic supervision of Napoleon III. If any living potentate possesses the happy art of ruling a sensitive people, he is the man. France, under his sway, has become great and respected, bidding fair to

rank first amongst nations. She never stood higher, nor was she ever more prosperous. The Parisians, as well as the denizens of the provinces, appear to be happy, contented, and jubilant. I often ask myself the question, What will be the state of affairs when the present Emperor is called away? But I cannot answer it. The future is God's.

Wednesday, 9th March.—In quitting Paris for Lyons, a stupid cabman drove me to the wrong station, and nearly managed to leave me behind. Having secured a ticket, we start exactly at the hour, and make our way across the country. My fellow-passengers in the train are—a French soldier, by religion a Calvinist; a gentleman's servant, a young man, English by birth, but who had been a number of years in Scotland; and a country gentleman. Science, politics, and social economy, are more or less the subjects of conversation, and thus the time passes lightly away. The soil, denuded of plantations, has a barren appearance, although vineyards, it is true, are planted on many a hill side, and at times cover entire districts. In traversing a distance of upwards of three hundred miles through a lovely country among vine-covered slopes, fertile valleys, and rich agricultural holdings, there must be much not only to interest but to delight. Such towns as Melun, Fontainebleau, Montreau, Dijon, with its population of 33,000, Châlons-sur-Saône, Macon, with their large manufactories, are well worthy of notice; indeed, an area so vast and extensively strewn with populous towns, cathedrals, and *châteaux*, must and does present many salient features. Seated in an express train the stoppages are few, so that at 9 P.M. we enter the ancient city of Lyons, and I take up my quarters at the Hotel de L'Univers, near the railway station, that hostelrie having been commended to my adoption as clean and commodious.

Thursday, 10th March.—Anxious to view a city noted as the chief seat of manufacturing industry of France, particularly as regards silk weaving, I hasten to start upon my explorations. Lyons is in many respects unrivalled, being situated at the junction of the Rhône and Saône, the former river being crossed by eight handsome bridges, and the latter by nine. The city contains one of the finest libraries in the empire; a collection numbering nearly one hundred thousand volumes. There are somewhere about seven thousand establishments for

the manufacture of silk, in which I am told twenty thousand looms are at work. The square, Louis-le-Grand, said to be the largest in Europe, and graced by an equestrian statue of the monarch after whom it is named, is quite unique of its kind, beautifully ornamented with trees, floral decorations, and *jets-d'eau*, and is surrounded by lofty buildings. The streets of Lyons are well paved, and run mostly at right angles. On entering the cathedral, a mass for the dead was being chanted. I listened to this mournful dirge for the first time some years ago at Liège. This morning only a few women were present at prayers. Ascended, as every traveller ought to do, the height known as the Fourvières, which commands a magnificent view of the bridges and boats, as well as the multifarious windings of the rivers before mentioned.

These, with the deep background of surrounding hills, form a panorama of surpassing loveliness. Mount Blanc and other Alpine peaks can be distinctly seen from this eminence on a clear day. In the different streets and lanes, beads, crosses, and other articles used in Roman Catholic worship are exposed for sale; while in a public garden a number of waxen arms, legs, and feet have been suspended before an image of the Virgin Mary, as votive offerings for real or imaginative cures. My curiosity is likewise awakened on witnessing a carpenter hewing a block of elm into a life-size figure of our Saviour—an incident that brings to my mind the truthfulness of Isaiah's description.* The Place Imperiale is certainly very handsome, containing elegant shops and a *café*, besides several blocks of new buildings and isolated tenements, constructed in a florid style of architecture. The bourse, exchange, and market—the latter a covered structure—are a credit to the municipality or whomsoever such improvements are due. Tired out, I return to my hotel, where I observe the farther south one goes, the less water is provided. Well do I recollect some years ago being sadly inconvenienced one morning at Frankfort-on-the-Maine when examining my washing apparatus to find that the whole supply was limited to about an English half-pint sent up in a pie dish. If, however, the water be less in quantity than in Paris, the hotel bill bears a corresponding ratio. Leaving Lyons for

* Chap. xl. 20.

Marseilles at 8 P.M., I find, after travelling a few miles, that a young couple and myself are the sole occupants of the carriage. Having nothing else with which to amuse myself—reading in a train being injurious to the sight—I very naturally direct attention to my fellow-voyagers, and soon perceive that courting and love-making are, with a few modifications, pretty much the same everywhere. The French do this sort of thing in the same silly way that it is done amongst ourselves. There are the same soft nothings; the same tender sighing and little flirtations; in short, people are just as nonsensical and, to a spectator, just as foolish on the Continent as the love-stricken swains and maidens of merry England or sedate Scotland. The young people soon leave, and the carriage being warm, comfortable, and well lighted, sleep overtakes me. On arriving at Avignon, an ancient city of 37,000 inhabitants, I could not refrain from wishing for an opportunity to visit the old palace of the Popes, now occupied as barracks, but such desires are vain. Trains and time-keepers are inexorable, so again we renew the journey. As “rosy-fingered morn” comes in, as old Homer sang, and unlocks the gates of day, I observe with a thrill of pleasure the almond trees in full blossom, and on the right, glancing in the sunbeams, the blue waters of the Mediterranean. This prospect, so grand and inexpressibly beautiful, produces almost an ecstasy of delight. For many miles the railway runs parallel with the rocky rugged shore, while upon the left is a succession of cultivated land, foliage, and vineyards. How different from the home which I left only three days ago, with its cold and bleak March weather! This morning is as mild as May, and the country in the midst of luxuriance; the air as soft and balmy as a maiden’s breath, while with a mind full of thanks for safety and preservation, and cheerful from the manifold glories that surround me, I arrive at Marseilles about 7 A.M., and, in a few minutes, I am enjoying breakfast at the good Hotel des Ambassadeurs.

Marseilles, Friday, 11th March.—This city, which contains 233,000 souls, may be regarded as the chief port,—in fact, the Liverpool of France,—being the rendezvous for steamers to and from the East, as well as of traders along the coast of the Mediterranean.

The harbour is deep and spacious, vessels coming close up

to the quay, within which the navies of England and France might safely ride. Indeed, with the exception of Paris, this is said to be the finest city in the empire, and from all that I have seen it well merits the encomium. None but those who have formerly visited Marseilles can entertain any adequate idea of the changes it has undergone of late, especially in the modern section of the city. Without speaking of the new streets running in every direction, elegant houses with excellent shops, having plate-glass windows, gorgeous façades with stone-carved balconies,—there is the new exchange, said to be the largest in Europe; the cathedral, as yet unfinished; the imperial palace, together with docks, warehouses, and other appliances of commerce. When all these undertakings and the harbour known as La Joliette are completed, Marseilles will not only be the finest city, but may boast the largest and most commodious harbour in the world. The town is full of life, and the inhabitants have an unmistakably business air. If I am not deceived, many of the shopkeepers, to judge from their appearance, are Hebrews. The people are generally well dressed, cheerful, and contented, being here, as in Paris, fond of in and out-door drinking, with its accompaniment of pipes and cigars. Nor am I aware of having seen any specimens of the class designated “unfortunate,” since my arrival in France. That the “social evil” exists, there can be no doubt, but it is effectually secluded and diligently kept out of sight. Having partially traversed the city on foot and on horseback, besides driving a few miles out to a village in the environs, I return to my hotel exhausted, and flinging myself upon my bed with a thankful spirit am soon asleep.

Saturday, 12th March.—Having discharged my hotel bill, which is truly moderate for everything so good, I drove round by the quays to the point of embarkation. Ships and flags of all nations are to be seen in the harbour,—where I am soon on board the good ship “Euxine,” Captain Almond, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company’s service. After having my luggage examined and all made straight, and being introduced by Mr Stone, as well as by letter, to our captain, doctor, and purser, for which favour I am indebted to my excellent friend Mr Hill, of London, I am at once made comfortable. “Go ahead” is the word of command, and exactly at 9 A.M. we quit

the port. From the bay a tolerable idea may be formed of the outlines and magnitude of the city; far better, indeed, than could be gathered from merely walking through its streets. From the sea Marseilles is beautiful, owing to its position on the verge of the coast. The new palace in course of erection for Napoleon III., and the church of the Virgin, which it is rumoured will eclipse all ecclesiastical edifices in the empire, are seen from the steamer to great advantage.

The port, from its depth and capacity, gave to this city an early importance, and continues from the same causes to retain and augment its prosperity. The anchorage for men-of-war lies two miles west, between the isles of Ratoneau and Pomegues, which have been for some years connected by a mound; at the latter, ships from the Levant perform quarantine, while upon the former is an hospital, or rather lazaretto, for passengers and crews suspected of being tainted with fever or other epidemic. I observe there is also a splendid lighthouse in view, having a revolving apparatus, erected on an islet known as Planier, and which rises to the height of 131 feet. The situation of the city, whether seen from the land or from the ship's deck, is one of the most beautiful imaginable, lying in a basin of from five to six miles in width, having the appearance of a horse shoe. It is defended on the sea side by the Chateau d'If, rendered classic by Dumas's "Monte Christo," and by fortresses on the two islands already mentioned.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE morning is as bright as ever shone on these blue waters ; and there being left me a little leisure, I look about and learn that we have thirty first and seven second class passengers on board,—the former being for the most part on their way to the far East, some of them leaving their homes for the first time, fired, doubtless, with an ambition to acquire wealth or fame. Of the latter class were two Jews upon their way to Beyrout, and a mechanic, engaged to proceed from Birmingham to Alexandria, for the purpose of erecting a steam-engine and other appliances in connexion with some cotton-cleansing machinery, constructed under the patronage of the Viceroy. The wind being favourable, we steam along at the rate of eleven knots an hour ; the sky is cloudless, not a breath rippling the surface of the sea, which lies calm and tranquil like a plain of molten glass. I made the acquaintance of the chief engineer, Mr Pettigrew, a countryman of my own from the neighbourhood of Glasgow, to whom I was obligingly introduced. Hark ! the dinner bell rings, an auspicious sound anywhere, especially so at sea, but particularly in the boats of the “ P. and O. Company,” where the viands, cookery, and attendance are as unexceptionable as the wines are *recherchés* and abundant. Ales, porter, and stout are provided for those who prefer such eminently English beverages ; while the desert is as rich and varied in quality as it is plentiful in supply.

Sunday, 13th March.—At 5 A.M. we are running between Sardinia and Corsica, the latter the birthplace of Napoleon I. This part of the Mediterranean is better known as the Straits of Bonifacio ; the shore appears rocky and rugged, with

scarcely a sign of vegetation. The sky, as yesterday, glows with warmth, the thermometer marking 58° in the open air; the sailors are busy washing the deck; but although order and discipline are strictly maintained, yet how different from a Sabbath morning at home, with its sweet and holy influences, its endearing associations and inestimable privileges! The crew are chiefly Maltese, men of fine features, and sparkling eyes full of intelligence, who speak a *patois* compounded of Arabic and Italian. I am much pleased, and I know that I utter the feeling of all my fellow-passengers, when I express my unqualified approval of the systematic arrangements on board the ship, and acknowledge the affability of its crew; the officers, from the captain to the newly made midddy, are courteous and gentlemanly in the extreme; indeed, one may say that their education and the prestige of the company under which they serve presuppose this; but such is not always the demeanour of *employés* in other departments of our mercantile marine. I should attribute the happy combination of courtesy and comfort to some master mind, which, though unseen, superintends every detail of this distinguished packet service. We are now in the narrowest part of the Strait, where Corsica may be examined with greater accuracy. The whole island has an appearance of burnt scoria, jagged and broken rocks, almost destitute of vegetation, with dazzlingly white and snowy mountains in the distance. We are running close upon the little islet so deservedly famous as the home of the patriotic Garibaldi. How I wish that it were in my power to pay my *devoirs* to one of the greatest men that ever figured in human history; but such ambition is futile. The entire appearance of Caprera resembles a farmer's dwelling in the Lothians, with its detached offices. Upon this subject I could have moralised by the hour, but must be content with simply comparing the retired king-maker of modern times with his great prototype Cincinnatus. For a while we hug the shore, but after passing through the Straits, and sailing among some of the beautiful islands, such as Santa Magdalena, Porto Comole, and others, we urge our way along the coast of Sardinia, which presents a bold and rugged outline; there are observable only one or two farms and a lighthouse. Whilst steering towards Maretimo, an island lying off the coast of Sicily, the bell rings at eleven

in the forenoon for Divine service. On descending into the cabin, which is carefully supplied with Bibles and Prayer-books, I find that the meteor flag of Great Britain, the red, white, and blue of glorious memory, is made to do duty as a pulpit. Never, surely, was it put to better use than on occasions such as this. The passengers and ship's officers, to the number of about fifty, take their places around it with decorum, and, it may be added, with apparent devotion. The captain, as a matter of courtesy, invited me to act as chaplain; but I was compelled to decline the honour, from not being sufficiently acquainted with the order of service. After prayers, however, with the concurrence of the captain, I delivered an address, more particularly suited to the young men going abroad, of whom there were about twenty, mostly Scotsmen, on their way to China, India, and Ceylon. The subject which I ventured to press upon the attention of my hearers was the importance of remembering in foreign lands the lessons of their home and early training; the observance of the Lord's day; a reverence for the Holy Scriptures; and the duties of personal piety. It is pleasing to know that the remarks were well received. May a blessing attend the word thus spoken on the highway of the deep; and may it conduce to the Divine glory, by promoting the spirituality of those for whom it was primarily intended! The remainder of the Sabbath was chiefly spent in reading religious works—there were few but had books in their hands; indeed, the way in which this day was passed on board is alike creditable to the passengers and the ship's company.

Monday, 14th March.—No land visible until the afternoon, when the island of Maretimo is seen over our port bow. The surface appears to be well cultivated, while the hill sides are laid out in terraces, with a few widely scattered farm-houses. Sicily next rises in the dim distance, enveloped in a dense haze, like a veil of mist. We are now traversing the track of the electric cable, laid down between Cagliari and Malta, and from Malta to Corfu.

A storm is evidently brewing, and soon the rain comes down in such earnest that the passengers are compelled to seek their berths, as well as the steward's aid. I turn in and betake myself to a sofa, having found by experience during a two days' gale in the Northern Ocean that a horizontal position is

the best for recovery from, or avoidance of, that most prostrating and annoying of all maladies, the *mal-de-mer*.

Tuesday, 15th March.—The storm has continued with unrelenting violence during the whole night; the wind, too, has been right ahead, and at this time blows almost a gale, so that we can scarcely register six knots an hour. The captain, chief engineer, and first officer are in frequent consultation, and my opinion is that coals are uselessly wasted in the endeavour to make headway until the wind abates. A storm at sea is a magnificent spectacle, and when there is no sense of danger I cannot conceive anything more sublimely majestic; the billowy giant rolling in massive folds of dark water, curling, foaming, and hissing; the sky overhead dark and troubled, the copper-coloured clouds becoming denser and denser, the scud low and hurrying. The ship, plunging so fitfully that when a heavy sea strikes her she trembles from stem to stern, as if from fear, the engines snorting and struggling as if oppressed, the storm-tossed craft really like a thing of life, groaning and at times apparently yielding to the unequal struggle, but anon rising, gallantly, defiantly, and triumphantly, she dashes over the opposing billows; the cordage flaps, masts and yards creak as the wind whistles and howls through them, everything has a voice,—all that is not lashed seems gifted with motion. How the steward's pantry and his dishes clashed and clattered through that terrible night! Every timber in my cabin vibrated and moaned, and sometimes almost wailed. It was grand, if not awful, to hear from the deck the spirit of the storm shrieking through the tempest, as the boiling waters rushed upon us wave after wave in tempestuous fury, and encouraging to feel that though the steamer lurched and lunged, she as often rose superior to the opposition that threatened her overthrow. Ay, and was it not soothing to know that the good ship, with her engines and machinery, was under the able seamanship of a captain and crew equal to any emergency? But more than all, to know that the arm of Omnipotence was present to protect and deliver us? About 8 A.M., as the gale moderates, the passengers come on deck, at first timidly, trying to look as if they thought little of last night's capful of wind, or as though they were sailors every inch. Land is reported, and glasses are in requisition. Malta is descried, and the idea

of getting ashore after the night of storm and sickness puts all in good spirits. As we near this interesting island, it appears densely peopled, at least if one may judge from the number of towns and villages that are seen along the coast and inland. On entering the harbour of Valetta, Malta looks imposing, whilst the castle of St Elmo, the fort of Ricasoli, and other fortifications, seem to be impregnable. Leaping into one of their clumsy shore boats, manned by barelegged fellows, who, like all the Mediterranean boatmen, stand while they row, I no sooner touch the shore than I commence a journey up the steep stairs to the "Strada Reale," or main street. Everything is strange at first—shops, men and women—their dress, *patois*, and broken English—the narrow streets, more like steps or inclines—*auberges*, projecting balconies, and very high houses; whilst the heat from the glare of the white walls, and the dust, combine to render walking most oppressive.

I select for my guide one who offers to conduct me over the city, church, and forts at a moderate charge. My first steps are directed to the Cathedral of St John, a noble building, beautifully situated; the nave and aisles are lofty even to grandeur, the floor is composed of shields or escutcheons in keeping with the tombs of the different chapels of the "knights of Malta." There are two or three good paintings, one of the Virgin Mary, and another of St Jerome examining a skull. In the vaults are several beautiful tombs in marble, as that of "La Valette," and some other Grand Masters, and a carved altar. Few worshippers are present, but a host of lame and blind beggars. I am almost ashamed to say that I do not feel, at this moment, so awe-struck and devout as in some places of worship I have entered. This may arise from having come more for the sake of sight-seeing than devotion. We next visit a kind of balcony, from which there is an extensive view of the grand harbour and fortifications, particularly the castle of St Angelo. From this stand-point there is a noble bird's-eye view of the whole of this beautiful harbour, with the hospital, boats, shipping, and quays thronged with a busy population. We next walk round the bastions, thus making a tour of the whole town. The shops have no outward display of goods. Tradesmen, such as tailors, shoemakers, and smiths, all work outside, or in the

wide doorways of their premises, the climate being so genial that shelter and clothing are scarcely necessary.

English is spoken more or less perfectly by all. Having called upon the Rev. Mr Wisely, of the Free Church of Scotland, I received a most hearty welcome, and had the pleasure of dining with this excellent minister and his lady, who are both natives of the North. The church, though externally plain, is handsomely fitted up, and the manse, which immediately adjoins it, is not only commodious, but extremely convenient. Both church and congregation are much indebted to the liberality of Mr Burns, principal of the well known firm of Burns & M'Ivor. I also made the acquaintance of Mr Kerby, one of the agents for the British and Foreign Bible Society, who informs me that he has sold during the past year two thousand copies of the Sacred Scriptures. It would seem that the Scottish church is chiefly attended by the military and a few British and other civilians. Leaving my kind and dear friends at the manse with deep regret, I had no time to visit Melita, now called Citta-Vecchia, the ancient capital, which as seen from the bastions is almost deserted. I muse over the scene of St Paul's shipwreck, which lies some few miles out of town, and is resorted to on Sundays and holidays by the Maltese of both sexes for prayer and merriment. Such, at any rate, is the common report.

From statistics too well established to admit of contradiction, the morality of the city is very low. Crowds of idlers and the presence of soldiers and sailors, with other circumstances which need not be described, must have a deteriorating influence on the young of both sexes, especially females. At first I am rather amused, but at last more than disgusted, with the bullying, begging boatmen on the quays and stairs of "Nix Mangiare," who, were they not restrained by the police and other functionaries, would render the place hardly safe for strangers to visit. I need not speak of the priests, whose name is legion; they are actually swarming in every street, and may be found in almost every house, so that this island has been well portrayed as, in this respect, a miniature of Italy, and Valetta, a counterpart of Rome. There is much to awaken a sense of sadness in the mind of a Protestant visiting this place. Knowing that it is an integral portion of the British

empire, I cannot help regretting that Roman Catholicism is so rampant and superstition so rife ; yet, on the other hand, I am glad to have had an opportunity of seeing Malta, for I hopefully trust that the evangelical influences which are being brought to bear upon it, together with a wider distribution of God's holy Word, will, under the Divine blessing, ultimately, produce a salutary change.

This island, with other of our colonial possessions, may have been committed to our trust in the wise arrangements of Providence, not to be held as mere appanages of the British empire—dazzling gems in the crown of our beloved Queen—but to be regarded as sacred deposits, to be missionarised and indoctrinated with the pure Word of God, and thus become bright and precious jewels in the imperial diadem of King Messiah.

Our mission as a Christian people, wielding the trident of the ocean, is to send over all the world and among the islets of the sea the heralds of salvation, to proclaim the glad tidings of peace on earth and good will to men, and endeavour to plant the banner of the Cross on every land whither commercial enterprise or British shipping transports our flag. To fail or falter in this enterprize is not only to inflict a wrong upon the heathen, but to commit a crime against them and against ourselves, for is it not written : “Unto whom much is given, of them much will be required?”

The storm which we had to encounter these last two days, has been equally felt by the *Ripon* on her voyage round from Southampton ; so that instead of reaching Malta before us, as expected, we have had to wait a night for her arrival. This delay enabled the passengers of the *Euxine* to see the town and its environs, the overland or Marseilles steamer generally remaining only two or three hours for coal-ing, so that the adage still holds true, “It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.”

Malta, like some other islands and principalities, has had in its day many masters, from the time of the early Phœnicians until now. Vandals, Goths, Sicilians, and Saracens overran it, until it became the property of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem in 1522, when they were driven from Rhodes, and it at last surrendered to the French, under Napoleon I., in 1798. It was finally ceded to Great Britain in 1800.

Wednesday, 16th March.—This is another lovely morning, and soon after rising I perceived that the *Ripon* had come in during the night, having, as I afterwards learned, suffered much from the gale. Seven out of ten horses, which were being conveyed to His Highness the Viceroy of Egypt, were lost; a fact that tells the extreme severity of the last two days' storm. We leave Malta; the *Ripon* is to sail five hours after us. All on board are well and cheerful. I became acquainted to-day, with a commander in Her Majesty's navy, whose conversation and intelligence delight me exceedingly. It gratified me to learn that he has for some years commanded his ship on a system of discipline entirely based upon Christian principles: allowing his crew daily, in turns, to go on shore, and holding every evening a meeting for prayer in his own cabin, which he tells me is generally well attended. Swearing and intoxication are banished from among his men, and, as a natural sequence, punishment is comparatively unknown. I listened with unmingled pleasure to this recital, but have not to learn for the first time that there are many God fearing men in the army and navy, as upon two or three occasions I have been privileged, as a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, to conduct religious services in the camp at Aldershot, where I found several pious and devoted worshippers both in command and in the ranks. Still, I must confess that I was not prepared to hear of personal religion, much less of duly organised and devotional services being maintained on the quarter-deck and in the chief cabin of a man-of-war. Full many may there be of God's chosen ones thus discoverable in situations and posts, to human thinking, the most unlikely to promote spiritual well-being and scriptural conformity, and in respect of whom it may be said that neither the world nor the Church knows anything whatever. Truly, now, as in the days of Elijah, there may be thousands of devout but obscure worshippers who have not bowed the knee to Baal, nor partaken of the sins current among their comrades and compatriots.*

Thursday, 17th March.—Another beautiful morning at sea, with just enough of wind to ripple the surface of the water, keep the sails full, and the ship's head steady. We are now

* 1 Kings xix. 10-18.

cruising along the coast of Africa, but no land is visible. About 11 A.M., our attention is drawn to a long line of smoke just above the horizon, and conjecture becomes rife; for at sea, where there is little to break the monotony, a small matter rises to importance. A ship, which proves to be a steamer, is descried, and lies directly in our track. She is in distress, says one, while another pronounces her a man-of-war. This last surmise proves correct, but what she can want, or what she is waiting for, becomes a question. We steam close up to her stern, for, like an armed sentinel on the highway of the ocean, she keeps her position, and we have to give way. In social life, as well as at sea, the weak and unarmed generally go to the wall. Our captain hails her to inquire whether anything is wanted, and as "no" is answered in rather a gruff voice, we speed onward. This little episode, trifling in itself, is nevertheless a godsend, since it furnishes our loungers with a subject for conversation till bedtime.

Friday, 18th March.—The wind has veered round a point, and blows rather fresh, but our good ship goes all the steadier for having her sails well filled. The captain's eye twinkles with pleasure, and the chief engineer gives manifest tokens of delight as the *Euxine* dashes and dances over the undulating waters. Hundreds of porpoises are gamboling and tumbling about on both sides of us; dolphins, too, in great numbers are darting and playing, showing their silvery sides and rainbow-coloured backs exuberant with finny life, and appearing as though they had nothing in view but our gratification. For a day or two past a peculiar earnestness has been noticeable in one couple amongst my fellow-passengers, for which at first there was no accounting. They seemed to have some weighty concern on hand, which neither brooks delay nor admits of intervention. Every spare moment from "early morn till dewy eve," and often, I believe, until far into the night, is devoted to the interchange of opinion upon a matter which does not as yet approach the confines of settlement. The problem is, however, solved, for *les voyageurs* are a newly-wedded pair on their way to their new home in some distant colony. How affectionately they look into each other's eyes, and in how many phases do they embody the purpose of

living in and for each other ! May He who in His providence brought them together, crown their wedded life with happiest joy ! I go down to my cabin half sad with the reflection that I am for the present alone in this wide, wide world—“*cetera desunt.*”

Saturday, 19th March.—Another delightful morning. All on board in good health ; our course east by south. A ship is seen creeping lazily along the African shore, but from the distance and haze we cannot make her out. The *Euxine* is steaming at the rate of ten and a half knots an hour, having yesterday run 266 miles. The spirits of the passengers are buoyant, and bets are being laid about the time of our arrival. The younger men, especially those on their way to the shores of the Pacific, are full of hope ; some, it may be, big with expectancy of fortune—fame and happiness looming largely in the distance. Plans are proposed, and arrangements made, in the sanguine confidence of being spared to return home to rejoin those they hold dear, and of spending the even-tide of life amid the *otium cum dignitate* of a well-earned competence, and other things that should accompany old age—loving associates and troops of friends. “Man proposes, but God disposes.” Who among us going forth this morning may ever return, or if we do, under what circumstances of health, wealth, or reputation ?

Land is now visible, and with every advancing minute it is more and more clearly seen, rising, as it were, from out of its watery bed. We steam straight into the bay of Alexandria, and cast anchor at 6.30 P.M. Thanks be unto God our preserver !

CHAPTER IV.

EGYPT—THREE DAYS IN ALEXANDRIA.

THE first view of the port and city of Alexandria is rather prepossessing. Although lying low, the sand-hills seem to form a background, and the new harbour into which we enter is capacious. The city follows the bay in its windings, while upon the shore there stands a large and handsome palace, adjoining which, as I am informed, is the harem. The number of lofty dwellings facing the beach, the crowds of shipping, and the lighthouse, form an interesting *coup-d'œil* well worthy of being noticed by a stranger.

Scarcely is the good ship at anchor before a ragged and motley gang of forty or fifty barelegged labourers climb on board. Such a group, dressed—if one may so pervert the term—with shawls, turbans, and indescribable nether garments such as no artist has ever yet portrayed. Among them are strong, muscular young fellows, and some old gray-headed men with corporations of the true aldermanic type. As a class, they seem as unskilled in labour as they are averse to exertion; fifteen or twenty haul at a rope that four Europeans could manage easily, singing “la-le-la,” and keeping time with their feet in rude harmony. With this sound ringing in my ears I go down to my berth, and sleep soundly amidst all their outlandish clatter.

Sunday, 20th March.—A feeling of dulness and sadness comes over me this morning, perhaps on account of parting with the officers and passengers whose society I have enjoyed so much, and by whom I have been most courteously treated, and perhaps from being about to launch among a strange people of whose language I know not a syllable, and who it is said

cheat most unmercifully if they only have an opportunity for the exercise of their cunning. Bidding adieu to the captain and officers of the steamer, I leave with my luggage and go ashore under the care of a dragoman. On arriving at the Custom-house every trunk and package is scrupulously examined, and a box of dry plates exposed in a way that no photographer would wish to see adopted a second time ;—need I say they are hopelessly spoiled? My dragoman assumes authority over me as though I were a child, hires a carriage and pair to convey me to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where, on alighting, I am received by four waiters *en grande tenue*, and find a comfortable bedroom looking out upon the sea. Giving my major-domo a half-sovereign to pay the carriage, I see no more of him till next day. When he reappears, I hint that there might be some change due to me, but I am mistaken, for he gives me to understand that the hire of the carriage and the presence of the four waiters are only *partly* paid for, and that he requires as much more to settle the little affair. Although a man of peace, I am fairly provoked by this attempt at extortion, and thereupon threaten to accelerate his descent down the staircase if he does not take his departure and show himself no more during the remainder of my sojourn.

Anxious to see the town, (dinner hour being seven o'clock,) I hurry out, and am certainly astonished with the ever-shifting throngs which crowd and fill the streets; the dresses so strange and striking, of every colour—yellow, green, crimson, and blue; the males more gaudily and flauntily attired than the females, their jackets neatly embroidered, white trousers, variously coloured sashes, their head gear, turban, fez, or handkerchief; their shoes, that is, those who wear any, red or purple; their complexions ranging from the deepest ebony to almost white. Many among the men have fine delicate features, whilst the nose and lips of the negro are not unfrequent. The women, at least those uncovered, are far from what we understand by the term beautiful. Few of the ladies of Egypt wear stockings or socks, but chiefly yellow boots, with red morocco overshoes, which they assume whenever they step from off the divan, and sometimes, when going out, they perch themselves on high wooden clogs. When a lady intends promenading the street or any public place, she wears, in addition to the in-door

dress, a large loose gown called a "tob," the sleeves of which hang the same depth as the gown. If madame belongs to the better class there is thrown over this garment a large black silk envelope called a "harbarah," which, with the unmarried ladies, is of a white colour, but among the poorer only calico. Most of the fair sex wear a face-cloth of black or white crape hanging to the knees; this is called by the natives a "burko;" the upper part of it is often ornamented with false pearls, small gold coins, and other little flat-shaped ornaments of the same metal; sometimes with a coral bead and a small gold coin beneath, but more frequently with tassels of brass attached to the corners; others wear a square silk handkerchief with red and yellow border diagonally tied with a single knot behind, and entwined round the head so as to conceal all the face. All, without distinction, wear bracelets of silver, glass, or some other material; finger rings are not only worn but are common to both sexes of all ages and conditions. The donkey boys form a class *sui generis*, and a large one it is, of blear-eyed individuals, whose dress consists merely of a linen or cotton shirt or blue gown called a "zaaboos," open from the neck nearly to the waist, with wide sleeves. Their feet and legs are bare, and the whole person is unwashed—sharp, however, as a London street Arab or a gamin-de-Paris.

Bustle, confusion, crowds, and noise is the order of life in these narrow lanes, which are frequently blocked up by camels, asses, and mules; the flying footmen with flowing snow-white robes mingle their shout of "yemeenak!" "shimalak!" "niglak!" or "sakin!"—that is, to the left, right, thy foot, or take care—to the crowds to clear the way; while the Viceroy's functionaries with their splendid costumes, soldiers, Bedueen, Turks, negroes, workmen in their shops and stalls, wedding and funeral processionists, form a picture that would baffle a painter's skill, and altogether surpasses my poor powers of description, having more the effect of a phantasmagoria or a vision, than any scene of a sober reality. Nothing so disgusts and annoys the tourist as the ubiquitous and multitudinous presence of one of the ancient plagues, which has never left the country since the time of Moses. Every article of food is literally black with *flies*, that respect neither person nor place, swarming on

the bread,—which is not unlike Scottish oatmeal bannocks or *cakes*,—clustering in the shops and houses, or on the stalls, where it is exposed for sale, rioting among the sweets, ham, fish, and sugar-cane. Children astride on their mothers' shoulders,—that being the mode in which they are usually carried,—and babies in their mothers' lap have their eyes, nostrils, and mouths choked up with these abominations. In some cases old people have their eyes partially destroyed, owing, it is said, to the dust and heated sand, but I believe rather to the flies. Dirt reigns supreme among the great masses of the population, for although soap may be expensive, water is plentiful; but cleanliness, like godliness, seems as yet unstudied and unknown. Labour and the means of subsistence seem easily attainable; for, although many are ragged, yet their appearance justifies a belief in their being well fed, while probably one-fifth are also well dressed. Many wear expensive ornaments; but not being able from any peculiarity of costume to distinguish their creed and nationality, I must, till better acquainted, regard them *en gros* as Egyptians.

This, then, is the East of which I have heard and read so much, this the home of the Pharaohs—a very storehouse of marvels. What nation can be put in comparison with this territory and people, presenting at one glance a graphic epitome of the world's annals? Many have been thy masters and great the intermixture of thy races, thou mysterious cradle of a bygone civilisation! Within thy borders I still see poverty and riches, amazing fertility, and barren sands, thou birthplace of the arts, sciences, and morals! Here Pythagoras studied and Plato sojourned ere Greece was more than cradled or Romulus born; the seat and centre of grand events, both sacred and profane. Where, it may be asked, is now thine ancient glory? where, O far-famed Alexandria, are thy 600,000 inhabitants, thy baths, and theatres, thy once-splendid library? where thy Coptic churches and Christian bishops? In respect of antiquity, what country can be compared unto thee? for long before the era of written records the zenith of thy grandeur culminated and thy decay commenced. In olden days thou wert the land of miracle and mystery. Within thy borders the Eternal displayed the wonders of His power, and from out thy confines Jehovah

"called His Son," delivering Israel His chosen from bondage by the hand of Moses and Aaron. The shore upon which I sit, and the sea that now laves the foundation of this building, have successively acknowledged the Pharaohs, the Greeks, the Romans, the Saracens, the Turks, and the Crusaders. The coast line is strewn with memorials of the mighty past, and some of those inland ruins which attract so many to ponder over their uses and marvel at their size, may be the handiwork of God's ancient people. Wondrous country indeed thou art! and what shall yet be thy eventual destiny is only known to Him who has degraded thee to the demerit of being the "basest of kingdoms."

Monday, 21st.—I have slept my first night in Egypt and under mosquito curtains. Nothing disturbed me except some wakeful bantam cocks that began to crow at 10 P.M., and now at 7.30 A.M. are as vociferous as ever. The sparrows, too, twitter as impudently as in the homesteads of England, while the sun shining in his morning strength looks like a huge globe of fire. The sky is cloudless, and the heat already becomes oppressive. My Arab attendant, Mohammed, has, after much gabble and gesticulation, taken away my two boxes on his head to have locks and keys fitted to them. On his return I shall be able to judge how far I can approve the skill of an Egyptian mechanic, and may probably learn something of a tradesman's price and profit in this part of the world. Breakfast is only a mere form,—tiffin, as in India, being the first principal meal of the day. Being anxious to do a little work, I am given to understand upon asking for tools, that (although this is a large hotel) there is neither screw-driver, hammer, nor bradawl to be found within the area of the establishment. Sending out for three nails, Mohammed brings five, charging me sixpence, and expecting a bakhshîsh. The Alexandrians have a strange mode of watering the streets: a strong fellow with a bag on his back goes to a tap, turning on the water into a skin tanned with the hair on; when this is filled he swings it round and marches on his way distributing the fluid by opening or pressing his fingers against the orifice, and effectively throws a jet of water from one side to the other of a street. We, with mechanical appliances, may laugh at this primitive procedure, but the end in view is as

thoroughly accomplished, and at a rate which for cheapness would astonish some of our metropolitan vestry boards. Calling this morning upon the Rev. Mr Yule, chaplain and superintendent of the Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews, I am kindly received both by himself and his lady. I afterwards go with him to visit the girls' school, where there are present from forty to fifty pupils—Jews, Greeks, and Italians—all of whom are daily instructed in the Sacred Scriptures. They have also the advantage of efficient teachers. The fees average about a napoleon per month. Little is apparently done in the way of plain sewing and embroidery, but, as at home, the useful is subordinated to the ornamental. I examined the girls by hearing them read in English and Italian; the same passage being translated and re-translated with a proficiency that reflects credit upon teachers and taught.

In the oldest part of the city, an opportunity was afforded me of seeing the Egyptians in their ordinary attire and everyday employments. The tailors in their mode of sitting and sewing resemble their *confrères* in England, and the same remark applies to the sons of St Crispin. A cobbler's shop or stall in the East is generally a very simple affair, work being done in any odd corner in the open air, under an old umbrella, and frequently upon the pavement. I am much interested with the simplicity and efficiency of a blacksmith's bellows, seemingly a dog's skin sewed up and fastened upon two narrow boards, which a boy or workman by the dexterous manipulation of one hand opens or shuts to suit the blast. In another place a man is winding yarn in a booth, doubling and then twisting it; he, however, uses neither reel nor twist, but holding some of the spills in his *toes*, with three or four sticks fastened at one end, twirls them with his fingers, as we may suppose was done before the Deluge. Still pursuing my researches, I enter into a narrow lane, on both sides of which are stalls for money changers, most of whom are Jews or Greeks. Each of these personages sits with his little box beside him ready to receive customers. The moneys are piastres, bashalics, silver dollars, and gold lira; French money or English gold being readily taken or exchanged. Indeed, there is no lack of that commodity which sets half the world mad. Women seem to be the chief customers, and while observing

this novel traffic and other occupations of a similar character, I notice that many appear to be near-sighted, for whether examining money or fabrics, everything is held close to the face. Great numbers have lost an eye, while others are altogether blind. It is no uncommon thing, it is said, for a mother to destroy a male child's eyesight, in order to prevent his being conscripted for a soldier. This may be one of the causes for blindness ; but, as already stated, dust, fine sand, the sun-glare, and dirt—not to speak of the plague of flies—are sufficient to produce not only ophthalmia, but total loss of vision. Numbers of *al fresco* scribes are to be seen,—any corner in the vicinity of a thoroughfare serving them for an office. Sometimes located under an old sack suspended upon a bamboo, which serves the purpose of awning, although not larger than an umbrella, they squat with some coarse paper, ink, and a case of reeds before them, prepared to write petitions, friendly epistles, or love letters. There is apparently no lack of business, the employers being chiefly of the gentler sex,—I dare not say fair, for many of them are as dark as ebony,—yet within these black and plain forms there are pulses thrilling with emotion, hearts beating high with generous affection and all the fondness of a woman's love. The streets of Alexandria are narrow, and rendered narrower from the projecting balconies and latticed windows, which in many cases overlap each other. The houses in the European quarter and round the grand square are large and lofty, being built much after the French and Edinburgh plan—in flats, occupied by separate families in suites of apartments, and entered by a public passage.

In general, the dwellings are well lighted from the roof, the ceilings being from ten to twelve feet high, the rooms large and airy, but the kitchens small and dark ; the floors are of brick or stone ; there is no chimney place, but a hearth, such as I have witnessed in Norway, whereupon a little charcoal is laid, and when required for cooking or other purposes, fanned into a flame. Pots and pans are little used, but a delf dish, which from my experience of the cookery does excellently, is employed in their place. The roofs of the houses are flat, and serve the same purpose as a yard with us—that is, they constitute a play-ground for the children, and a laundry where linen can be washed and dried for the family.

In the dwellings of the higher classes, European customs, habits, and utensils are being introduced, now easily obtainable from England or France at a moderate outlay.

Tuesday, 22d March.—I find in developing my dry plates of photographs taken this morning, that from some unknown cause they all turn out failures. Seeing almost everybody donkey-riding, I proceed *à la Balaam* from the Custom-house to "Cleopatra's Needle," or the Heliopolitan obelisk of Thothmes III. This beautiful shaft lies close to the shore, between the English church and the eastern gate; it is chaste, and well proportioned. The deeply chiseled hieroglyphics are beautifully executed; but alas! time and the atmospheric action of centuries have nearly obliterated many of the characters from one side. The donkey-boy, like cabmen at home, is dissatisfied with the fare of one shilling for twenty minutes' ride, but his appeal for more money is unavailing. The Rev. Messrs Yule and Brown conduct me to a height beyond the town, whence the Bay of Aboukir and the spot where Abercrombie fell are clearly visible. The large house adjoining my hotel was, I am told, the residence of Lord Nelson during his stay in Alexandria. Spread out before me lies the greater part of the modern city, which is built upon what was formerly the island of Pharos, once celebrated for its lighthouse. Including the dyke which connected the island with the mainland, the elevation itself is said to be the *débris* of the ancient city. The surface is broken by subterranean holes and crevices, which are supposed by some to be tombs, and by others water cisterns. Here there are hundreds of lively little lizards which run over the stones and up the rocks like so many mice. I caught a glimpse in the distance of the lake "Marcotes," and the canal from the Nile to the sea, through which ships are at this moment sailing. Who could stand upon this vantage ground, looking back on the past, with a knowledge of the present and anticipating the future, without feeling that he was treading on the drift of ages? It has been said that the dust of Alexander "stopped a bung-hole;" and it is highly probable, as his body was interred in this city, that here in this mount the ashes of the illustrious Macedonian repose.

Passing through the gates, crossing the fosse, and gaining

the open country, we come upon a party of real Bedueen, not unlike an encampment of gipsies in England, with the addition of black haircloth tents and flocks. Bold sons of the desert, I greet you on this my first acquaintance with your order! The Arabs may be divided into two classes—those who inhabit towns, and those who roam the country; the latter are as different from the former as if they were two distinct races. The pure Bedueen never reside within walls, but have ever been a nomadic people, pastoral in their occupations, wandering with their flocks and tents from plain to plain and valley to valley, wherever there is pasturage obtainable; on the banks of the Nile or amid the plains of Palestine. They observe, almost without change, the customs and manners of their ancestors since the days of the patriarch Abraham and their “father” Ishmael; looking down with proud disdain on dwellers in town or city, believing a pastoral or nomade life essential to independence and freedom. They are taught to regard all persons confined within walls as slaves; nor have they a higher opinion of the husbandman, for, to their thinking, the cultivation of the soil is beneath the dignity of a son of the desert. Their wealth, like that of their progenitors, consists in herds of camels, horses, asses, and goats, together with a few sheep. They are not averse to plunder, should an unprotected traveller or an unescorted caravan fall in their way, or should the bakhshish offered prove unequal in amount to what was promised or expected.

Contemporaneously with these historic races, I catch a glimpse of the graceful palm, with its waving fern-like fronds. Altogether apart from its commercial value, and its association with sacred history, this forms a pleasing and graceful object, as it waves its feathery branches on the verge of the horizon, whether isolated or in groups, adding greatly to the oriental aspect of the scenery. It is, however, not only elegant in appearance, but perhaps the most useful of forest trees, its wood being wrought into an infinity of domestic utensils. Fancy and market baskets are manufactured from its bark, as also brooms and mats, whilst its twisted fibre yields pretty well all the material for cordage, from twine to cable, used in the country. The fruit of the date-palm is a nutritious diet, while the oil is largely exported. Another product of this region is the

cactus or prickly pear, which ranges from ten to twelve feet in height, and is utilised into natural fences. Quitting the palm grove and passing through an avenue of lubbak-trees, we arrive at a large Turkish cemetery, literally covered with grave stones, and lying close under the shadow of "Pompey's Pillar." This magnificent obelisk is sixty-five feet high; the pedestal and shaft are composed of single masses of granite; the fluted capital has suffered severely from the ravages of time. I walked home musing upon the departed greatness of a nation that forgot God, and gave itself up to idolatry, which, like a curse, still hangs in a pall-like shroud upon it.

Wednesday, 23d March.—Left my hotel at 7 A.M., and hired a donkey to the railway station, which is a considerable distance from this side of the city, where, having no small change to pay the ragged driver, I am obliged to trust him with a napoleon. As there may be some risk attending this transaction, I follow the example set by kings and emperors in the present day, and take possession of his bread-winner as a material guarantee. After a short interval he brings my change, and I release the donkey. On obtaining a ticket for Cairo, and presenting myself at the door of the carriage, there is some little difficulty in finding a seat. My fellow-travellers, this morning amounting to some hundreds, are all Mohammedan pilgrims *en route* to Mecca and Medina, and, especially at this season, fanatically averse to come into contact with a Christian. Two Turks more especially, from Stamboul, sedulously shun me, but at last soften down and become sociable. The train starts at 8.50 A.M., with from seven hundred to nine hundred of these hadjiis, men, women, and children, composed of almost every nation, dress, and complexion. The country out of Alexandria is as flat as a billiard table. Evidences of the recent inundations are present to my gaze in the shape of flooded fields and the injured railway. Harvest is now nearly over, and the husbandmen are busy in the fields. How sad to witness a people with so genial a climate, such a rich and alluvial soil, living like brutes in dens that cannot be called houses, being composed of a few rough stones plastered with mud laid on with their hands, for tools they have none. Yet to all appearance there is nothing like want. They have plenty to eat, while fire and clothing are almost unnecessary.

Why, then, should they be pitied, when thousands of our own countrymen have dwellings little better than theirs, and who, it may be added, are in want of food, fuel, and raiment? Two of my fellow-travellers have gold watches, and some among the second-class passengers have silver ones; these men, I understand, are small farmers, called "fellahs."

Probably no part of the civilised world has derived greater advantages from the American war than this country; the soil, climate, and population being well adapted for the culture of cotton. Within the last three years the demand upon Egypt for this commodity has quadrupled; consequently the *fellahs*, who were formerly in rags, and almost reduced to serfdom, are now amassing wealth. Frequent opportunities have presented themselves for showing how water is drawn from the canals, for purposes of irrigation. This is done in various ways. Sometimes with an ass and wheel, as at Carisbrooke; again by two men with a basket between them, lifting from a lower to a higher level; and again, the Persian wheel, with pitchers attached to the circumference. At length glorious old Father Nilus is reached and crossed; the recollection of bygone events calls forth strong emotions, and arouses within me Old Testament memories. The soil is amazingly rich, being deep and wholly alluvial, but the implements of husbandry are as rude as they were in the days of Joseph; for here, until very lately, improvements were unknown. Indeed, it is quite accordant with philosophy to affirm that all innovations are gradual among an agricultural people.

A new phase of life now becomes perceptible; caravans of camels, with Arab drivers, pass along with slow and measured steps, the rider swaying his body with the motion of these ships of the desert—a severe and inconvenient mode, it is said, of travelling. We arrive at some oddly-named station, where hundreds of pilgrims are lying or squatting on the look-out for the train. Here, too, are a host of dealers in comestibles, who sell three boiled eggs for a piastre, and a brass measure of Nile water for a coin less than a halfpenny. I never tasted anything better, more palatable, or pleasant. In the proximity of the line, thousands of acres are laid out for the cotton crop, whilst two steam ploughs belonging to the Viceroy are hard at work. The country is sprinkled with date or palm-trees.

There are also many villages, if we can dignify with that appellation an assemblage of mud hovels, with naked children running about, and women at work undressed to the waist : some of the females are engaged with boys in a canal collecting some species of plant. These women, so far as decency is concerned, might as well have been altogether without clothing.

There is one feature worthy of remark, that each village, however mean, has its mosque, and, I suppose, as a matter of course, its priests, and its stated times for prayers. The women who came under my notice were very plain indeed, and, although my standard of beauty is not a high one, they fell far short of it in every feature with the exception of their eyes, which are large, dark, and brilliant. On the other hand, the men are generally handsome, showy in their dress, and from what I can observe are quite irresistible in the estimation, and play sad havoc with the affections, of these dark-skinned maidens. Cupid, it is said, was born in Greece ; we never read or heard of him dying there. Gods never, it is supposed, give up the ghost. But be that as it may. One thing is morally certain ; his reign, to all appearance, is as universal, and his sway as potent, to-day in Egypt, as ever it was of yore on the shores of the Archipelago. Nay ; as Apollo has imprinted more ardent kisses, tinged the skin with darker hue, and raised the blood of these dark maidens to a higher temperature than those of his native isles, it is only reasonable to suppose that the winged God of Love bars his arrows with keener point, and feathers his dart with more cruel intents ; consequently Love's pangs are more severe, his wounds more virulent and tormenting, than similar shafts levelled at virgins of paler complexion, and inhabitants of colder or more northern climes.

CHAPTER V.

THREE DAYS IN THE CAPITAL OF THE PHARAOHS.

CAIRO is reached at 3.40. It is no hyperbole to say that there are lying around the station thousands of pilgrims with their families, piles of bedding, culinary and other domestic utensils, waiting the train to take them to Suez for shipment. The scene at Alexandria is repeated here—donkeys, pilgrims, dust, and dirt. Mounting one of the long-eared tribe, I rode through the press of carriages, pedestrians, and stalls to Griffith's Hotel, where I received a cup of excellent coffee from the hostess, who, by the by, speaks good English, and then go out to inspect the city. The throng of people, dressed as well as undressed, is amazing, so also is the number of carriages with running footmen, and bands of pilgrims chanting verses of the Koran in low, nasal tone, the women joining with a vibrating whistle—a perfect Babel of noise. The city in the neighbourhood of the principal street is more European than any other portion, yet here are hovels in close contiguity with magnificent houses, poverty and riches in immediate juxtaposition. A new theatre, near a square called the Eshbekizelh, is in process of completion, while "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*" is announced in French and Italian as the piece to be played. Opposite a building used as a guard-house the crowd seems to me as great as in Cheapside or Cornhill. I find my way back to the hotel, in which there are six young Englishmen, engaged and sent out to erect and superintend steam ploughs and cotton-cleaning machines for the Government and private capitalists.

Thursday, 24th March.—Anxious, like every traveller in Egypt, to visit the Pyramids, which have in every age been

subjects of wonder, I set out with two friends for Gizeh. Having hired donkeys and a driver, we make our way through the crowds beneath a broiling sun. The road after leaving Cairo is wide ; our route lies under an avenue of lubbak-trees, surrounded with lovely gardens, and small conduits of water for the purposes of irrigation. The town or village of "Gizeh" is soon reached. It is a wretched place, with inhabitants the most squalid and naked I have yet met with, the streets narrow and unpaved. In many places men are threshing with small canes or sticks, while old unwashed crones, almost in a state of nudity, are seemingly engaged in separating the grain from the refuse.

Often in my youth, when reading the travels of Bruce in quest of the source of the Nile, and more recently the journals of Captains Speke and Grant, have I wished to visit the wondrous river on whose margin I now stand. My early ambition is at length gratified, for I have just crossed its placid waters, which, far from being pure or pellucid, are of a muddy and clayey colour, yet well entitled to the appellation of the inspired penman, "Sihor," or "the river." The current is slow and calm, as if conscious of its renown and utility, requiring but little effort of the boatmen either to stem or cross ; yet, from its breadth and volume, worthy of the distinction, "king of rivers." From Syene to Damietta it is fringed with pyramids and palaces, and adorned with obelisks, whose mysteriously ciphered shafts were upreared long before the time of Abraham ; under their shadows Joseph and his father-in-law, the priest of On, may have sat. The banks are strewn with the *débris* of cities and empires whose glory had decayed ere Western Europe could boast a local habitation and a name. The waters of this river are peculiarly sweet and salubrious. Since landing in Alexandria, I have drank as much as two quarts per diem, the only result being a desire to drink as many more. Had Mohammed, say the natives, once drunk of these refreshing waters, he would never have cherished a wish to return to paradise. There is good sense in the Egyptian practice of daily blessing Allah for his goodness in giving this sacred stream to his followers. We were much annoyed by a number of bullying boatmen, each proffering his services to take us across almost for nothing, because we are English.

Breaking from the crowd, I go down the bank and take possession of the largest craft there ; get the three donkeys on board, then with the aid of two boatmen we push off, leaving the touters on the bank to vent their disappointment by cursing my ancestors, father and mother, their graves and their beards. We are soon on the other side, having crossed the turbid and sluggish current in safety. Getting our donkeys ashore, we soon scale the bank, where at a mill men are at work *in puris naturalibus*. Our path lies through well-cultivated fields, the crops chiefly "dhoura," Indian corn, and barley, with their different shades of green, while a palm-tree grove in perspective forms a lovely prospect. The pyramids now loom prominently in the distance, presenting a well-defined triangle against the clear blue sky ; the road is a mere bridle track across fields, ditches, and groves. As we approach the end of our journey, numbers of Arabs, calling themselves guides, volunteer their aid, while others offer antique coins for sale, which, although professedly dug from the tombs, are really imported from Birmingham, or cast in Cairo.

Leaving our "chargers" at a small cluster of houses overshadowed by a grove, we walk up the slope of sand to "Cheops," and take a survey of that mighty watcher, the largest of the pyramids. Who that has any feeling for the sublime and venerable can look without emotion upon this vast mass of stone and masonry ! With what feeling of amazement do I stand at one angle and behold the gigantic pile which assumes the proportions of a mountain, and rises almost to the clouds ! The three pyramids stand upon a bed of rock, elevated perhaps 150 feet above the level of the desert. When, and for what purpose, they were erected is unknown ; they have been supposed by some to be mausoleums, monuments of mighty events, temples to the gods, or even observatories and altars ; the first surmise being in all probability nearest to the truth. The dimensions of the largest is at the base 752 feet, the height 460 feet. It is composed of stones of from four to five feet square laid in 210 tiers. The ascent, after the first few layers or steps, is easy, when assisted—as I was, and as travellers generally are—by two stout Arabs to pull one forward by the arms, and one or two assistants to give an impetus from below.

The view from the summit, which consists of six large blocks, forming a *plateau* about thirty feet square, surpasses expectation; the eye ranges over a vast expanse, in which the green cultivated land and the brown arid desert strangely alternate; on the one side an ocean of burning sand, on the other a level surface of inexhaustible fertility; behind the observer there reigns desolation and solitude, before him may be seen Cairo, and hundreds of populous villages, teeming with population and thriving with trade. The second in importance is the pyramid of "Cephrenes," which stands close to the last, but is not so large. An entrance to it was discovered by the celebrated Belzoni. I did not make the ascent of this marvel, but could find that the upper portion still retained its original covering. About 400 yards from the pyramid of Cephrenes stands, or rather sits, a figure of gigantic dimensions, known as the "Sphynx," of which the head, neck, and a portion of the back alone are visible.



It is composed of two or three blocks of reddish coloured granite. Belzoni or M. Caviglia discovered a temple between its legs and another in one of its paws, but no vestige of either is now traceable. The most striking feature presented is a singularly strange face, somewhat mutilated it is true, but still

showing its negro outline, thick lips, broad cheek-bones, and a flat nose spreading out like a trefoil leaf. It is ugly, and to me altogether disappointing. I obtained, by means of my photographic apparatus, both front and profile views, (the former is seen in accompanying woodcut,) taken from the rocks on the left, about forty yards distant, from which point the facial aspect improves, or, at least, becomes less repulsive. After all, were it not for its vast size and antiquity, few would cross the river, or walk from Gizeh to look at it. The influence of the ever shining sun, which in this country calcines everything, combined with the effects of time, has caused the joints and seams to gape, thereby distorting what at one time may have been symmetry. Sitting under its shade I obtain shelter from the oppressive heat of the day, and become for a time cool and refreshed. How many millions of different races have visited this spot! Kings, emperors, and illustrious travellers from all countries have sat as I am now sitting, whilst over head the giant form with earnest gaze looks straight onwards, always calm and ever tranquil, as if fathoming the mysterious or seeming to penetrate the eternal.

I feel as much interest, and see more of beauty in examining and admiring Colonel Campbell's tomb, as it is called, from its discoverer and excavator, than in looking at the Sphinx that now overshadows me. The former is a large pit dug or cut in the living rock to a great depth, at no small cost and labour, measuring 30 feet in length and 20 feet in breadth, a trench surrounding it. That large trough is the sarcophagus, in which a body had been laid; who its tenant may have been, whether king or priest, is an enigma as great as the Sphinx itself. Ages ago sacrilegious hands profaned the sacred cyst, rifled it of its treasures, even to the very dust of its occupant. Doubtless, every bole and niche at one time contained a body, probably the remains of some favourite wife or slave. There was surely something of reverence, as well as affection, that prompted the construction of the mausolea, Cheops, Cephrenes, and other monuments, while by the practice of embalming their dead, the ancient Egyptians vainly aspired to eternise frail mortality. In this might there not be concealed the vague hope of a hereafter, an undefined prospect of existence beyond the grave?—a tradition "that we

shall not *all* die." The patriarch Job, who may have been contemporary with the inhabitants of these tombs, rose to a sublime recognition of immortality when he exclaimed,—“For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see GOD: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another,” (Job xix. 25–27.)

I endeavoured to take views of these masses at varied distances and angles, but unfortunately found the wind too strong for a light stereoscopic camera and tripod to do anything with satisfaction. A number of Arabs seeing my difficulty soon stripped themselves, and with their cloaks endeavoured to form a shelter at different points and directions. At length I managed to get eight views, but am very doubtful of the result. Surrounded by the whole tribe of the district, I was given to understand that photographers were well known to them, one having lived for three weeks in the hamlet. These people, with the sheikh at their head, all expressed a wish to carry, and did carry something either belonging to me or to my apparatus—one a box of plates, another a black velvet cloth, a third a bottle, and other three had each a leg of my camera-stand. Not including water-carriers, the whole party amounted to seventeen, every one of whom had a claim against me for services performed. Excited and exhausted with photographing, ascending and descending this Titanic staircase, aggravated by the knowledge that my dry plates will be failures, never did I so truthfully realise the words of Scripture as while lying under the sphynx,—“The shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” Having paid all demands—no easy matter from more points of view than one, and given the sheikh a good bakhshish for himself—I and party are allowed to depart, many a time turning ourselves round to take a last fond lingering look at the dark forms of these historic monuments.

Never shall I forget having sat under the shadow and clambered up the rugged side of Cheops, nor the glorious view of desert, city, and river, which on reaching the summit repaid me for the toil. We return in the cool of the evening, and near the Nile are met by the boatmen, whom we had taken the precaution

not to pay until our return. The bank of the river being steep, there is some little difficulty experienced in getting our animals on board ; that, however, is after a brief interval accomplished, and we are soon midway in the stream. When near the pasha's summer palace our passage-money is rudely demanded. Pointing to the land, and crying, " Ashore ! ashore first ! " they grumble out a compulsory assent. After climbing the precipitous bank, and standing with our wearied steeds on *terra firma*, the tug of war begins. We fight the battle of Nelson and his heroes over again, and Scots and English are, as on that glorious day, crowned with victory, not, however, in our case, without foreign aid. The boatmen demand ten shillings ; I offer six, which is refused and thrown down. Our donkeys are driven away, and impounded ; thereupon I run up to the village and find an official dressed as a soldier, to whom, in my best French, I state the whole affair ; he came with me at once, releasing the donkeys, and telling the boatmen that I had erred on the side of liberality ; so the two fellows were glad to compromise.

Through dust and Arab crowds we proceed towards Cairo, and when just within the gate we meet a native funeral. The coffin, unpainted and unpalled, is borne shoulder-high ; hundreds of men and women forming the procession, the latter uttering at intervals a howl not unlike the noise at an Irish wake—the vibrating whistle or " zagharet " being heard as usual in their religious chants.

We reach our hotel, and find the expense of donkeys, guides, water-carriers, and " sheikh," amounted to nearly eighteen shillings each traveller.

CHAPTER VI.

CAIRO.

VIEWED from a distance, Cairo is magnificent ; the harbour of Bulac, (old Cairo,) and the isle of Rhoda, appear as parts of the capital. In the midst of the city are many tall and beautiful trees, groves of palm and sycamore, gilded spires and tapering minarets, mosques, palaces, and the frowning citadel ; while the river, rolling in majesty by lofty walls and massive towers, makes up a picture of surpassing beauty. At one time this place might have been entitled to the proud distinction "El-Kahira, or El Cka-hireh," the "victorious," though only known by the natives as "Musr," and by Europeans as "Cairo ;" but no sooner has one entered the city, and formed a close acquaintance with it, than the spell is broken. It proves the foulest of capitals,—dust, narrow defiles, crooked lanes, filthy gutters, and decaying vegetable matter meet the eye and offend the sense at every step.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt, the residence of the pasha and seat of his government, is situated on the right bank of the Nile, some ten or twelve miles above the apex of the Delta, a hundred south and west of Damietta, and has a population of nearly 300,000, of which about 200,000 are Moslems, the remainder being Copts, Jews, and strangers. It lies near the mountain range of Mokattem, occupying an area of about three square miles. One may judge of its size and importance from the following statistics of its public places :—It comprises 250 principal streets, nearly 50 squares, 11 bazaars, 140 schools, upwards of 300 cisterns, from 70 to 80 public baths, and from 400 to 500 mosques. Surrounded with walls, it is commanded by a citadel, which, like the castle of Edinburgh,

is perched on a rock, rising 200 feet above the level of the Nile. It is a place of great strength, and supposed to occupy that spot in the city where once stood the Acropolis of the Egyptian Babylon, first said to have been erected by Cambyzes upon a site still more ancient, or a city as old as Memphis. The position, in a military point of view, is, however, worthless, being commanded by Mount Mokattem, on which there is a fort; and, as the country is open both east and west, is far from being impregnable. I durst not, however, have hinted such an opinion whilst in the city of the Pharaohs. Within the precincts of the fortress are the palace, the mint, the harem, divan, and the great mosque, besides the arsenal for arms and a foundry; add to all this the great shaft known as "Joseph's Well," 45 feet in circumference and 276 in depth, the bottom on a level with the Nile, to which we descend by a winding staircase. There is much to constitute Cairo a noble city. Some of its mosques approach beauty and excellence,—such as El-Azhar, (Lazarus,) the Metropolitan, that of Sultan Hassan, the Muristan, the Hassen-Ain, and El-Ghoree; these last are really magnificent, though not so large and well-appointed as the first and second mentioned. The most ancient structures, however, are those of Taglioum, said to have been erected A.D. 887, of course anterior to the building of the present city, the gate Bab-el-Nasar or of victory, and the noble remains of the great aqueduct; besides these are the arabesque tombs of the Mamelukes, near the Mokattem hill, which are of white marble, dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Old Cairo is supposed to occupy the ground upon which stood the town and fortress of Egyptian Babylon, and it is to-day chiefly inhabited by Copts. These ancient Christians and Egyptian aborigines have twelve churches, some of them large and rather pretentious buildings. The members of this sect are mostly engaged as clerks in offices and shops, and constitute, perhaps, the most bigoted and intolerant of all existing religious communities. Among the antiquities are the reputed granaries of Joseph, the pasha's palace, a Turkish or pavilion-looking affair, putting me much in mind of an onion bed just before being taken out of the ground; it has, however, large and beautiful gardens. There are other

lions worthy of inspection,—powder magazines, mills, and factories; and, to crown all, the famous Nilometer, which I discover to be a graduated pillar in a deep shaft or well, which one may descend by a flight of steps, called, singularly enough, the “Stairs of Moses.”

The commerce of Cairo has of late wonderfully revived, chiefly, as already noticed, owing to the increased growth and export of cotton, whereas formerly the trade was confined to grain, slaves, and silken shawls. The proposed canal connecting the two seas, together with the present facility of railway accommodation, cannot fail to give an impetus to trade and commerce. I have learned to-day that there are within the city and its environs numbers of factories not only for cotton but for guns, soldiers’ belts, saddles, sacking, paper mills, cotton printing, dye works, tan yards, and chemical works, many of them deriving their motive power from steam machinery of the newest description, some of them under the superintendence of natives, who have received a European education. Cairo has long been and still is the seat of the best schools for Arabic literature and theology in the empire. There are lectures delivered in the El-Azhar on medicine, law, mathematics, and Koran-theology, to students, who flock hither from all parts of the country. There are also three or four primary schools, in which the children, to the number of 340, are clothed and fed. A school of medicine, having upwards of 200 pupils, besides a printing press, hospitals, infirmaries, and museums; indeed, all the essential elements of a great and flourishing city are found in “El-Kahira.”

Hiring a donkey, and riding through the streets, I make for the citadel, where, after obtaining a pair of slippers at the gate, I commence an examination of its magnificent mosque; the ceiling is lofty, the arabesque work recent, the pillars massive and rich in variegated marble, the floor matted, and the places for prayer carpeted, while that *sine-qua-non*, a beautiful fountain, stands in the area. I look over the “Mameluke’s leap,” said to be 500 feet, but more probably between 70 and 80, still enough to excite surprise that both horse and man were not killed on the spot. The view from the back of the mosque is both extensive and interesting; the city with all its beauties and deformities, the river, the pyramids, and the desert being spread out

like a map. From this eminence one perceives that there are many open spaces arranged as gardens between the leading thoroughfares. After having been twice imposed upon by beggars, I re-enter the crowded city.

The streets appear little more than nine or ten feet wide, almost every house being a shop, wherein the complacent Turk, the keen-eyed Jew, or the equally astute Armenian sits cross-legged on the floor, which seldom exceeds an area of four feet by six, his wares being placed within convenient reach, while the everlasting "chibouque" or "narghily" is smoked as if he attached little or no interest to anything else. There are whole streets or bazaars of shoemakers, veritable "Souter Johnnies," and whole lanes of tailors, as like their brethren of the shears at home as if both had been apprenticed upon one board. The same remark would apply to other trades, such as braziers and tin-plate workers, saddlers, and pipe-makers, while a whole bazaar is devoted to the sale and manufacture of tobacco. Wherever I ride there are seemingly the same endless crowds of men, women, and donkeys, camels, dust, and dirt. The Egyptians, if their religion exerts any influence upon them, ought to be a moral people, for in some streets no less than four places of worship are to be found in contiguous clusters. A Mohammedan is by no means niggardly in the support of his creed, meeting the wants of, or ornamenting his mosque—thus one man will voluntarily provide oil for the lamps during a whole season; another will supply mats, and a third drapery—examples worthy of imitation nearer home. I have ridden to-day some miles through these streets and "bazaars," between seemingly dead walls and tumble-down dwellings, and have found squalor and wealth, riches and poverty, in the closest proximity. At one point the diseased, hungry, and naked beggar; the blind and the lame crying and praying for alms; on the other side matronly ladies waddle about in yellow boots, red slippers; black silk mantles, pink, or dove-coloured dresses, forming the articles of attire—while over the snowy white borko or face-cloth peer those lustrous black eyes which are always fascinating. In the street called "Mosqué," where the houses are large and handsome, I get a glimpse of the inner courts, which are tastefully decorated with fountains, marble pillars, chequered pavements, and beautiful flowering plants. There

seems to be no lack of wealth, comfort, and luxury in these dwellings. It must, however, be at once confessed that I have not had the "*entrée*" to any of these abodes of the upper classes,—still it would be out of the question to suppose that Cairo consists entirely of such miserable holes and dens as form the homes of its labouring poor.

Perhaps a short description of some dwellings of the middle class, which I have had an opportunity of inspecting, may be acceptable. These are generally two stories in height, with a plain exterior, having one principal entrance and door; the latter hung upon clumsily constructed iron hinges, while a huge knocker of the same metal is suspended in the usual way. There is also a bar or lock of wood, and a key not much smaller in size than a policeman's truncheon. The windows are seldom glazed, but project considerably over the street, so as to afford the inmates a view similar to that commanded by bay windows. They are also ornamentally latticed, thus screening the ladies from being seen outside; these blinds are, however, in many instances giving place to sashes glazed and suspended after the European fashion. Entering the first passage, an open court is reached, differing in size according to the locality, wherein a stone seat is invariably placed for the use of servants. A fountain, playing in a marble basin, fringed with trees or flowering shrubs in pots, and water-jars for domestic purposes, are indispensable adjuncts. The principal apartments look into this quadrangle; here also the shoes are slipped off and left, for no one without performing this operation would dream of stepping on the *divan*, since to do so would not only be a breach of good manners, but an absolute crime, the reason being that prayers are said upon these seats. Strictly speaking, there are no bedrooms, the long couch or *divan* along the wall, with an additional quilted mat, laid aside at pleasure, being all that is thought necessary for repose. The meals are brought in on a small tray, placed on a low stool, around which all sit in a family group, and thus eat from the common dish. Should the weather be cold, a brazier with a small quantity of charcoal is introduced. I have not observed in the country anything like a chimney or a sea-coal fire, excepting in the hotels.

A short description of the dress that obtains among the better class of males, although necessarily varying with the

wealth or rank of the wearer, as also with his nationality and creed, may here find place. The garment worn next the body is a shirt of cotton or silk, or, should the weather be mild, of thin muslin, having wide sleeves reaching to the wrists; over this a waistcoat of thicker stuff, and in winter an additional garment reaching to the heels, with long sleeves, in which, if necessary, the hands may be enveloped; a sash of divers colours, but more frequently a shawl, and if the weather be severe, over all the large cloak or *abbah*, worn almost universally in the East. The head-gear is a cotton skull cap, fitting close; then the tarboosh or red cap, round which is wound a piece of muslin, a fancy pattern handkerchief or shawl, the colour denoting the creed; the direct and collateral descendants of the prophet wearing green, while Copts and Jews are restricted to the use of sombre hues, such as dark blue, black, or gray. The feet are encased in broad single-soled red morocco shoes, but should the weather be cold, or the person aged, short socks are added. Rings are very generally worn by the males on the fore-finger, and a signet-ring on the little finger of the right hand. Among the lower classes these ornaments are made of silver, whilst those worn by clerks, merchants, and gentlemen, are of gold, set with precious stones. I observed that, without exception, all my fellow-travellers from Alexandria had finger-rings, a Nubian pilgrim having a thick silver one on his thumb.

The dress of the poorer or common people is very simple and inexpensive, consisting of cotton drawers, over which falls a shirt or gown open to the waist, with very wide sleeves, occasionally of blue linen or stuff, but generally cotton,—this can be slipped off with the utmost ease and rapidity. On the head there is a shawl, handkerchief, piece of muslin, or tarboosh, originally red, but mostly greasy and black, worn night and day, but never washed. Some have not so much clothing as the scanty wardrobe above enumerated, being only habited in the gown or shirt, thus leaving the bosom, neck, arms, and even the knees bare. I have seen some with merely an *abbah*, which, judging from appearance, must have seen considerable service, and probably descended as an heir-loom from generation to generation; but whether this be attributable to poverty or miserly habits, it were difficult to determine.

CHAPTER VII.

ACROSS THE DESERT.

Cairo, Friday, 25th.—Leaving the hotel at 8 A.M., and arriving at the railway station, I obtain a ticket for Suez, but in attempting to enter a carriage am refused admittance on the ground that I am a Christian. In this dilemma an official comes to my aid, and at once causes room to be made for me, though to all appearance much against the will of my prospective fellow-travellers—*hadjiis* on their way to Mecca. A good opportunity for studying the idiosyncrasies of the followers of Mohammed is thus afforded me. From what is observable in their habits and manners, I conclude that, however much of intolerance or ignorance there may be amongst them, they are not, to all appearance, ashamed of their religion. My *vis-à-vis*, a Persian from Bokhara, is evidently a genuine devotee, constantly repeating or reading his prayers, not unfrequently singing hymns, while neither the presence of an infidel, nor the publicity of a railway carriage, prevents him from performing the "*wudoo*" by kneeling and prostrating himself on the seat, first, however, washing his hands with water from a bottle. Then there are two Turks, who, when not smoking or snuffing, are either reading or praying—one of them occasionally singing a hymn in a peculiar long-drawn nasal cadence. On the opposite side a Nubian, black as Erebus, but full of gentleness and urbanity, attired in a home-spun black and white striped *abbah*, red morocco shoes and turban. Two others from Fez are well-bred gentlemen, not only in dress but in manners. We have also two gray-bearded Osmanli, with excessively large turbans; and in the last compartment two other Turks in uniform, one of whom could

repeat "Oh, yes," and "bono Johnny" particularly well, and on the strength of this accomplishment I secured their friendship. The next compartment is filled with ten of the gentler sex, whose eyes I can indeed see, but, being an unbeliever, dare not look at them ; they appear retiring and modest.

Our train is heavy, and excessively slow, consisting of about twenty carriages laden with pilgrims, and we are exposed to the hot wind of the desert, which at this moment is scorching as a furnace. The burning sand is blowing in at every crevice ; our thirst becomes unbearable ; the perspiration flows from every pore, attended by a peculiar feeling of suffocation. It is true there is no lack of air, for a tempest is blowing, but it is a storm of fire and heat ; the eye wanders over the arid expanse ; the mouth opens in vain, it continues dry and parched, our small leathern bottles being the only resource. I have oranges and boiled eggs with me, but the former resemble dry sponges, the latter are as hard as balls. This is my first experience, and a severe one, of what the Arabs call "*khumaseen*," a word that signifies a storm lasting fifty days. The atmosphere has a transparency which I have never before observed, whilst from high in the zenith the sun darts down his intensely vertical beams, calcining everything to a white glare, causing me to feel as if either at the mouth of a furnace or in the focus of a huge concave lens ; true, at times the air was agitated, but the wavelets were scorching, drying up the substance, leaving the eyes inflamed and bloodshot, the lips livid, the skin flaccid and feverish. No water is seen to cheer the eye nor cool the parched tongue ; no tree to break the dreary monotony of the scene ; no projecting rock to afford a shade ; nor did I see any animals, save in the two or three small caravans in the distance ; neither bird nor beast, reptile nor insect ; the whole region is one of unbroken stillness, and, I might add, death. Such, in brief, is the desert scene shortly after leaving Cairo, until reaching a point nearly in a line with the noble range of the Attakah mountains.

After six hours' railing we halt at a station, the name or number of which I know not. Here I taste brandy for the first time since leaving England, at the charge of one shilling a glass, in a *restaurant* kept by a Frenchman. Again we

are darting over the burning desert, where nothing is visible save the brown sand below, and a whitish-blue sky above. In the distance we seem to descry some lakes, but, like hope, they are delusive, being nothing more than the curious atmospheric phenomenon known as the *mirage* of the desert. We pass long gangs of camels and asses, with whole families or tribes wending their weary way on their pilgrimage of devotion. Soon may the knowledge of the gospel of Christ spread its benign influences over this land, and that salvation, which these people ignorantly seek in pilgrimage, be found in Jesus!

There being no roads in the country, and the streets in towns too narrow to admit of carriages, horses are used to a considerable extent as beasts of burden, but more usually camels and asses are employed. The breeding of the latter quadruped is of high antiquity, and almost as much attention is paid to its pedigree as to that of the horse. Perhaps in no country in the world are these useful animals so serviceable as in Egypt, where they are generally well cared for, the hair frequently clipped, in order probably to prevent them suffering from the heat, and if kept for private use their housings are often rich and gaudy, having a high pad or saddle, upon which one may sit comfortably, or even lie in an emergency. The hack-animals are, however, often half-starved, and cruelly used; the bridle, stirrups, and saddles, being generally in tatters, or clumsily patched; the driver invariably accompanies the rider, urging the animal from behind with an iron skewer, bawling to the crowds, "Take care." If caution be not exercised, one may thrust incontinently against stalls, quadrupeds, or passengers. Often have I wished that the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" had a wider influence in Cairo, to punish these boys for their barbarity to the donkeys.

Horses, as already stated, are plentiful both in Egypt and Syria, but the camel is, *par excellence*, the beast of burden; stones for building, water, wood, merchandise, grain, and, in short, all sorts of things are borne by the camel, which, serving the same uses as our canals and railways, is well entitled to its name the "ship of the desert." No other animal could traverse these sterile, burning plains. Throughout all Egypt and the East camel breeding is extensively pursued, but

chiefly by the Bedueen, who bring these useful auxiliaries in great numbers to market. A momentary glance at the camel will show its marvellous and minute adaptation to this and similar countries. It has a yielding, spreading, and well-cushioned foot, that prevents it from sinking in the sands, peculiarly shaped teeth, for cutting the shrubs on which it occasionally feeds, and a singularly formed stomach, that, as a writer has said, may be compared to an assemblage of water-tanks, which it fills when there is opportunity, and then goes for days without replenishment. Existing probably longer than any other animal without food, and drawing nourishment from the fat generated in its hump, it possesses, besides these qualities, an acute smell, particularly for water; the proximity of that, it can detect when far beyond the reach of the human eye, a sense, by means of which entire caravans have been rescued from death. Camels can bear a great weight, when the burden is conveniently placed. A frame is often used on which the goods are laid, and when this is the case each animal may be laden with five or six hundredweight, that it kneels down to receive, and only complains by a low moaning when over-burdened. The hair is woven into a kind of cloth that wears well; the skin, when tanned, makes excellent leather; the flesh constitutes a palatable diet, and the milk is highly nutritious; whilst in the desert its excrement is dried and used for fuel. In all these adaptations we see evident marks of Divine wisdom and goodness; for has not the Creator given to the Arab an animal at once exceptional in structure, and eminently suited to his wants?

Occasionally, as we pass along, I observe a group of mud-huts, with brown-skinned and dove-eyed children running about naked; while their wretchedly-clothed mothers—only covered with a blue gown, open in front, and hanging to their heels—seem to have no kind of occupation. There being neither vegetation, water, nor wood, one asks—How do they live? for what purpose are they here? but these inquiries are left unsolved.

Mountainous regions now appear on the right, looking higher and nearer as we approach, till at last the welcome sound "Suez" meets our ears. We enter the town at 5 P.M., having been nine hours in running ninety miles.

Thank God, we are safe, notwithstanding there having been, as I am informed, sixteen collisions within one month on this line of railway.

The first view of the Red Sea produced a state of mind impossible to describe. Are the waters before me the Red Sea of the Old Testament? Can this be the place, and these the waves through which Israel passed, and which reflected the glare of the pillar of fire on that awful night when Pharaoh and his hosts were overwhelmed? Was it along thy shore, "Mare Rubrum," that Jehovah performed such wonders, when thine obedient waters stood in crystal walls uplifted and upheld by the arm of Omnipotence? Was it on this very beach that Miriam sang, "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea?"* Where among these ridges is Pihahiroth, where are Sur, Marah, and Elim, and where is the Mount of God? The last-named height I may not be privileged to see, but if God spares me I shall behold a greater marvel, for inasmuch as the Gospel transcends the Law, so does Calvary surpass Mount Sinai. O heavenly Father! having brought me thus far on my pilgrimage, keep me still, I pray Thee, under the shadow of Thy wings!

On asking for accommodation at the hotel, I am told all the bedrooms are engaged; I must therefore content myself with sleeping on a *divan*. Having dressed, and partaken of some refreshment, I call upon Mr Smith, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, who, although I had forgotten my letters of introduction, receives me kindly, and finds me suitable apartments in the Suez Hotel, a large and convenient building, adapted to meet the wants of the numerous passengers coming and going between England, China, India, and Australia. It was here Napoleon the Great took up his quarters, and here he inscribed his name in the visitors' book, for which volume, according to popular rumour, an Englishman afterwards gave the fabulous sum of £1500. My bedroom window looks out upon the sea, over which the rays of the moon flit in silvery gleams, forming a pathway of molten glory. How I wish, in this spot, and on this calm evening, surrounded by such associations and sacred memories, for enough of poetic inspiration to sing of Israel's

* Exodus xv. 4.

deliverance by Moses, the servant of the Most High, and the advent of a greater rescue by Jesus the Son of God! Shed thy lustre, O moon, upon these hallowed shores! Pour out thy soft effulgence on these consecrated waters, that once divided at the fiat of the Almighty! Never, whilst memory holds her sway in this frail tabernacle, shall I forget this solemn even-tide and the scriptural meditation it engendered.

Suez, Saturday, 26th.—Rise at 6 A.M. Hire a donkey and a boat, for a trip to the "Wells of Moses." With little more than the usual amount of difficulty I get my long-eared friend on board; we cross the sea at the quarantine ground, apparently about a mile wide, and disembark in Arabia. Having obtained a supply of provisions at the hotel, and a "gholeh" of water, which the donkey-driver carries, we enter the desert. After skirting the shore for a time, we ride about eight miles inland, seeing nothing to cheer the eye and break the arid sameness of the scene, save a small flowering plant now in bloom. We travel first three or four miles over stony ground, a road seemingly marked off, and forcibly reminding me of the parable of the Sower. Two hours' riding amidst sand-hills brings me to Bir-Mousa, supposed to be the place where the Israelites halted after crossing the opened pathway through the Red Sea. These very plains were then trodden by their feet! These ancient pits and wells at which I now stand quenched their thirst! Upon this very spot Moses and the people of Israel lifted up their voices in prayer to the Lord of hosts!

At the back of the gardens belonging to the three or four families who comprise the population, I notice a group of the pure Beduee type, naked and unwashed as usual, huddled together in a corner between two walls, covered in with an old horse-cloth, supported on a few reeds, and enclosing neither comfort nor convenience. The inmates consist of two women, adorned with the usual ornaments, three small purblind children, and a man, the father of this hopeful progeny. The little black infant is bedizened with anklets, while a girl of seven or eight summers is entirely nude. Within an enclosure of considerable extent are the "Wells of Moses;" I observe only four, but there are nine in all, the largest lined with coarse rubble-work of an oval shape, mea-

suring 15 feet by 12, the water being raised by the ordinary wheel, pitchers, and donkey. Strange, in the midst of a howling desert to find a garden stocked with lettuce and leeks, and beautified with rose and palm-trees, fresh, green, and luxuriant! The wells are situated inland, not now more than a mile and a half from the shore, whatever the distance may have been in more ancient times. Here, under a rude verandah, I take some refreshment, being careful not to inscribe my name on the boards, lest I might share the immortality accorded to "William Thompson," of Pompey's pillar notoriety. Every inhabitant, man, woman, and child, is watching me, as if I were a wild beast feeding; but on giving them a portion of food they thank me heartily, and greedily devour it. I conclude that they cannot be Mohammedans, otherwise they would not have eaten the fragments left by a Christian. Having satisfied the demands of the proprietor, and been conducted over the garden, I am presented with a bouquet of fresh flowers, and with a kindly adieu mount my ass and turn my face Suezward.

I do wish for the staff of Balaam, or some other worthy, being certain that I have under me the traditionary donkey that wouldn't go! Never did ass from Adam's day to the present merit a sounder cudgelling. The train was announced to start at two; I try to urge the headstrong brute along in order to arrive in time; he, however, knowing the usages of the Egyptians better than I did, takes matters quietly. What with walking, flogging, and kicking, and I may add pushing and dragging, we reach the shore, cross the river, and land on the other side, arriving at the hotel pier in time. The entire cost of this excursion amounted to the moderate sum of nine shillings. Discharging my hotel bill, and obtaining a railway ticket for Cairo, I call on my friend Mr Smith to say "good-bye," and am urged to remain till Monday—a proposal in which I at length concur. After dinner he conducts me over the Peninsular and Oriental Company's stores, of which he has the management, and which are large enough to meet the wants of an entire colony. We ride out as far as the fresh-water canal. What a blessing must this first necessary of life be to the inhabitants, who, until lately, had all their water brought on camels from Cairo; the supply costing the Company £170

per month! How severely must the poor have suffered for want of means to procure it!

The Japanese ambassadors have just arrived by the steamer, and taken lodgings at the hotel. They are on their way to England, *viâ* France, and will consequently be seen in London and Paris. Their attire is singular, and although mostly young men, their hair is tied up like that of the women in other countries. They wear flat-shaped hats on the top of their heads, wide calico trousers, and each carries two swords, suspended on one side. All of them smoke tobacco, the pipes being curiosities of their kind—viz., a brass tube, holding only a pinch or three puffs. When sitting near me one consumed twelve pipefuls in a few minutes, the process being resolved into filling and refilling. Their feet are encased in short cloth boots, over which are basket slippers. They appear to be well supplied with money. One of them speaks English fluently; whilst an Englishman, and I suppose from his dress a clergyman, who accompanies them, acts as interpreter.

Sunday, 27th.—Suez was once a port of immense trade, though now a poor, irregularly-built village. The harbour is so shallow that only small craft can enter at high-water. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships and others of great draught must lie out in the bay. Though now, and for many years past, little known, yet as the scene, or near the scene, of the miraculous passage of the Israelites, it will ever be sacred ground. There are doubts, and very grave ones I must acknowledge, whether this, or a locality a few miles farther seaward, be the exact spot indicated by Scripture. Changes have occurred; the sea may have flowed where there is now only a marsh, and the ever-drifting sands, in the course of ages, have, as we know, to the southward of this site, rendered places once familiar utterly unknown. Much interesting information may be gathered on this point from the pictorial Bible, and Dr Keith's admirable work on the Prophecies. It is true, there is still a ford here at low-water, which I should deem passable on a camel, an enterprise, I am told, that has been accomplished. Some of the villages mentioned by Moses are still to be traced in the neighbourhood, though bearing

other names, as Etham,* on the edge of the wilderness, now a hamlet called Al-Jeroud, a short distance on the north-west of Suez; whilst the Succoth of the first Israelitish encampment is supposed by many to be the modern "Birket-El-Hadjiis," the great rendezvous of Mecca pilgrims.

Arrangements having been made this morning for public worship, I engage to preach in the large hall of the hotel, where we assemble at noon, Miss L—— leading the singing, and accompanying herself on a piano. The place is comfortably fitted up with chairs, and the British ensign flung over some cushions forms a pulpit. The service is commenced by singing the Old Hundredth psalm, and I take for my text Exodus xiv. 13–15. Twenty-seven persons were present, including the consul and his lady, the Smith family, and the young men connected with the office; the other portion of the congregation being travellers then resident in the hotel. It is seldom that a clergyman coming this way remains over Sunday, and advantage is therefore generally taken to secure the services of any such stray bird of passage. I am glad to say that a friend of mine, a country clergyman, stayed here lately for four months, and during the whole of that period preached every Lord's-day. Having reason to know that his ministrations were highly appreciated, I would strongly advise any brethren about to travel, not only in the East, but elsewhere, to put a few sermons in the corner of their trunks, so as to be prepared for a like exigency. This afternoon I was attacked with a violent headache accompanied by fever, and am under the impression that I have either received a sunstroke during the sirocco on Friday, or am labouring under some disease indigenous to the country.

* Exodus xiii. 20.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUEZ TO CAIRO.

Suez, Monday, 28th.—Up, thank God, this morning in restored health. I leave Mr Smith with a friendly “good-bye,” and proceed to the train for Cairo, which starts at 2 P.M. I have here the good fortune to meet A. G. Blakey, Esq., an American gentleman, who, like myself, is going southwards. He accompanies me on a tour round the bazaars, which, however, are unworthy of attention, being neither more nor less than a series of narrow lanes, each filthier than the other, through which it is scarcely possible for two persons to pass abreast. The shops, or stalls, are composed of reeds, old sacking and mats, to burn which would almost be a benefit to the place. The natives are unusually dirty; the same amount of vermin, heat, and stench prevails as in Cairo, an assertion that implies a great deal.

As the train does not start for two hours, I have a little more time to examine and make myself acquainted with the geography of the neighbourhood. The Red Sea, with the Isthmus of Suez, bounds Egypt on the east; the former, a gulf of the Indian Ocean, extends about 1160 miles from north to south, with an average breadth of 120. Its name is probably derived from the abundance of red coral with which it abounds. I very much enjoyed a swim in its waters, which are beautifully clear and shallow on the Egyptian side. The mountains rise boldly, following the windings of the Nile. At the present day there are signs of this port and part of the gulf regaining their former importance as a commercial *entrepôt*. Volumes have been written upon the long-vexed question of the passage of the Israelites. Whether at the gap in the

Attaka mountains, or here at Suez, may never be conclusively determined. The breadth of the channel at the first-named spot is eight miles, here only one; that, however, would make but little difference, the Omnipotent could as easily cleave the Atlantic as the narrow strait beneath me. I am inclined to think that Suez was the scene of the great event, and I am supported in my belief by the majority of writers and travellers.

To leave Suez without either seeing or learning something regarding the progress of the proposed ship canal designed to connect the port of Seyd on the Mediterranean, with Suez on the Red Sea, would not only be unjust to one's self but to the French executive and to the enterprising engineer of this gigantic work. Many years have elapsed since scientific men first demonstrated the practicability of the scheme, and pointed out the benefits which would accrue to Great Britain from a direct ship route to her vast eastern possessions. Obstacles were from time to time thrown in the way, or difficulties suggested, such as the difference of level between the two seas, and the impossibility of obtaining labour, while, if these were surmounted, the ever-drifting sand of the desert, it was said, would soon fill up the cutting, leaving the canal a mere line or trace, as it has left those of the Pharaohs in other parts of Egypt. In short, it was regarded as an impossibility, or, at the best, a useless speculation. Despite the doubts and fears of croakers, the undertaking was at last commenced, and the first stage is now near completion. It would be unfair to pre-judge from a mere survey of its present trench-like opening of a few feet, the appearance that it will ultimately assume when cut to a depth of seventeen feet, and a breadth of fifty, so as to permit the passage of ships, drawing fourteen feet of water, from India, China, and Australia to Liverpool, London, and the Clyde. A sub-canal is also to be excavated, communicating with the Nile, for the purposes of irrigation, which will prove as great a blessing to the thirsty soil of the desert as the introduction of fresh water has already been to the inhabitants of Suez. Great credit is due to the Emperor of the French, who, in the teeth of powerful opposition, has persevered in promoting this commercial enterprise, and also to the engineer for the skill he has displayed. Nor should less praise be awarded

to the somewhat harshly treated M. de Lesseps, a gentleman, I have no doubt, who, when better known in England, will, with that fair play which characterises our countrymen, be heartily commended.

The idea has more than once crossed my mind within these two days, presenting itself in the form of a question, Why, since the Gulf of Suez is *en rapport* by telegraph with that of Lyons, should not that of the Indus be connected with the Gulf of Persia ; the line being continued along the valley of the Tigris to Anatolia, thence to Stamboul, and so on to Cornhill ? In these days of science and peace there is nothing to prevent the accomplishment of such an undertaking. Why should long and anxious weeks of feverish suspense be spent in waiting for intelligence which might be flashed home in a few hours ? Why should not our Government, merchants, and relations have daily telegrams from our colonies and colonists ? Why should not the throbbings of the great monetary pulse which beats in the bank parlour of Threadneedle Street, together with the current prices of tea, sugar, and indigo in Mincing Lane, or cotton in Liverpool, be known daily from Caithness to Calcutta ?* This would not only equalise supplies and prices, but tend to prevent panics in banks and bonds, as well as gluts in the colonial market. These would be among the least of the benefits resulting from a system of telegraphy connecting the mother country with her numerous daughters within a circle of hourly intelligence. Apart from religion, there are few more humanising agents than the electric wire, the steam press, and the locomotive, by means of which castes and classes are being merged in one great brotherhood, and humanity thereby become a vast gainer.

We are off at last ! two and a half hours behind time. Looking back, the sea appears gleaming in golden sheen, while the Attaka mountains, owing to the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere, reveal every rift, scar, and crag. With my travelling-glass I can, though at a considerable distance, easily distinguish a wild daisy from a dandelion. While the whole scene of shore and water is becoming invisible, I cannot help exclaiming, Farewell ! and again, farewell ! Now in the midst

* Since this was written, the line to India has been completed.

of desert there being nothing to interest the eye, I devote my attention to my fellow-travellers. I learn that my American friend was raised in "Old Kentucky," but is of Scottish extraction. He turns out to be a gentlemanly and well-informed man, who, having relations both in North and South, entertains no decided bias on the question of the war now ravaging his country. This and the next compartment of the carriage are filled with Italians, who smoke and talk incessantly; their language, it is true, is liquid and harmonious; nevertheless it is possible, under some circumstances, to have too much even of a good thing. The third-class carriages are crammed with Arabs, who, poor creatures, are not over-burdened with clothing, and the evening is chilly, although in Africa. At 8 P.M. we reach a station, and being shunted off the line, are actually kept waiting until past eleven, more than three hours. The evening and the railway administration are alike cool. Let grumblers at English breaches of punctuality, think over this! Wandering about in the moonlight, I stumble upon an engineer, a Scotchman, from somewhere about Ecclefechan, and another, an Englishman, from Cornwall, each receiving the handsome emolument of £22 per month. I gave them both what they appeared very much to require, some wholesome advice, as well in morals as in money matters.

Although, like others around, I am put rather out of temper by the delay, I cannot but admire the beauty of the evening moonlight; the eye penetrating far into the gray desert detects neither hill nor mound to break the level monotony of this sea of sand. The sky resembles a brilliant dome, each star clearly cut out in relief on the blazing firmament, while the moon holds her course in unclouded majesty. Wrapt in contemplation, I manage to forget Arabs, delays, and almost all sublunary things. Moonlight nights have been a pleasure and moonlight walks have been a habit to me from early childhood, yielding gratifications for which I can scarcely account—whether they arise from the stillness of the evening being favourable to reflection, the star-lit canopy above, or the vagueness and indistinctness of objects, or whether from all these influences combined, it is impossible to say. Never until now, in all my field and river-side roamings, did I so

thoroughly enjoy these favourite vagaries. I am at this moment, it is true, in the Temple of Solitude ; its floor, the level boundless sweeping desert ; its walls, the gray curtains of undefined, and to all appearance unlimited, space ; its roof, the canopy of heaven, spangled with thousands of gem-like glistening lamps in the solid firmament. The great waste stretches far away into shadowy distance, seemingly beckoning me to penetrate its hazy vacuity ; the air, though chilly, is pure and refreshing, bracing my nerves and cooling my fevered forehead. It may be nothing else than fancy that the dark massive outline on my right is Gebil Attaka ; yet it serves to wake up a host of memories. The whole expanse of desert seems crowded with busy life ; camps and equipages, camels and asses, God's dear and chosen people, with their wives and little ones flying before the pursuer ; the pillar of fire, the sound of the trumpet and the clarion calling that "the people go forward." But the charm breaks as the cry—"Take your places" reverberates through the air, and we again move on. Our delay has been occasioned by a down train of pilgrims, the railway having only a single line of rails, but at length we enter the station at Cairo, having reached the end of our journey. At 1 A.M. I reach the hotel ; on ringing the bell, "Saida," the "*bowbab*," who sleeps on the mats, opens the door, and grinning from ear to ear displays a set of teeth, which I covet for their whiteness and regularity, exclaiming in broken English, "Sare, glad to see you." Proceeding to my room, after pouring out my thanks to God, I seek repose.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE DAYS MORE IN THE CAPITAL OF THE PHARAOHS.

Cairo, Tuesday, 29th.—This morning, hiring a donkey, I ride out to Bulac, the ancient and modern port of the victorious city, a mile and a half distant. The roads are being thoroughly watered, the Persian wheel with its jars lashed to the circumference, either turned by hand or driven by donkey, is seen in every garden, raising the water of the Nile for irrigation. The road on either side is lined by a series of well-laid-out gardens, and overshadowed by an avenue of fine trees. I am highly pleased with the village, which seems to be not only the port for inland produce coming by river, but the great mart for Indian corn, legumes, millet, and other edibles, together with a large quantity of olive oil, constituting a great produce-market. The inhabitants appear to concern themselves very little about beds or lodgings, reposing at night wherever they can find space to stretch their limbs, a shady nook, an empty barrow, a box, a barrel, or an iron tank, the ledge of a wall, or even the middle of a road, if they can dislodge the dogs, who seizing upon every rut and hole, convert it into a refuge or a home.

Bulac possesses the most magnificent collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world. My time being limited, I can only give a cursory glance at its contents, but I should have regarded my visit to Cairo as incomplete, if I had not found time to visit this museum. There are at least six contiguous chambers, in which the objects are shelved, or arranged under glass, classified and numbered. I need not describe the collection, nor shall I make the attempt, but merely name a few of the curiosities that most forcibly attracted my attention. There were

mummy cases and their contents ; images of various sizes, forms, and materials ; idols of all shapes and denominations ; slabs covered with hieroglyphics ; ancient implements of husbandry, art, and industry ; antique combs, needles, rings, and bracelets ; with whole cases of golden ornaments ; scarabei, and tables covered with sacred writings, which I should deem invaluable. The order and arrangements are admirable, and the entrance to the place is free. Many of the ornaments, some not less than four thousand years old, are in design and workmanship very similar to the newest fashions of the present day. What we deem discoveries and inventions in artizans' tools and other appliances used in mechanics, find their representatives here, and have been known and employed ages ago, showing the truth of the wise man's adage, "There is nothing new under the sun." Returning to the city, I spend a few more hours in threading its labyrinthine maze of quaint streets and antiquated buildings.

Cairo, Wednesday, 30th.—Having made arrangements overnight with my donkey-boy, he is to be at the hotel gate at 5 A.M. to convey me to the fossil forest, a few miles out in the country. I am doomed, however, to disappointment, as he did not make his appearance till eight, this being one of the greatest religious days in Cairo, second only to the grand ceremony of opening the city canal. Owing to this, I have an opportunity of witnessing the *kisweh*, or festival of the carpet, which is sent annually from Cairo to cover the tomb of the prophet at Mecca. The procession starts from the citadel, where the votive fabric is manufactured at the sultan's expense, to the chief mosque, where it is sewed and lined ; the carpet, a coarse black brocade, is fringed with inscriptions from the Koran. There is a large and long retinue preceding and following the *kisweh*, some riding on horses, some on mules, and crowds of pedestrians, the sect of the dervishes playing an important part by bearing banners and flags inscribed with the names of the Deity. There were also to be seen a number of jugglers, apparently cutting themselves with knives, thrusting skewers through their flesh, while others hung suspended by hooks traversing the muscles of the back. During the entire day bands of women paraded the streets, singing dismal chants, with the customary whistling

or "*zagharet*," but from their dress and manner I could not have imagined they were engaged in a religious ceremony. They are evidently of the very lowest class, little if any respect being paid to them. Taking up a position at the corner of the *Mosqué*, I have an excellent view of the ever-changing crowd of pilgrims, wending their way to the railway station. I am as much astonished as when I first arrived in the country, at the number of varied dresses and complexions that now defile before my eyes, passing as if across the screen of a camera; they carry with them every utensil needed in their humble mode of life, such as gridirons, pans of copper, tin, and zinc, bags, and water-bottles. The women and children are on donkeys, the men on foot, armed with a long-barreled gun slung across their shoulders, the minds of the whole apparently devout, and impressed with a belief that one visit paid to the holy city during a lifetime secures admission to paradise.

I call to-day at one of the missionary schools, under the care of Mr and Mrs Rosenberg, but being *kisweh* or *holy day*, few pupils are present. I examine the school-rooms, and find them lofty and commodious, with a spacious open court for a play-ground; the master, whose dwelling-house is convenient, cool, and well ventilated, is a German, his wife a native of Scotland, who, prior to her marriage, was connected with the Church of Scotland Mission.

Cairo, Thursday, 31st.—Having concluded all preliminary arrangements, paying bill and bakhshish, I start for the station with "*Hagasie*" and the faithful donkey—known over all the city by the name of "*Tom Sayers*"—which I have ridden more or less for five days, and secure a ticket for Alexandria, and find no diminution in the crowds of Mohammedan pilgrims, although at least a thousand are at Suez, Alexandria, or the Red Sea, on their way to the birthplace of the prophet. The few passengers by this morning's train are *fellahs*, now, however, cotton-growers, for which they have to thank the American war. Among them is an Arab, a fine specimen of physical development, tall, portly, and possessing great muscular powers. At my request he performed a feat for the amusement of myself and his own companions,—placing his ordinary walking-stick over his forefinger, pressing the other three upon its extremity, he held it

thus horizontally, then hanging his clumsy shoe upon its end, he retained it in the same position for some time; his girth round the chest is over four feet; but he is withal childlike in manners and disposition. At one of the stations I met with a Londoner, who made a furious attack on religion in general, and on Mr Spurgeon in particular. I succeeded, however, in closing the mouth of this railing "Rabshakeh," by defending the ordinances of God, and interjecting a good word on behalf of one of the most eminent men in the modern ministry.

This is the second time that I have met in Egypt with scoffing infidels from home. Whilst in the refreshment room of one of the stations, I recognised as a Scotchman from Renfrewshire, a fine looking man, with large bushy beard, head gardener to His Royal Highness the Viceroy, but who, from habit or sheer thoughtlessness, swore frightfully. Oh, how sad to see my countrymen from both sides of the Tweed bringing themselves and their faith into contempt with the heathen by their unseemly deportment and profane language! These persons ought to be missionaries in distant lands, proving by their lives and example the superiority of their creed, and the purity of our holy religion. But, alas! they are more frequently the emissaries of evil, drinking and blaspheming as if regardless of all restraints, human or divine. Such being the case, I am not astonished to find that Christianity makes little progress amongst heathens.

After a pleasant journey of one hundred and thirty miles, accomplished in seven and a-half hours, through a rich, alluvial, and beautiful country, we reach Alexandria at 1.15 A.M. I enter an omnibus, and soon find myself once more at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

Friday, 1st April.—Immediately on rising this morning, I betake myself to the hospitable home of my friend, the Rev. Mr Yule, where I am kindly received. Having, in passing through on my way to Suez, seen most of the city and its celebrities, I devote this forenoon to writing up my journal, and looking back upon the ancient history of the city. Alexandria is called by the Arabs "Iskendiryeh," and, in a commercial point of view, was once the capital of Egypt. It is advantageously situated—something like ancient Corinth—upon two seas, being between the harbour and the lake Mareotes, distant

about twelve miles from the Nile. It was founded before Christ 332, by Alexander the Great, and designed, as some imagine, to divert the traffic from Tyre, thus humbling the proud mistress of the seas, which he could not entirely annihilate. Here the Macedonian monarch was buried, and a splendid mausoleum erected, which stood till the fourth century. Here also, upon the island of Pharos, was constructed, B.C. 283, the magnificent lighthouse, 300 feet in height, already referred to. A portion of the present city stands upon this island. Its ancient walls were fifteen miles in circumference, enclosing 600,000 inhabitants, with many palaces, aqueducts, and obelisks, as well as the largest library in the world, comprising no less than 700,000 volumes; it was unfortunately destroyed by the Saracens under the Caliph Omar, A.D. 640. From this date Alexandria has gradually decayed. When the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, its commercial importance ceased, until a partial revival under Mehemet Ali. The establishment of an overland route to India, China, and Australia, has doubtless contributed to its resuscitation, as also the cotton trade recently sprung up. The ship canal, which in the belief of its sanguine promoters will connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, promises well for the future of the country. But who can predict the destiny of nations?

I originally intended to have entered Syria by way of Suez and Edom, but, finding grave obstacles in the way, I resolve to proceed *via* Jaffa. In making preparations for this journey, I am advised to send back to England much of my heavy luggage, and only to take with me absolute necessaries.

Saturday, 2d April.—Among other places of interest visited this forenoon, I stumble upon the ancient catacombs, which are, to all appearance, nothing better than holes or excavations near the shore, probably intended as much for cisterns as for tombs. Walking through a part of the ancient city, I have an opportunity of observing how justice is administered by a “kadi” in the public streets. Seeing a crowd, and being attracted by loud voices, I drew near, and there, sitting upon a stone, at the junction of two streets, is the judge, and before him a man and a woman vociferating and gesticulating. It is only by dint of blows, which he gives freely, that the

magistrate obtains silence. Then calling upon the plaintiff, and hearing his statement, he turned to the defendant, and forthwith, without the semblance of deliberation, following the example set by good King Robert of Scotland, made them shake hands, and, like another "Gallio, drove them from the judgment-seat." Neither of the parties seemed satisfied with the decision ; for they went off threatening and looking daggers at each other. The "kadi," perceiving I was a Frank, and much interested in the proceedings, bowed to me and smiled, as if to say, "You see, sir, how cheaply, summarily, and satisfactorily we dispense justice in Egypt." Making some little inquiry anent the "kadi's" administration, I found it simple, and in general effective. This functionary is appointed yearly to his office, and must belong to the Faithful, though it is not imperative, nor even necessary, that he should be conversant with the Blackstone, or Coke upon Lyttleton, of his country. He may be as ignorant of law as I am of his language ; it is enough if he can pay the premium demanded ; for, sooth to say, this and many other offices are farmed, so that the kadis may be said to resemble the tax-gathers of old among the Jews. The kadi, however, although sometimes ignorant of the language of the parties brought before him, is not left entirely to his own legal information, the secretary or clerk, as among our own civic and county magistrates, being generally a lawyer, and his office permanent, so that there is more law, if not justice, than at first sight appears. Should further information be required upon legal matters, I may refer my readers to "Lane's Modern Egyptians."

In making inquiry concerning the condition of the Jews, I find that they are everywhere throughout the country equally despised by Mohammedans, Copts, and Armenians. They are mostly poor, although among them there are wealthy bankers, and a few, such as my friends the Brothers Cohen and others, are merchants. The Hebrew females are less strictly confined than among the Turks. They are in manner modest and retiring, and in visage really beautiful when young, with regular features and often fresh complexions. The Rev. Mr Yule speaks very favourably of the Jews in respect of their integrity as men of business, and of their liberality. The Jewish mission, under the

able superintendence of my reverend friend and his coadjutors, is making great progress among the young. Whatever the mode, and whenever the time decreed for the conversion to Christianity of God's ancient people, I know not. Hitherto among the adult Jews there have been few conversions; this, however, is no argument why we should slacken our hand or relinquish our efforts, but should rather urge us to greater diligence in fulfilling the Redeemer's obligatory command to go unto all nations and preach the gospel. While patiently labouring, we may look for the fulfilment of the promise—that a nation shall be born in a day. The Turks, "as masters of the situation" and rulers of the country, are arrogant and overbearing; their learning is chiefly, if not altogether, confined to the "Koran." But of these worthies I shall have more to say hereafter, as I intend passing a few months among them.

Being informed that the Very Rev. Dr Smith, Messrs Blakey and Fildes, the latter with his dragoman, are anxious to form a party for Syria, and express a wish that I should join them, we meet and agree to go in company at least as far as Jerusalem. I therefore bid good-bye to my kind friends in Alexandria—to say nothing of cheating dragomen, impertinent donkey-boys, and rude boatmen. With no little trouble—in short, almost a fight—we get ourselves and luggage into a boat at the quay, and are soon on board of the *Pallada*, a screw-steamer belonging to a Russian company, which runs between Alexandria, Beyrout, and Trieste. Everything on board is French—food, furniture, and language; the fare (first-class) to Jaffa, 72 francs. The deck is literally crowded with Arabs, who, like migratory Irish on board the Dublin and Glasgow boats, are stowed anywhere in holes, corners, on skylights, paddle-boxes, and even scuppers. On going below and examining my berth, I find it comfortable, and am delighted to find all in the compartment are English travellers. The ship lies at anchor in the bay with steam up; it is now 3 P.M., and we are to sail immediately. While waiting for the cry "go-ahead," I gather the following particulars of this Russian steam-packet company, the head-quarters of which are at Odessa. It is subsidised by the Government to the extent of 17 francs per mile, thus rendering the ship independent of both goods and passenger traffic. The chief engineer is a native of Schles-

wig, Petersen by name, whose pay is 540 francs per month. There are four classes of fares for passengers; the lowest from Odessa to Alexandria is 18 francs, a rate of charge which would be anything but remunerative without Government aid. We are still delayed, as I understand, through stress of weather, no pilot being willing to take the responsibility of going to sea while a storm rages. Who, looking towards Alexandria from this beautiful bay, could suppose that within the compass of this city, basking in sunshine, and encircling the shore, that there are crooked and filthy streets, hosts of frauds and impositions? Yet so it is. Probably, however, the same may be said of all great cities, whether in the East or West. It is true, that within its circuit there are many noble houses and comfortable homes, much honesty, and perhaps some godliness; for no city, whether Turkish or Christian, could expect to stand if wholly wanting in the elements of morality and religion.

Sunday, 3d April.—When our patience is nearly exhausted we are informed that the steamer cannot leave until Monday morning. It having blown a gale through the night, the sea in the bay is still high. I had expressed a wish, and now had an opportunity of preaching on board “The Bethel,” which is under the care of Mr Yule, and in connexion with the British and Foreign Sailors’ Society. Lying moored a few cable lengths off, it is a noble present from the viceroy, for the use of mariners coming into port. I therefore hire a boat, and am rowed on board, where I meet with the chaplain and a large congregation, some of whom are from the new ship *Rhode*, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company. My address was founded upon 1 Cor. i. 22. The men were clean, orderly, and attentive. I gleaned the following statistics of Bethel services and other matters for the last quarter:—Total number of sailors in attendance, 1455; meetings for prayer and reading the Scriptures on board of ships, chiefly English, in the harbour, 231; number of ships visited, 70; copies of the Bible sold, all being English but one, 36; other religious publications, 120; voluntary contributions received, £21, 0s. 2½d. Mr Wilson, who lives on board, has charge of “The Bethel,” collects the money, sells the books, and is indefatigable in the faithful discharge of his duties. The amount of benefit conferred by this institution is very considerable. I am pleased with having had an opportunity of

visiting and preaching here, and find in this delay, as in many other instances, "that all things work together for good."

Monday, 4th April.—A calm and lovely morning. We move out of the harbour, and at 6 A.M. are under steam. The land lies low along our left, and in about an hour we see inshore a palace and afterwards a cemetery. The sea is tinged for many miles with the mud and fresh water brought down by the tide, and poured out from the mouths of the Nile. Neither Rosetta nor new and old Damietta are visible, possibly from being too low or too distant for recognition. Another party of English travellers on board are, like ourselves, bound for Syria, which, as we may meet them again, I shall call the Williams. In coasting along from Alexandria to Jaffa, there is little or nothing (seaward) to be seen, so my attention must either be given to my fellow-passengers, to reading, or to repose. When night closes in, the saloon, being well lighted, wears a cheerful aspect; some of the company are deeply engaged in games of chance, as if an empire or a fortune depended upon the hazard of a dice or the number of a domino; others seek amusement from books, while a few, like myself, appear to be posting up their journals. I observe among our passengers several Jews, one an aged and wealthy man, on his way to the Holy Land, to die and lay his bones in the beloved land of his fathers. Never until to-day have I sailed with so many sons of Abraham. I cannot say how they are generally treated, but on board this ship they are subjected to insult, if not cruelty. The Russian and Italian sailors have made them, during the whole evening, the butt of their ridicule and their mischievous practical jokes. An aged Israelite, father-in-law I understand to one of the Sassons, a well known firm in Bombay, was this afternoon actually denied the privilege of coming up on deck. Ultimately he did obtain permission to ascend, but, subsequently, requiring some article, his servant in going to his master's cabin was jostled, had water thrown over him, and at last peremptorily forbidden to enter. Feeling for the old gentleman, I went to the captain and remonstrated, threatening to report his conduct to the consul at Jaffa; the result, I am happy to say, was that no further outrage occurred during the remainder of the voyage.

CHAPTER X.

THE HOLY LAND.

Tuesday, 5th April.—At eleven we arrive in the Bay of Jaffa. Having arranged that my luggage should remain on board, with a view to its being forwarded to Beyrout, and left there to await the termination of my land journey, I take ashore only what is indispensably necessary. Another scene of contention and strife is enacted here, owing to the exorbitant prices demanded by boatmen, who seem to have combined to land only those passengers who pay them with gold. After much haggling and annoyance, we effect a safe landing. Properly speaking, Jaffa has neither quay nor harbour; the water, shallowing into a narrow channel of from 40 to 50 yards in width, and from 6 to 8 feet in depth, the landing-place being between the shore and some huge rocks or stones outside. Through this passage and a breaking surf, when the wind is moderate, as to-day, a landing is effected, but when there is the least sea such means of debarkation are impracticable. Indeed, no ship drawing more than six or eight feet water should make the attempt at any time. The boatmen, as already hinted, are a rough class of fellows, ever ready to impose upon passengers if a bargain be not made prior to entering their boats. The fare demanded was not more extravagant than their manners were savage. We managed, however, to get ashore at the cost of about three shillings each.

Jaffa, from the sea, looks really magnificent, being built on a declivity, house rising over house in clustering terraces; all being built of stone, and dome-roofed to keep out the heat. The buildings, interspersed with trees and gardens, lend an air of freshness and grandeur to the arrangement. I have already

learned in Egypt that no dependence is to be placed in appearances, more especially as regards Eastern cities. Following a ragged urchin, who acts as guide, up a number of narrow and crooked lanes, quite as aromatic as those of Cairo, that closes in the old town of Edinburgh, or the slums of Newcastle, I perceive that the dwellings are both uncleanly and rickety. This being the first city I had seen in the Holy Land, I must confess to being greatly disappointed. The streets are crowded with tattered, unwashed, half-naked men, women, and children, the females especially, whether lovely or winning, owing to the *burko* or face-cloth, I cannot determine. My ears are almost split with the cries of fruit-sellers and fish-vendors and the vociferations of donkey-boys ; but every sense is more or less offended ; nor is the matter materially improved when, after some severe climbing up broken steps, I reach the only hotel of which Jaffa boasts. It is kept by a German, who, I believe, rejoices in the name of Blattner. Ye lovers of home-comfort, what an inn !—the dilapidated exterior flanked by the remains of decayed vegetables, stagnant water, and loose stones, amid which are to be found abominations enough to create nausea—faugh ! For a cup of coffee, with two eggs and bread, the charge amounts to three shillings each person.

After hiring, at a napoleon each, horses to convey us to Jerusalem, we take a turn through the town while the steeds are getting ready. I am fortunate in having an introduction to Dr Philipps of the medical mission, who kindly offers to be my guide, and with whom and Dr Smith I first visit “the house of Simon the Tanner, near by the sea-side,” where Peter lodged, and where he saw the vision recorded in Acts ix. This may be the identical building which, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, the ruthless influence of time, war’s merciless violence, and other destructive agencies, is still standing. On this point, however, I entertain grave misgivings, although the edifice is certainly among the most ancient in the city, having a curious ceiling of smooth round stones, embedded in mortar. The ground apartment on the left is used as a mosque, while at the back an outside stairway leads to the flat roof, where, tradition affirms, Peter prayed. That the spot mentioned in Scripture is near this locality, and that this site agrees with the brief

account therein contained, is indisputable. Within a few yards the sea is chafing the shore ; indeed, under the garden wall there may have been tan-pits, for in the yard there is an ancient well, over-shadowed by a fig-tree—the former might have been used as an accessory in the preparation of leather. Whether this be the veritable house and tannery of Simon or not, none can satisfactorily prove or gainsay. Here, nevertheless, on bended knees I lift up my prayers, that He who sent Peter would be with me in my journey through this once Holy Land. Time being short, my explorations are necessarily limited, therefore my information must be taken *quanti valeat*.

The town contains about 4000 inhabitants, a fourth of whom are Christians, whose piety is said to be at a low ebb. Jaffa is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, city in the world, having been founded, according to some, prior to Damascus. It is frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, as in Josh. xix. ; 2 Chron. ii. 16. Here also Jonah, embarking in a ship of Tarshish, attempted to achieve the impossible by fleeing from the eyes of the Omnipresent ; here also Peter raised from the dead “Tabitha ;” and unto this shore Hiram brought wood for the building of Solomon’s temple. The walls are still standing, though apparently of no service in a military point of view, upon which some old cannon are mounted. I cannot affirm their utility. Here is a gate or gateway opening into the road leading to the Holy City, as filthy as it is ill paved, crowded with squalling Arabs, stalls of fruit, sweetmeats, and cheap hardware. Outside are numbers of camels, donkeys, and horses, for hire, sale, or exchange. Though the town itself be the very hotbed of offensiveness, the environs are beautifully picturesque and richly cultivated, abounding in fruit, flowers, and orange-gardens, the finest in Syria. Nowhere have I seen rhododendrons in such luxuriance nor the prickly pear-trees so gigantic, many of them ranging from twelve to sixteen feet high, their fragrance filling the surrounding atmosphere. There is, I am aware, much to see and much to say about Jaffa. It was the scene of Napoleon’s successful siege, and, if true, the horrible butchery of his prisoners. During the thousands of years which the city has stood, it has been occupied by different nationalities, and submitted to different masters ; at times triumphing and

again languishing—in which latter state it now remains. The history of Jaffa when written will form an interesting and important chapter in the annals of Syria.

Our horses await us at the hotel door, and we are impatient to be off—but what trappings! Peaked saddles, knotted cords for stirrups, a piece of string for a bridle, while my own steed has, I verily believe, no bit in his mouth. Altogether, the cavalcade is a sorry turn-out; my friend Dr Smith having the advantage, but bad is the best. Descending the steep lane, we push through the dark gateway, and thence across a succession of lovely orange, citron, and apricot gardens, along what in this country is called by courtesy a road. At length, we enter a plain of very considerable extent, which, although little else than sand, is yet covered with vegetation. We are now in the land of ancient “Philistia,” and are traversing, I believe, the plain of Sharon, so famous in Old Testament history. Along the shore line, and inland, lie the five cities of the Philistines, “Ascalon,” “Ashdod,” “Gaza,” “Ekron,” and “Gath,” where “Dagon” of old fell before the ark of God. At or near this spot Goliath was defeated by the stripling David; and in this neighbourhood Samson performed those feats of strength by which, though at last crushed, he triumphed in the signal destruction of his own and his country’s foes. A tide of strong emotion swells within me while the memory of these and other scriptural events flash vividly upon my mind.

We meet numbers of mounted Arabs armed with long barreled flint-lock guns, which they carry slung across their shoulders, and with pistols in their girdles. They invariably salute us; indeed, two well-mounted young men going our way politely favoured us with some specimens of horsemanship, curveting and galloping their slight-limbed, but wiry and high bred, mares; unfortunately, however, for both parties, we could only approve their dexterity by signs, and thank them for their courtesy by gestures. The country has been at one time turbulent, or is now lawless, else why this general arming of ploughmen, merchants, travellers, and visitors? and why are police, or rather military stations, fixed at every three-quarters of an hour’s distance, and in sight of each other? For these there must be a cause, but whatever that may be, the effect is

a sense of security, at least to the traveller. The crops, which are fair for the soil and season, consist of barley, wheat, and millet; there is also a profusion of wild flowers, large asters, red poppies, and thistles, enough to satisfy and gladden the eye and nationality of a Scotsman.

The day is now calm and lovely, larks soaring and singing at heaven's gate, and scores of ploughs drawn by oxen in different parts of the plain. The plough used is a very simple affair, being merely a tapering stick twelve feet long, having at one end a sort of hook, as if a branch cut off at a sharp angle, and shod with a piece of iron of about three pounds' weight. The ploughman guides this primitive apparatus with his right hand; and with a goad ten feet long in his left, drives the cattle and cleans the clay from the ploughshare, reins being doubtless deemed as superfluous. The soil is so light and friable, and the climate so genial, that a mere scratch is sufficient to induce mother earth to return a hundredfold for the seed thrown upon her bosom. Rural life in its habits, manners, simplicity, and monotony, is the same in every country, nor is this an exception; it is strange, however, to observe cultivated lands, and cultivators of the soil, cattle, and homely implements, but neither farmhouse, stack-yard, nor signs of labourers' habitations.

Here and there, among the hills which now begin to make their appearance, I see within a rude wall, or sometimes without any defence, a few huts clustered together, as if for mutual protection, but nothing of country life as known in Britain, France, or Italy. After passing two or three villages, we reach the Latin convent at Ramleh about a quarter-past six P.M. The sun having set, the gate is closed, but by ringing a bell admission is given by a domestic. We dismount, and our horses are led away by a groom to be fed. Hotels being almost unknown in the East, travellers are obliged to throw themselves upon the hospitality of the different convents lying in their route.

This hospice is large, but occupied only by a few monks. The entire establishment is extremely primitive, cold, and at first sight comfortless; the roof dome-shaped, and may at one time have been limed or whitewashed. The walls are three feet in thickness, and with its sombre massive exterior, its

strong-barred gate and wicket, the edifice has the aspect of a fortress rather than a religious house. It dates, we are told, from the fourteenth century, and its furniture may safely claim an equally remote antiquity, being simple even to a fault. The sitting, refectory, or reception room, for one apartment serves all three purposes, has in it a plain deal table, three or four chairs equally unassuming, and a divan, while a simple lamp, having three burners fed with olive oil, is suspended by common brass chains. By and by, a dinner is placed before us, consisting of soup, boiled meat, and a slice of blackish bread, which, though coarse, is sweet and nutritious. Next a dessert of oranges and indifferent claret is served up; shortly after comes coffee, and at the same time we are honoured by the company of the superior, a native of Spain, who unfortunately speaks no language except his own; our conversation is therefore very limited and fragmentary. I have a letter of introduction from Dr Philipps, after reading which we are shown a little more respect. Early to bed is a rule in the East, to which we conform. Our sleeping-room is double-bedded, but, like the rest of the abode, very plain, having a stone floor, arched roof, plastered walls, with no attempt at ornament. There is, however, a clean bed, with mosquito curtains, a single chair, water-jug, and basin, and, as in France, without soap. Thankful and weary, we commit ourselves to God, and are soon forgetful of monks, hard saddles, and mosquitoes.

Ramleh, Wednesday, 6th.—Rising at 4.30 A.M., we are shown over the convent garden, which is well kept, and contains a variety of vegetables and fruit-trees, while vines adroitly trained form an arbour over the trellis-work or entrance-porch. Breakfast of coffee, eggs, and bread being finished, we ascend the roof of the edifice to enjoy the extensive view it commands of the surrounding country. Ramleh, supposed to be the Rama of the Hebrews, and the Arimathea of the New Testament, though beautifully situated, being embosomed amid olive, orange, and fruit gardens, has not much to interest the eye, except the old white minaret. Were I writing a history instead of a journal, I should say that few cities in Syria were more instructively associated with the crusaders than Ramleh. Standing in one of the great leading lines or

thoroughfares, this city acquired a large importance strategically, having been a *point d'appui* for attack and defence. The view from the roof of the convent on a clear morning is extensive. The dawn with its roseate hues, together with the varied shades of green from fields of wheat, dhura, and barley, present a scene of much beauty; fences of gorgeous prickly pear, with broad green fronds, and orange blossoms, gardens of olive trees, with the minaret already mentioned in the distance, impart to the landscape a peculiar loveliness. As far, however, as buildings or a town are concerned, there will be, I fear, some disappointment. After descending, we prepare to depart. As no formal charge is made by the monks, each visitor is expected to contribute, for the use of the convent, the ordinary cost of board and attendance at a hotel. We therefore hand the lay brother 150 piastres, supposing that sum to be ample; but the worthy monk thinks otherwise, informing us, in French, that many Englishmen left a guinea for a night's accommodation. Not being induced, from this precedent, to give more, we take our leave. My own experience in Egypt, Norway, and Switzerland, justifies me in affirming that many of my countrymen are to blame for scattering their money in handfuls, forgetting the difference of living, and the price of labour, at home and abroad, as also their poorer compatriots who may travel in their wake. I am half inclined to imagine that, as a natural consequence, only British travellers are fleeced—at least, I have never seen French or Germans taken in and bakshished to the same extent. There appears to be one tariff for Britons and another for other foreigners at most of the hotels and restaurants abroad.

A two hours' journey across the plain brings us to the spur of the mountain, where we find a rude hostelry, constructed of a few loose stones, a branch or two cast overhead by way of a roof, a primitive hearth, with a fire, and three straw-covered stools. These constitute the whole domestic appliances. Whilst our horses are being baited, we take a slight repast, reclining under the shadow of a gigantic fig-tree, two of the party enjoying a cigar, while a third and myself enjoy a *siesta*. We have passed, without visiting, Ludd, the Diospolis of the Romans, and Lydda of the New Testament, where Peter healed "Æneas." There is, however, nothing in the locality worthy of

note, except the beautiful ruin of the church of St George, the patron saint of England, who was born here. We are again in the saddle, though, personally speaking, I would prefer a vehicle ; for to me any mode of travel is preferable to riding *à cheval*.

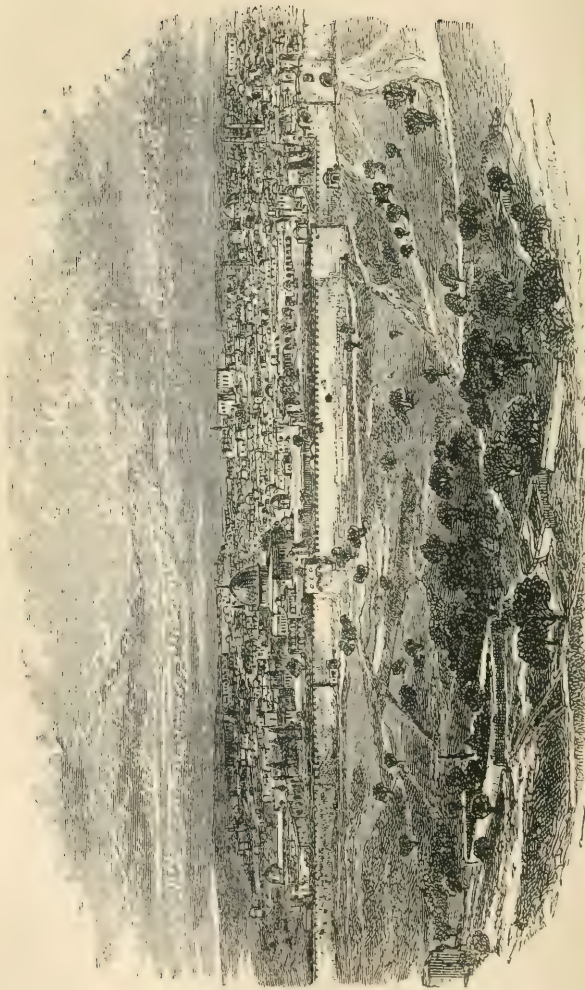
Entering upon the mountain district, hill rises upon hill, gray, bald, and rugged, before us, the road merely the channel of a stream, or a tortuous stony pathway, which only an Arab or an Arabian steed could travel. My horse claims so large a share of attention, that the land under cultivation is passed almost unobserved. The only vegetation now apparent consists of furze and a heathery-looking shrub, armed with prickles. Besides these, thousands of beautiful wild flowers, of every hue, meet the eye ; while here and there olives and acacias are sparsely scattered in the hollows. Doubtless, these bare hills were at one time under tillage, as the remains of ancient terraces are still to be found entire, from top to bottom. By this arrangement the land must have produced food sufficient for a dense population ; but time, atmospheric influence, and, above all, neglect, have converted what was once as "the garden of the Lord" into a waste and sterile wilderness. The soil, which now fills the valleys and lines the shore, has been washed down by rains and storms, so that, in two or three places on the banks of a stream, a pure mould, from five to seven feet deep, is observable ; and wherever there is soil in a crevice, there is sure to be verdure. Indeed, any depth of earth produces vegetation, proving what the country once was ; and would be again, if skill, labour, and capital were bestowed upon it, or if the population was greater, and life and property were safe.

We are still climbing the hill country of Judæa. Around us is a scene of rugged solitude, not unmixed with grandeur ; the bare rocks everywhere protruding their strata in shelving ledges. On one side is to be seen an abundance of scrub ; while, ever and anon, the crevices where the soil has lodged are dense with dwarf oak, fig, acacia, and olive trees, the last named being, in many places, as thickly luxuriant as an orchard. At last, after ascending hills and descending valleys, we reach the summit, whence the whole plain of Sharon and the glittering waters of the Mediterranean are visible. Looking Jerusalem-ward, a noble

glen, or rather valley, of great extent and beauty, called after the prophet Jeremiah—this being his supposed birthplace—lies before us. We are now in the precincts of what used to be the home of the famous freebooter and pilgrim robber, "Aboo Goosh," who was wont, at this pass, to levy blackmail, laying all and sundry under contribution. To Ibrahim Pacha is due the honour of having freed the traveller and the country of this pest, by holding him fast in "durance vile." The road is now quite safe; so, continuing our route, we reach another deep but narrow valley, bearing, for some reason unknown to me, the rather strange appellation of Turpentine. We next cross the stream from which David "chose him five smooth stones from the brook," one of which penetrated the forehead of that uncircumcised boaster, Goliath of Gath. Well do I recollect how, in my youth, this interesting episode thrilled me with delight, and, as the scene of the champion-encounter passes before me, I seem to live my boyhood over again.

The mountains become higher and grander, but with less and less verdure, until they are altogether naked. Onwards, but still upwards, we pursue our way for a long weary hour and a quarter; but, as I am a bad horseman, Messrs A. G. Blakey and Thomas Fildes are far ahead, while Dr Smith and myself jog on at leisure, as becomes elderly clergymen. As an appendix to our previous climbing, we have now a long, stony, and uninteresting plateau, which takes us nearly an hour to cross, before arriving at a nicely situated village, where olive and fig trees abound. From the remarks of my guide, I take this spot to be Emmaus, where our Lord met with, and was entertained by two of His disciples, as described in Luke xxiv. 13. Groups of pilgrims, chiefly Germans and Russians, on their way from the Holy City, to embark at Jaffa for their homes, greet us in passing by, wishing us God-speed. At length, when expectation had almost failed, we hear the welcome cry, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" The Greeks in the retreat of the famous ten thousand, as recorded by Xenophon, did not more fondly descry their ships and the sea, than I hail the city of the Great King. I will briefly describe my feelings when the long-looked for capital of Judæa first burst upon my delighted gaze. Leaping from the saddle, I fling

myself upon my knees, Dr Smith doing the same. After an interval spent in prayer and meditation I rise, and from where I stand, the city, the surrounding mountains, the whole scene where Jesus lived, taught, died, and rose again, is spread out like a map before me. I gaze upon the new and exciting view that I may indelibly imprint its features on the tablets of my memory. Can, I mentally exclaimed, that wall-shaped range of mountains, arising on my right, dimly outlined and veiled in a purple haze, be Moab, the name of which is to me a household word? Is that three-topped hill before me, the Olivet of the ascension? This the valley of Rephaim and Gihon, yawning at my feet and running into the Kedron? Are these yellow walls and embattled towers, sharply framed in the clear blue sky, and these innumerable domes, habitations? In a word, is this really Jerusalem? Rushing before my mind's eye in quick and close succession follow scenes and stories of Bible history:—David and his warriors; Solomon, the Temple and its glory; the weeping Jeremiah and his melting threnodies; Nehemiah and his compatriots rebuilding the city and sanctuary; anon the Lord Jesus in the flesh, crucifixion, subsequent earthquake, and darkness, appear on the scene. Again, disciples, apostles, Rome's legions, ruin and destruction, like Banquo's ghost, pass in review before me. All is dreamlike, yet with the effect of reality. During this ecstasy my companions have been shouting, but I neither hear nor see them. The fair scene around me is vague and indefinite, that of the past sharp and distinct. Can there be a duality of mind? can one and the same faculty be in two places at the same instant? or is thought so quick as to defy our present slow process of reasoning or fail to detect different points of time or the order of succession in which events occur? If so, we need no new faculty, when disembodied, but simply the retention of those we already possess intensified, to see at a glance all we have ever thought or done in a lifetime, to feel in a moment the unspeakable effects of remorse, or enjoy in the beating of a pulsation the concentrated happiness of ages. On awaking from this pleasing reverie I recall by an effort my woolgathering senses, and hasten to rejoin my companions.



St Stephen's Gate.

Valley of Kedron.

Mosque of Omar.
Golden Gate.

Gethsemane.

JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER XI.

JERUSALEM—THE HOLY PLACES.

It is interesting, if not instructive, to mark the varied tone in which travellers express their emotions on first seeing Jerusalem. I have no doubt that this diversity is largely referable to temperament, whether sanguine or phlegmatic, but more to the *religio loci*, as developed by early training. Any one who may wish to study these idiosyncrasies further will do well to consult the writings of Chateaubriand, Henniker, Russell, Dr Clarke, and others ; but to my own thinking, Tasso is worth them all, when, in the full tide of song, he describes the feelings of the Christian soldiery as they catch the first glimpse of the holy city :—

“ With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,
And their wing'd footsteps scarcely print the ground,
When now the sun ascends th' ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray.
Behold, Jerusalem in prospect lies !
Behold, Jerusalem salutes their eyes !
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim.

At first, transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glow'd with full delight ;
But deep contrition soon their joys oppress,
And holy sorrow sadden'd every breast.
Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey,
Where, clothed in flesh, their dear Redeemer lay ;
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where, triumphant from the grave He rose.”

Hoole's Translation.

Apart altogether from the strange vicissitudes it has under-

gone, and the different masters it has owned, this famous capital of the Jews, often razed, and frequently rebuilt, is at once a study and a sermon. Its walls levelled, its foundations turned over with the plough, its fosses and valleys filled with ruins, its ancient greatness, its memories and associations, its peculiar situation, amidst mountains and rocks, surrounded by dry beds of rivers, far from the din and traffic of the world's marts, are so charged with interest, that when I behold its embattled walls, the citadel rising above them, the multitudinous minarets glittering in the sun, the giant dome of the mosque of Omar, I am overpowered with a sense of the majesty, magnificence, and even royal splendour that lend enchantment to the mysterious outline now before me.

Starting off at a gallop, we endeavour to enter the city by the Jaffa gate, but are at once stopped by custom-house officers, or officials of that ilk, who command us to open our boxes. They are, however, easily satisfied by a bakshish of a few piastres, and we are suffered to pass on. We soon find ourselves in the midst of a motley assemblage of camels, horses, asses, Greeks, Jews, and Moslems, the latter—that is the bipeds, if their dress may be accepted as a criterion—belonging to almost every nation under heaven. But how shall I describe thee, O Jerusalem? “The fine gold has indeed become dim, the city sits forlorn and solitary,” as a widowed metropolis—a very Niobe among the nations. How changed since the days of David and of Solomon, of Herod, and of Jesus the Son of the Most High! Ichabod is inscribed upon those high places, in which aforetime the tribes of the Lord held their solemn assemblies, and wherein was once heard the voice of thanksgiving, and the jubilant worship of ancient Israel; but departed is thy glory, faded thy beauty. Thou art now reduced to an astonishment and a byword—thy remains a solemn homily, thy antecedents a sacred theme! Filthy, dark, time-worn streets and narrow lanes, full of all kinds of abomination, the open spaces crowded with booths, trumpery stalls, and heaps of rubbish, call to remembrance the slums of Cairo and Jaffa, and sorely disappoint the *ideal* of my youth's fond dream. Threading our way with difficulty down the steep and crowded thoroughfare, we reach Hausser's Hotel, in the Christian quarter, where a number of

strangers, like ourselves, being located, we learn that the Williams' party have pitched their tents west of Jaffa gate.

Thursday, 7th April.—It is difficult for one who has only a few days at disposal to describe with any degree of accuracy some minor city, how much more so when Jerusalem is to form the leading feature in the tableau. Interesting in itself, rich in historic and scriptural associations, crusted with hoar antiquity, and clustered with sacred memories, to say nothing of the holy places and surrounding localities of a similar character, I must confess that I am really at a loss how to frame my narrative. The following description, although wanting in system and sequence, may not be uninteresting as an additional contribution to the topographic literature of the Holy Land.

I begin a survey of the city by walking round the walls. Starting from the Jaffa gate and descending the valley of Hinnom, I proceed down to the angle of the wall through the King's Dale, walking along the brook Kedron, skirting the village and pool of Siloam. I stop and drink at the well of the Virgin, examine the burying-place of the Jews, the reputed tomb of Absalom, and the garden of Gethsemane; thence climbing the steep, and passing the supposed scene of the proto-martyr's death, I re-enter the city by St Stephen's gate, and proceed past the pool of Bethesda along the Via Dolorosa.

Calling at the English consulate, and leaving my card, I learn that passports are now unnecessary, and that on payment of sixty piastres each, a party of four may obtain admission to the mosque of Omar. This privilege is a very recent concession. Before the Crimean war, no Christian dared enter under penalty of death, or the alternative of becoming Mohammedan. I suppose that Dr Richardson was the first who ever gained access, and this favour was clandestinely granted by way of recompense for some professional services. This distinguished traveller was shown over a great portion of the building, permitted to see and admire its marble walls and columns, the well from which true believers drink, an ancient volume of the Koran, standing some four feet high, and was further allowed to thrust his arm through a hole so as to touch the mass of stone on which there is said to be a print of the prophet's foot, known as the "Kubbet-es-Sukhrah," (the Concealed

Stone, or Dome of the Rock,) which, like the image of the great Diana, is believed to have fallen from heaven, being retained in its place by Gabriel the archangel. Mohammed, after his return from Paradise, rendered it doubly secure by some process which, being an infidel, I cannot profess to understand. Over this concealed rock the Caliph Omar, having discovered its whereabouts, erected the mosque of which I shall speak further on. Ali Bey, under the guise of a Mussulman, and Burckhardt subsequently entered and described the interior, which is now accessible to every inhabitant of Jerusalem, and to every stranger on procuring a note from his consul, and paying the fee already mentioned: thus great changes have already marked the growth of time and the progress of civilisation, and greater still are possibly yet in reserve. I am almost overrun—(and what traveller in Jerusalem can escape the nuisance?)—with bead and mother-of-pearl cross sellers, who haunt and waylay the tourist at every corner, so that he is not safe from their attacks when in an hotel. I am obliged to yield, and invest thirty shillings in probably what is not intrinsically worth fifteen. On changing a sovereign I find the equivalent to be 110 piastres.

I enter for the first time the edifice containing Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. There are moments in a man's life which are indescribable; periods when all he ever did or saw rises and passes before his mind in dreamy, yet distinct procession. Such were my sensations when I stepped within the precincts of this sacred fane. I am astonished at seeing in a church guards with their arms piled; as well as gaudy trappings and flaunting finery in a place so solemn, and have scarcely time to observe the crowds of soldiers, priests, and pilgrims. Following the stream, I enter a cage-like apartment, where I wait my turn to stoop and enter the Holy Sepulchre. The glare and smoke from the lamps are confusing, and for a few moments my feelings are too excited and intensified to permit my forming an accurate conception of the scene; I shall therefore defer entering into detail till a second visit. Though half inclined to doubt, if not dispute, the identity of this site with the position of the true sepulchre, I am nevertheless powerfully affected. Whether because others weep and pray I am impelled to follow their example from sheer

sympathy, I do not care to know, but weep and pray I do with earnestness and fervour, in remembrance of that dear Lord who is “not here but is risen,”—my Redeemer and my All.

The Chapel of the Sepulchre itself is inconveniently small, being only about 7 feet by 6, enclosing a marble sarcophagus, covered with a slab of the same material, occupying the whole length of the interior. The cover from some cause is cracked, but smoothed, and worn down by the kisses of millions who have flocked as pilgrims from every corner of Christendom to this holy shrine. Lamps, suspended from the wall, are kept constantly burning, and a Greek priest is generally found standing inside. If more than five or six persons be present an exit must be made backwards, owing to the smallness of the area. At the distance of a few yards I ascend a staircase of sixteen or seventeen steps leading to Calvary, which in the order of time should have been previously visited. Here, to disfigure the scene, the same bad taste, tawdry shawls, daubs of painting and gilding, are visible. The spot on which the cross is said to have stood is a circular silver-lined opening in the marble floor, under an altar where I and others kneel, and I must admit that, like Dr Wolfe, I earnestly prayed to the once crucified but now exalted Jesus. What Christian could visit shrines so full of sacred reminiscences without feeling moved to devotion? Upon the right hand, within two feet of the place of the cross, there is a silver bar, which, being drawn aside, exposes a rent in the rock, said to be that caused by the earthquake after the Crucifixion. The entire church of the Holy Sepulchre appears to me too dark, too full of drapery, paintings, candles, lamps, gilding, and inscriptions—in a word, too *showlike*, to be adequately impressive.

It is strange as well as pleasing to see devotees of every nation and colour, Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, and Protestants, all seemingly merging, if not forgetting, their distinctive differences, while in the brotherhood of a common faith, they bow before Him who is “Lord of all.” I am now more than repaid for all my labour, journeyings, and dangers, for my faith in the New Testament is refreshed, my belief in Jesus and His Word intensified; if ever I real-

ised His presence, it was to-day at the empty sepulchre, and at the foot of that cross, where alone a sinner can find Him who there made expiation for transgressors. Leaving this ancient shrine, I turn to the right, and then to the right again, thus arriving at the "Via Dolorosa," a mere street or lane, only a few centuries old, and possessing some of the peculiar characteristics mentioned in connexion with the sepulchre itself. The monks of old, by crowding with legend almost every event in the public and private life of the Lord Jesus, antecedently to His crucifixion, formed a correct opinion of the credulity of after-ages. Hence many episodes are associated with a thoroughfare which, in its present state at least, the feet of the Saviour never trod. The ancient city having been totally destroyed by the Romans, and frequently overthrown, this locality was never heard of until some time in the twelfth or thirteenth century, when much of superstitious zeal and "cunning craftiness" were displayed by Papists of different countries, in order to identify this crooked, filthy lane with the events which are reputed to have taken place within its limits.

Thousands of Latin pilgrims annually flock hither about Easter to perform their "stations," following as they suppose the track of the Messiah as He passed from the house of Pilate to Calvary. That is, beginning at the eastern end, next St Stephen's gate, the first place of note is the house of Pilate, the Roman proconsul, near which there are some old arches in the wall, where the "Santa Scala," now in St John's Lateran, at Rome, once stood, leading to the "Judgment-hall." Nearly opposite is the church of the "Flagellation," through which I was kindly shown by a worthy monk, and in which there are two or three good paintings. Here, according to the tradition so sedulously preserved, Jesus was scourged and crowned with thorns, while a few yards in advance is the arch where Pilate cried "Ecce Homo." Then I am pointed out the place where Jesus, fainting under the weight of His cross, leant upon the wall, and there the very impression made by the sufferer's shoulder is denoted and devoutly kissed by many Roman Catholics. Another station is the spot where our Lord, meeting His mother, exclaimed—"Salve Mater." The house in which "Dives fared sumptu-

ously every day," and the very stone, too, on which Lazarus sat when the dogs "licked his sores," are exhibited to the wondering gaze of the pilgrims. Another resting-place is where Jesus, still bearing His cross, leaned His face upon the wall, leaving the impress on the hard limestone of what, be it carefully remembered, is not an ancient but a modern building, though apparently old enough to serve the purpose of a Popish legend, or to form a peg on which to hang a mediæval tradition. Not to speak of St Peter's prison, Mark's house, and many other *notabilia*, I come to the domicile of St Veronica, a pious ministrant who, when the world's Redeemer was bedewed with perspiration and ready to faint under His cross, hastened to wipe His brow with a handkerchief, which at this day the cities of Turin, Lucca, and Rome respectively claim to possess. There are many other stations, at some of which I see pilgrims kissing and kneeling on their way to the Virgin's chapel.

I felt sad and grieved that my fellow-Christians should thus follow the shadow and lose the substance; but surely their teachers are to blame in this matter, for the people are superstitious, and in many instances intolerant, simply because they are ignorant, whilst many of the Latin clergy are not only learned but well informed. As I have this forenoon made a few jottings relative to the site and antiquity of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I cannot probably do better than introduce them here. Unbroken tradition at least, according to the majority of writers, has assigned the first Christian church built upon this spot to the Emperor Constantine, about A. D. 326. Eusebius speaks of the "sacred cave," which in his day was believed to be the sepulchre hewn "in the rock," but there were doubtless many caves and tombs around the place where Joseph of Arimathæa and others had gardens, the sites of which were well known in the time of the historian, and at a subsequent period. It is possible, judging from the concurrent testimony of early writers and travellers, that the site recognised as the Holy Sepulchre is the identical spot where "the Lord lay." One circumstance, however, appears strange, and militates somewhat against this conclusion. Eusebius speaks of a rock standing above the ground, whereas the tomb now pointed out is sunk considerably below the ordinary level.

To reconcile the anomaly is not difficult, since the difference may be accounted for from the rubbish which the course of ages has gathered around it. It is well known that in some parts of Jerusalem the streets as they stood in the time of the Saviour are now forty feet below the surface. It is also historically true that at an early period there was a railing round the sacred place, occupying, it is believed, the same area as is now the site of the church. This spot of holy ground was highly ornamented, having a chapel erected over it called the "Anastasis," which was destroyed early in the seventh century, and rebuilt a few years afterwards. During this century many additional holy places were also discovered and covered in. The Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre was again destroyed in the eleventh century by a caliph, but rebuilt a few years afterwards. This building stood in the time of the Crusaders, and during their occupation of the Holy City many additions were made. The old nave and rotunda, with the old and singular *façade*, in a mixed style of Gothic and Romanesque architecture, date from this period. In this state the structure remained until the beginning of the present century, when it was partially destroyed by an accidental fire, many of the ancient columns being much injured, and subsequently filled in with masonry. The rotunda also fell in, destroying the Chapel of the Elevation; but two years after, that is, in 1810, the whole was renewed and consecrated. Whether the holy fane covers the precise scene of our blessed Lord's crucifixion and burial, I cannot decide; but it is confessedly a shrine at which millions have worshipped the Triune Jehovah. For further information, the works of Porter, Young, Dr Robinson, Williams, Finlay, Lord Nugent, and Ferguson, may be consulted with advantage.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Friday, 8th April.—Having thrice visited the Holy Sepulchre, I now proceed to describe it more in detail. On entering the church there is immediately before me a large flat piece of marble, shaped like a gravestone, and surrounded by a railing, over which burning lamps are suspended. This is said to be the stone upon which the body of the dead Christ was anointed, and a number of devotees are at this moment weeping and kissing it. Just under the dome is a large circular space environed with eighteen pillars—within this the Sepulchre, a structure of stone 26 feet long by 18 broad. At the sides and back are chapels for the smaller Christian sects—Armenians, Copts, and Syrians. The Greek Church has the lion's share; but the former claim a right of admission, and have obtained the privilege of altars contiguous to the holy spot. Before entering the inner shrine a fee was not long ago demanded, the shoes perfunctorily taken off and left outside. With bent head I cross the threshold of the crypt where “they laid Him;” whence, however, He arose triumphing over death and the grave. The impromptu exclamation burst from my lips, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”* The sarcophagus, originally of white marble, is now changed by the influence of time into a brownish colour. The actual measurement is 6 feet 6 inches in length, 3 feet in breadth, and 26 inches in height, the surface being worn smooth as a mirror, and thin from continual kissing. It is remarkably plain, not a single ornament, cutting, or carving being traceable. Over and around it are suspended forty-two

* 1 Cor. xv. 55.

lamps of gold and silver, burning night and day, the gifts of different Christian sovereigns. The space for visitors to stand or kneel being only three feet, not more than four individuals can be accommodated at one time. There being no one present but myself this morning, I have had an opportunity of giving it a thorough examination.

The next point of interest is the Chapel of the "Apparition," measuring 28 feet by 21, where, it is said, Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene, or to Mary His mother, possibly to both. A number of pilgrims are assembled, but the place is badly lighted. This spot is asserted to be the centre of the earth. The correct idea of the earth's rotundity has not yet gained acceptance with the Sacred College, although one of the first astronomers of the day is Father Secchi of Rome. We may well be amazed that the Papal Church has not long ere this banished the antiquated opinion that the earth is a plane. For whatever may be the belief at Rome, in Jerusalem this chapel is not only regarded as the centre of the earth, but the identical spot on which Adam was created. To return to my text. On the south side of the altar is a niche, in which there is said to be a piece of the porphyry column to which Jesus was bound when scourged. Rome, moreover, insists that she has the true pillar in her possession. But since there are two Virgin's houses, one in Nazareth and another at Loretto; and as it is further maintained, on the one hand, that the body of the Virgin is in the chapel at the brook Kedron, and also in the church of St John's at Ephesus, on the other, that her place is by the "Assumption" in heaven—why should it appear strange that a column should be in two localities at one and the same time? Besides these, a multitude of other sights are pointed out. There is the Greek Church or nave of the great building, partitioned off from contact with Latins and others, above which is the central lantern. In this part of the edifice may be seen the throne of the patriarch, and the high altar decked out with lamps, candlesticks, chandeliers, and paintings of saints, the latter, according to the Greek dogma, being admissible into churches, if not too lifelike.

A little place is dedicated to Longinus, a saint, reported to be none other than the Roman soldier who pierced the Saviour's side with his spear, and afterwards became a

Christian martyr. Here was once preserved the identical "title" that Pilate wrote, now in the Church of Santa Croce in Rome. The subterranean chapel "Helena," a cellar-like place or crypt, some 20 feet below the pavement, measuring upwards of 50 feet by 40, judging from its arrangement, may have been a Greek place of worship. It is dark, even to dinginess, while by a descent of twelve steps one reaches the Chapel of the *Invention* of the Cross. Never was there a happier designation. If the discovery also of the three nails and inscription be taken into account, this spot may be regarded as the *sanctum sanctorum* of the entire edifice. Owing to its being so deeply sunk, the filthy drainage and surface-water from the city above find their way thither, and cause a continual dripping. The trickling drops are piously believed to be the tears of the rocks and stones in memory of our Lord's passion. I fully agree with the statement in "Murray's Guide," that this place has every appearance of being nothing less nor more than an old cistern. After an ascent of eighteen steps, I find myself in the Place of Mocking.

We have next the "Golgotha" Chapel, under which it is said that Adam, our common father, is buried, and Jesus Christ was crucified. This is, however, more generally known as the "Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross," and it is under the care of the Greeks. Here, upon a marble platform of 10 feet by 6, raised a foot or so above the floor, is shown the spot where they "crucified Him;" the altar is without any covering, and directly under it is an aperture in the marble, communicating with what is said to be a hole in the natural rock, and the place into which the end of the cross was fixed. At a distance of two or three feet on the right is a slit and a rent, as before mentioned, caused by the earthquake. I did not observe the other holes for the crosses of the two thieves, though I am told they are there. Near this is the Chapel of the Crucifixion, where Jesus was "nailed to the accursed tree." There is also a space marked out upon the floor where the Virgin stood during the agony and death of her son; besides these there are numbers of tombs belonging to saints, heroes, and kings—as Melchisedec, Godfrey, first Latin king of Jerusalem, Baldwin, and others.

Alas ! that Christianity should be thus disguised and disfigured, until the spirituality of our holy religion is well-nigh banished from these hallowed precincts. A man whose faith is not established in the revelation which God has given of His Son, should not visit Jerusalem, lest its desolation, noisome lanes, religious feuds, legendary lies, and trafficking in relics, should disgust him with the so-called followers of the cross. The church of the Holy Sepulchre is made a *shop* and a *show*, while the identity of almost every place mentioned in the Old and New Testaments is disputed. If, however, the tourist should be confirmed in the truth, and know something of mankind by personal travel and experience, let him by all means make acquaintance with the Holy City ; but if otherwise, he may return home a confirmed sceptic, or an avowed infidel. Were I writing the history of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the strife between Greek and Latin, I would not omit the gross fraud and bungling jugglery of the "Holy Fire" at Easter, which, after all, is not more so than the *nox-tenebrosa* of the Latins. Well may the Turk scowl with contempt, and point the finger of scorn at Christianity as she is here caricatured ; for what can prove a greater barrier to the propagation of the gospel than this intermixture of heathen rites and gross superstitions with the sublime ritual of the new covenant dispensation ? The Moslem detests and abhors every image of man or deity ; his creed is essentially contained in the axiomatic sentence—"God is One." Here are images of every age and character, "of gods many and lords many," saints, virgins, ay, and of persons who never had an existence, save in the crazy imaginations of morbid anchorites.

It has long been known that the Greek and Latin churches are at variance : hence the soldiers, with their arms piled in the vestibule, which astonished me on first entering. Their presence is supposed to be necessary for the prevention of an open rupture ; indeed, blood has been shed during Easter in bygone years. All Europe, too, is acquainted with the fact, that the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre is dilapidated—the lead covering hangs in strips, the laths and rib-work being wholly exposed, admit wind and rain ; thus displaying to Heathendom as well as Christendom the discord that exists amongst the Christian powers who claim the Holy Places. It is true, any

one of these potentates would be willing enough, not only to repair the cupola, but even to build a new one, and re-roof the entire fabric. France would do so any day; so would Spain, Italy, or Russia; nay, the head of the Greek Church waits with impatience to embrace, or, it may be, to seize the opportunity of so doing; but he has not hitherto succeeded, because the balance of power, or parties, in relation to Jerusalem, might be seriously disturbed were either of the contending princes permitted to act alone, and another Crimean war might be the result. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre must, there-



The Holy Sepulchre.

Calvary.

ore, remain *in statu quo*. I am inclined to believe that it would be fortunate for all parties, and especially contributive to the spread of unity, were the basilica, with its chapels, decorations, and legends swept away, and nothing left but the bare rock, and the cave in the garden, that pilgrims might, when they went, worship God in simplicity and truth.

Were this done, I would suggest that a magnificent cathedral—worthy of the site, the city, and the glorious memories

which cluster around Calvary and the burial-place of the Messiah—be erected, large enough to contain within its walls ample space for naves, aisles, and chapels, for the accommodation of representatives from the different sects and creeds of Christendom, so that Greek, Latin, Armenian, Copt, Maronite, and even Protestant, might worship “where they laid Him,” as well as on the holy ground where they nailed and crucified the Lord of Glory. I cannot doubt but the money would be found, not only to build, but to beautify such a fane; emperors, kings, and princes, would deem themselves honoured by contributing or collecting funds for such a structure, while churches and individuals even in humble life would cheerfully bring their offerings, as the Israelites of old did to Solomon when the temple was being reared.

Could Russia and France, the two principal powers interested, be persuaded to concur in such an arrangement, most gladly would the other Catholic powers, as well as Great Britain and America, contribute their quota to the scheme, if only to possess a niche in the great Christian temple of Jerusalem. This would for ever put an end to the unseemly feuds, heart-burnings, and semi-frauds that now disgrace Christianity in the eyes of the Moslem, and remove the sting from the reproaches indulged by the scoffer and ungodly. Like many other visitors, I may leave the Holy City in doubt whether the existing building covers the identical spot consecrated as the grave of the Redeemer. The arguments for its genuineness are many, ancient, and from some points of view almost conclusive—such as those who have leisure and capacity might well investigate. It would be strange, indeed, if the cave in Mount Moriah were the true sepulchre, as asserted by Ferguson and some others. The arguments of this gentleman, founded on the drawings of Catherwood, Bonomi, and others, are, however, entitled to attentive consideration; and were I permitted to consult my own fancy in this matter, I would at once select the Cave in the Rock now covered by the mosque of Omar, as the most likely situation for the true sepulchre. That it would form a glorious site for a new basilica will be at once admitted. In its immediate vicinity are the scene of Abraham’s sacrifice, the Threshing-Floor of Araunah, and the site of Solomon’s Temple. How rich the

associations—how rare would be the surroundings of this favoured shrine!

Jerusalem, Saturday, 9th.—This morning my circuit round the city, from St Stephen's to the Jaffa Gate, is completed, the whole distance being not more than two miles and a half. The walls, built of dressed limestone, which does not change its colour in this climate, are imposing. Dating from the sixteenth century, and averaging from 20 to 25 feet in height, they are carried over hill, rock, and ravine. There are four or five gateways, named respectively the Jaffa, (called by the natives Bab-el-Khulil,) leading westwards to the coast; the Damascus, (Bab-el-Amud,) leading to the great north road; St Stephen's, (Bab-es-Subat,) near where the proto-martyr was supposed to have suffered in the valley beneath—the latter a plain gateway, opening on the Kedron, and leading to Bethany and Jericho; the Dung Gate, on the south side, (called by the natives Bab-el-Mugaribeh;) lastly, the Zion Gate, situated on the ridge of Mount Zion, opening on the tomb of David, (known by the natives as Bab-en-Neby Daud.) There are, however, two other gates, now closed or built up; one on the north side, between that of Damascus and the north-east corner of the wall; next, the well-known Golden Gate, overlooking the Kedron, concerning which the Mohammedans have a tradition that, if opened, the Christians would take possession of the city; it is known as Bab-ed-Dahariyeh, or the Eternal Gate.

Walking slowly from the Damascus gate, the wall on my right hand, I reach the north-east angle, and enter the Turkish cemetery—places of sepulture here, as well as all over the East, being without the walls. Crowds of women and children, dressed in white, and closely veiled, are scattered in groups amongst the tombstones, lamenting aloud the loss of some one near and dear to them. At a large tank or cistern, near the eastern gate, two Arabs are raising water with a leathern bucket, in the same primitive fashion that prevails amongst the Egyptians. It has often been remarked by travellers that the stones in the wall near the Golden Gate are *bevelled*, an indication of great antiquity. Measuring some of them, I find they average from 10 to 22 feet in length, and from 28 inches to 3 feet on the side. Then sitting down under

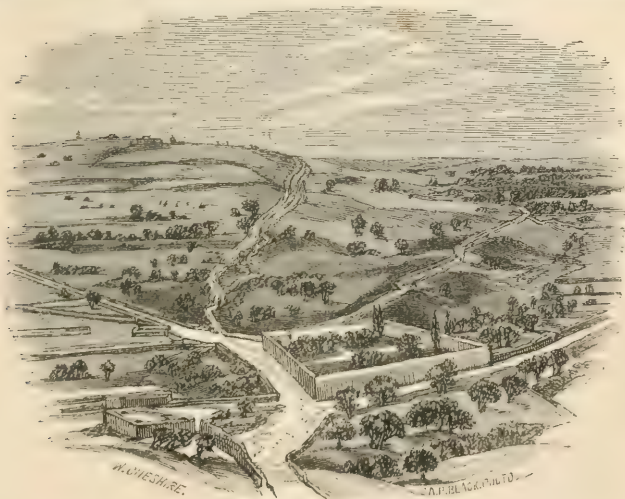
the shadow of a tree on the declivity, I contemplate the interesting and varied scene beneath me. A hundred feet under the level of my seat, is the brook Kedron, memorable in both the Old and New Testaments ; ten or twelve yards from its channel is Gethsemane, dear to every believer in Jesus and His finished work ; the scene of His sufferings and agonies during the eventful night of His betrayal. Down this very incline on which I am now seated did Judas descend, accompanied by the band of soldiers, with staves and torches. Indeed, the Messiah must have seen them approaching from the garden, the lights flickering, and arms glancing as they wended their way through the trees. Oh, doleful reminiscence ! yet how necessary to the work of Him who, in patience and acquiescence, said, "Thy will be done."

Within four or five hundred feet, the valley not being wider, rises the Mount of Olives, scarcely less memorable than Gethsemane and Kedron. The pool of Siloam lies a little way to the right, that of Bethesda just within the gateway ; while immediately behind me is the site of Solomon's temple. A tide of hallowed musings, mingled with holy associations, pass through my mind ; memories of a mother's early training, Sunday school and other teachings, communion ministrations, descriptions of Gethsemane's agony and Calvary's cross, by eloquent and saintly men ; my own feeble attempts to arouse and awaken my people to a devout and spiritual frame of mind—these, and a thousand such communings, form the subject of serious meditation and devout gratitude. All that I have ever heard, however, is vague and imperfect, when contrasted with a single half-hour's stay amidst the scenes themselves. Such possibly will Heaven be when attained, with this difference, that no disappointment will commingle there. Every promise and every hope will be more than realised ; for it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."*

CHAPTER XIII.

GETHSEMANE AND BETHANY.

HAVING made the acquaintance of Mr P. Bergheim, jun., of Jerusalem, he accompanies me to-day to Bethany. Mounting our asses, and passing out by the Jaffa Gate, down through Hinnom, under Zion's frowning battlements, we visit Enrogel, called by the natives "The Well of Joab," a place of undoubted



Mount Olivet and Garden of Gethsemane.

antiquity, situated in the very mouth of the gorge leading to Mar-Saba and the Dead Sea. Traversing the valley of Kedron

through its whole length, we enter the reputed and recently enclosed Gethsemane, now kept by an old Carmelite monk, who, had I permitted him, would have overwhelmed me with legends such as—Here, Judas kissed his Master; there, the disciples slept; and this is the exact spot in which Jesus wept and prayed. Pointing to a tree on the opposite hill, he would assure me it was the one upon which the traitor hanged himself. It is a pity, if not a wrong, to enclose this piece of ground, which, whether it be the actual garden or not, ought never to have been converted into a show. The Holy Places, like continental cathedrals, and the gospel itself, should be as free as air, and open to all “without money and without price.” The worthy friar picks me a few flowers, whereupon I present him with the customary bakhshîsh, informing him I was a priest myself; he inquires to what order I belong, I reply to that of St Paul, at which he smiles, and, clapping me on the shoulder, exclaims “*bono, bono.*” Taking our departure, we make the ascent of Mount Olivet, pass the mosque on its summit, then descending on the other side, I obtain my first glimpse of the Dead Sea.

In the valley on the left olive gardens stretch to the village of Bethany, a small, mean-looking place, containing some twenty houses, situated on the eastern slope of Olivet; the ground adjoining it rugged and broken, with here and there an orchard of fig-trees. Distance from Jerusalem about a mile and a half.

Bethany, like Bethlehem and Nazareth, owes much, if not all its importance to New Testament history. In the days of our Lord it was a mere village, unmentioned even in the Old Testament Scriptures. During the nineteen centuries that have elapsed since it first came under the notice of the world, it has not escaped the common fate of the towns and villages of Palestine, having been subjected alike to the ravages of inexorable time and the ruthless hand of violence: hence not only has it changed its name and character, but also its position. The twenty or thirty huts now constituting the village are congregated round the supposed tomb of El-Aziriyeh, or Lazariyeh, (Lazarus,) of whom it bears the name, and stand a considerable distance from the original site. Some early church historians and travellers record that, according to Latin tradi-

tions, the empress Helen, through whose pious wishes and acts the Holy Places were covered in, erected over the tomb of Lazarus a magnificent church, which existed in the seventh century; a monastery is also mentioned as standing near the same spot in the ninth century. Saewulf, who made a pilgrimage through Palestine in the twelfth century, gives an interesting description of the church, from which it appears there were at that early period as many legendary places under its roof as in the present day disgrace that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. One of the daughters of Baldwin the Second, named Milisinda, who had married Fulco, a king of Jerusalem, built in the same locality a convent for Black Nuns, which was confirmed by a papal bull, and the original parchments for the exchange of property in maintenance of the nuns are reported still extant in the archives of the Latin convent of Jerusalem. About the same period a square keep or castle was erected for the protection of the establishment, the ruins of which still exist, and are known as the castle or house of Lazarus.



Bethany.

Mandeville, early in the fourteenth century, gives a long

and graphic description of Bethany and its fortress, the former differing very little from that of the description given by Dr Robinson twenty-eight years ago, and from its appearance at the present day. The whole village is poor and wretched; the few inhabitants beggarly, dirty, and blear-eyed; the children truly Arabs and juvenile pests; the old women ugly and morose. There are no streets—nothing but narrow passages between dry stone walls, gardens, and dunghills. The houses are of stone, seemingly constructed of ancient materials, some of the blocks bevelled and hewn, evidences of high antiquity. There are also fragments of masonry, cisterns and caves, bespeaking ancient splendour and a teeming population. If one thing more than another betokens the former character of the place, it is the luxuriance of its olives. Originally named Bethany, (the house of dates,) now, though no palm flourishes, yet figs, pomegranates, and mulberry trees grow in great variety and abundance.

The aspect of the locality is dreary and desolate in the extreme: the rocky pathway to Jericho, the Dead Sea, bare mountains, and white limestone hills compose the landscape. That I may not disappoint the reader, I shall describe in a few words the reputed tomb of Lazarus, which has conferred upon this village an undying interest in the Christian world. On the north side of the village, there is a cave or deep grotto, into which you descend by a small, dark, broken staircase of twenty-six steps. On reaching the bottom, you stand in a square apartment, which communicates with another a little under the same level, but much smaller, being barely sufficient to admit a man's body, and about three feet in height. This is said to be the place where Lazarus lay, and where our Lord said, "Take ye away the stone;" and, after prayer, "cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go."* Near this stood the hospitable dwelling of the beloved sisters, and no less loved brother. Our Saviour, weary and hungry, often must have walked along the adjoining pathway; upon this fragment of rock He may have sat, while Martha and then Mary, in their agony of

* John xi. 43, 44.

grief, exclaimed, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection of the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."* To the lovers of the marvellous and the legendary, Bethany presents as fertile a field as Jerusalem. Here are pointed out, what are asserted to be not only the mansion of the beloved family, but also the house of "Simon the leper," where our Lord was entertained, and where Mary washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair,† and where also "came unto Him a woman having an alabaster-box of very precious ointment, and poured it on His head as He reclined at meat."‡ There is also shewn on the other side of the way the house of the third Mary, or the wife of Cleophas. I learned for the first time to-day that Simon the host of our Lord became a good Catholic, was consecrated a bishop by the title of St Julian, the patron of houses of entertainment or feasts in all time coming.

Whilst taking a photographic view of the village, my friend and myself are, I verily believe, surrounded by the whole population ; one man in particular, with a withered hand and no fingers, pertinaciously follows us like a shadow, and the cry for bakhshish is incessant. Almost forced by the uproar to make our escape, we turn our donkeys' heads homewards, and prepare to descend the mountain, taking the road towards the south, by which it is supposed our Saviour made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people, cutting down palm branches, and spreading their garments in the way, cried, "Hosanna to the son of David : Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord ; Hosanna in the highest !"§ We are perhaps traversing the footsteps of David, when, fleeing from his unnatural son Absalom, he crossed the "Brook Kedron," as we are informed, "toward the way of the wilderness." There is not a point round

* John xi. 21-26.

† Mat. xxvi. 7.

‡ John xi. 2.

§ Matt. xxi. 9.

Jerusalem from which the city can be seen to greater advantage than from this locality. Passing the Chapel of the Virgin we ascend the opposite steep, and again enter the Holy City.

I have often been astonished at the number of idle and wild-looking children, black-eyed and clean-limbed boys, to say nothing of the symmetrically-formed little maidens, that swarm everywhere, in front and back courts, among dark arches, tumbling and rollicking in all sorts of waste places, covering and encumbering the pathway, playing in the gutters, sitting on broken walls, clambering like squirrels amidst the ruins with which the city abounds; certainly such abundant, or rather superabundant, youthhood augurs well for the increase of population. Whether any other traveller has noticed this fact I am unaware, but to me it is amazing; no one can either walk or ride through the bazaar, on descending Mount Zion, the back lanes between the Holy Sepulchre and the Prussian Hospice, these labyrinths of rickety houses and frowsy courts above Christian Street, the dark arched dens of the Via Dolorosa, and down to near the Damascus Gate, in the afternoon and gloaming, without seeing crowds of children as thick as leaves in Valambrosa. Poor things! Although almost in a state bordering on nudity, with faces unwashed, except where tears have furrowed a white channel; their hands and feet begrimed with dirt; yet how childlike and full of frolic are they; rioting in the exuberance of health and enjoyment! How equable are the Divine arrangements, for when wealth is not apportioned, health is bestowed—health, without which there is no true happiness. Probably this excess of juvenile population may be more apparent than real: here there is no manufacturing industry to absorb youthful labour as in England, nor are there schools adequate to the educational wants of the district, by which the children might be kept out of the streets. The beautiful climate permits even infancy as well as childhood to be much in the open air, while the different habits and modes of life in the East may collect a larger number of children into the streets and playgrounds than is observable in Western cities possessing the same ratio of population.

It may be difficult to arrive at anything like an approximate

estimate of the population of ancient Jerusalem, owing to the scanty information we possess on the subject. Josephus is our chief authority, but he, being a Jew, may be prejudiced by anxiety to exalt the grandeur of his native land ; but the data on which he founds his conclusions can be checked from independent authorities. He gives the entire circumference of the city at about four and a half Roman, or three and a half geographical miles, which is nearly the ancient circuit of the walls. Other writers prior to and since his day make it less or more, so that we may strike an average for the purposes of calculation. It is supposed that the space walled in, without suburbs, could not contain more than a hundred thousand souls, making allowance for the large area occupied by the temple ; very likely its average population never at any time exceeded or even reached this number, except at the period of the annual festivals. It is stated that during one Passover there were present 2,700,000, a number I believe to be an exaggeration, for I can scarcely credit that there were so many males within the borders of Palestine, between the ages at which they were required by the Law to present themselves at any of the three great assemblies. The number assumed by Josephus to have been in the city when it was attacked by Titus, at the season of the Pentecost, was a million and a quarter. This may be accurate, but I am under the impression, from various data, that the population of ancient Jerusalem, in the palmiest days of her glory, never exceeded from eighty to ninety thousand. The actual population of the city at the present day—there being neither census nor statistical tables of any sort, can only be approximated—may be divided amongst the following sects or creeds :—Moslems, 5,500 ; Jews, 7,500 ; Greeks, 1,600 ; Latins, 1,300 ; Armenians, 300 ; other sects, 300 ; making in all somewhere about 16,000. Such is the Jerusalem of 1864 compared with the Jerusalem of A.D. 70.

The modern city was built about three hundred years ago, and surrounded, in 1542, by walls which are from eighteen to twenty-four feet in height, and two and a half miles in circuit. The interior of the city is divided by two ravines or valleys, which, intersecting each other at right angles, give rise to four hills or isolated heights : the names of which send a thrill of

hallowed memories through the heart of every Christian ; they are Moriah, Zion, Acra, Bezetha. Acra, with its buildings, is now called the Lower City, and is chiefly inhabited by Christians. Zion may be regarded as the seat of the Armenian and Jewish population ; whilst Moriah, or the platform of the Mosque of Omar, is the site of the Temple of Solomon. The Jews, I have learned, have seven or eight small mean synagogues ; their houses are much dilapidated externally, but are said to be comfortably, and even luxuriously, fitted up within.

Sunday, 10th April.—"This is the day that the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." For morning reading I select Matt. xxiv., and wending my way to the Holy Sepulchre, I offer up my prayers within its precincts. This appears to be a *fête* day, for there are a greater number of priests and soldiers in the vestibule and corridors than I have observed on any former occasion. Although it be Sabbath morning, I take a candle and examine the rent in the rock and some other points of interest, and am half disposed to suspect that Calvary and the rock are artificial. The stone appears to me to be red granite, resembling that of Peterhead, whilst a mischievous doubt creeps over my mind that the reputed Calvary, sepulchre, rent rock, and some other holy places, are either pious frauds to extract money, or in some cases impositions to deceive the people ; there being too many places under one roof, and these, like the house of our Lady at Loretto, occasionally change locality. I may, however, on becoming better acquainted with them, modify the opinion thus expressed. If wrong in doubting or discrediting what so many believe, may God forgive me !

Hastening through the crowded streets I observe with some degree of satisfaction that many of the shops, and some of those in the bazaar, are closed, and therefore conclude that they must belong to Christians ; nevertheless, the Babel of noise and traffic seems as great as on any other day of the week. I attend worship at the English church, which is advantageously situated on Mount Zion, and has been for some years under the episcopate of Bishop Gobat. I am much pleased with the opening hymn, No. 268, beginning—"O Jerusalem, we weep for thee ;" My friend Dr Smith, late bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, preached the sermon from

Phil. ii. 5, 6. He made no attempt at either fine writing or eloquence, simply giving us an evangelical discourse, in the delivery of which he made some interesting remarks relative to the past and present condition of Jerusalem. The audience might number from eighty to a hundred. Leaving the church, and going out by Zion Gate, I take a footpath leading to Silwun, the ancient Siloam, and examine the pool known by the same name. I did not to-day penetrate its dark recesses, extending under and far beyond the site of the Temple, resting satisfied with merely having seen it, and filling a small bottle with its water as a souvenir of my visit. It is now raining, this being the first shower I have experienced since entering Syria ; there is not, however, so much as would wet " Gideon's fleece."

Were heavy rain to fall in this part of the country, one half of its mud hovels would be levelled, if not swept away, for they are indeed built of and on the sand. It may be wickedness to say so, but the sooner such a catastrophe happens, providing human life were spared, the better. A new and more commodious class of dwellings might be erected. A Highland shower such as I have seen, would not only benefit the country in an agricultural, but the Holy City itself, in a sanitary point of view. Had either of my friends, John Liddle, Esq., or the late R. D. Thomson, M.D., medical inspectors of health in London, had only a single month's authority in Jerusalem, the ratio of sickness and the bills of mortality would be materially diminished ; and possibly such a shower might lead to something being done not only to the drainage, but to the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre, which lifts up its ragged roof, exposing its poverty to the world, and awakening the reproach of the heathen. Attending church again in the evening, I heard one of the curates preach an excellent sermon from Phil. iii. 10, there being about thirty persons present. In coming home I am obliged to carry a lantern, as all must do, whether strangers or citizens, owing to an imperial decree embracing the Turkish dominions and all its pashalics.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING DOWN TO JERICHO.

Monday, 11th April.—From to-day I take up my residence with Mr Maury at the Prussian Hospice. Having been informed that the Greek pilgrims are to leave this morning for Jordan, I hire a horse and guide for two days to convey me to Jericho and back. Leaving by St Stephen's Gate, and crossing the Kedron, taking the south-east road and winding over the shoulder of Olivet, I find myself in the throng, numbering not less than eight hundred, which, together with twelve hundred in advance, will bring the total to two thousand, making their annual pilgrimage. They appear to be representatives of most Eastern nations, varying in complexion as well as attire : some are on donkeys, others on horseback, while many are balanced on panniers or in chairs on the backs of camels—besides these, hundreds are on foot. The young evince all the heyday and buoyancy of youth ; the aged and infirm are hanging on staves, and displaying as much devotion as the Israelites of old, when, with a similar object in view, they assembled in tribes, and went up to their annual solemnities.

After passing Bethany, we cross a low rocky ridge, and a little farther on reach an arched well, thence we descend a long glen by a road quite as bad as that from Jaffa to Jerusalem, at one time slowly picking our steps among loose stones, at another climbing rocks and descending rugged steepes. Here again the stones seem to have been collected and then scattered, not only over our pathway, but over the entire district. Scarcely any vegetation is visible, except the prickly furze. Crossing a wide plain, we proceed along the brink of a deep

and precipitous ravine, known as "Wady-el-Kelt." Still descending, we pass over a shelving limestone rock, until the great plain of the Jordan opens out before us, and in the distance the banks of the glorious river, running between verdure, which, like a serpent, entwines and embraces it. To the right the Dead Sea glistens and gleams in the sunshine. An abundant spring of beautiful water runs at the bottom of the valley, spreading and losing itself in the plain; this, I am informed, is the Old Testament brook Cherith "which is before Jordan," where Elijah, the man of God, was miraculously fed by ravens.*

In some parts of the way the rock is so smooth, and the decline so steep, that my horse, drawing its feet together, slides safely to the bottom; again it is so rough, that the animal is in great danger of stumbling, while at other places the ledge is so narrow, that were it not for a stone fence, horse and rider would run no small risk of destruction. During the whole of this journey "in going down to Jericho," I am forcibly reminded of our blessed Lord's instructive parable of "the Good Samaritan." It is hazardous to traverse this route at any time without the protection of an escort, so little have the usages of the country changed since the days of the Great Teacher. My vagabond of a guide left me at Bethany, nor has he yet made his appearance. Reaching the level plain, and riding through a boggy marsh and muddy streams, I traverse a quasi forest of acacias, dwarf oak, and prickly pear, and suddenly find myself in an encampment of pilgrims, consisting of hundreds of booths, tents, and stalls, while immediately adjoining is the military bivouac of the escort, numbering two hundred men, their band playing some Moslem airs, in all the pomp and circumstance of war. Dismounting in an olive and fig garden, and giving the horse some provender, I sit down and watch the animal, having no one to whom I can intrust it. I am not aware that there is a single person in the whole encampment that speaks English, to whom I can apply for information; nor was I aware, till after the lapse of three hours, that this spot was the reputed site of ancient Jericho, now known by the term "Riha." My runaway guide, who disappeared in the morning, now makes his appearance, but

* 1 Kings xvii. 6.

not knowing his language I can only look daggers at him. With a view of making up for lost time, I hasten to explore the locality, in hopes that I may find some traces of the ancient city, but there are literally none, neither house nor wall, and scarcely a ruin. A few mounds covered with brambles and coarse grass are said to be the buried remains of Jericho, or according to some, with much probability, Gilgal. The present town, Rîha, is a few rude huts, fenced with prickly branches, which an ass, if left to himself, would scorn to enter. There is an old ruined castle, not, however, of ancient date, now used chiefly as a stable or a place of shelter for cattle. Though roofless, the recesses and odd corners of the structure are inhabited by naked Arabs. Can this, I exclaimed, be Jericho? Is this the place where Rahab of old entertained the spies, and concealed them in the roof of her dwelling?—the city round which the Israelites encamped, and whose walls fell at the sound of the trumpets?—near which Elijah was carried up to heaven? and where Zaccheus, chief of the publicans, lived, and was privileged to see Him who brought redemption to the world and salvation “to his house?”† I walk, profoundly affected, over the whole place, memories of the past crowding upon my mind. I discover in the scrub two or three wells or cisterns, yet the whole scene being sadly disappointing, when the modern Rîha is contrasted with the Jericho of Old and New Testament history. It has been supposed, with some degree of credibility, that the true site of Jericho lies nearer the base of the mountains, and consequently farther from the river than the Rîha of the present day. What has become of the “City of Palms?” Now, alas! no fields gladden the eye, nor palm-tree waves its feathery fronds. Proceeding to and examining the more distant site, I find that ruins cover at least a square mile. There are still standing a few arches of an aqueduct, some fountains, and shafts of broken columns, evidences of the ancient city’s former grandeur. Josephus fixed the position of Jericho at a distance of 150 furlongs from Jerusalem and 60 from the Jordan, which may be tolerably correct. I now begin to understand the possibility of Macaulay’s New Zealander con-

* Josh. vi.

† Luke xix.

templating from a ruined arch of London Bridge the remains of the English metropolis. The night closes in suddenly, as it does in the East, leaving me in a fit of deep dejection, musing on the mutability of all earthly things, drawing the consoling conclusion that God and His promises are unchanging, and exclaiming, "Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." Wrapping myself in my rug, and lying down under the shelter of a bush, with nothing above me save the vault of heaven, I slept as well as the loud and incessant croaking of frogs would permit, for it is no figure of speech to say their noise is heard distinctly above the soldiers' bugles, and surpassing the caw-caw that might proceed from a colony of rooks perched over one's head.

Rising with the sun, shaking myself, and going to the brook, where scores of Moslems are already for the same purpose as myself, I perform my morning ablutions with very simple toilet appliances, my muleteer having carried off my bag and baggage. The camp of pilgrims is now astir—their long-deferred hopes are about being realised—their toilsome, weary, and in some cases expensive journeying, not unattended with hardships, is now near its termination. I feel for these aged men and women, bent under infirmities, hanging upon each other, and scarcely able to walk—some leading the blind, others assisting the lame, while the utterly helpless are being conveyed on horses or camels, their eyes glistening with tears, their lips moving in prayer. Jordan, the sacred stream, is near!—the mountains of Moab, tinged with purple, are in front! Oh that they felt the same eagerness to possess the water of life, and to go to Him who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

Exactly at 4 A.M., the bugle gives forth its note, loud and shrill; horsemen and soldiers are on the *qui vive*; the governor of Jerusalem is decked in official costume; the Sheikh of the district, assuming great dignity and importance, is curvetting on his beautiful Arabian charger; but not a soul dare move till the order is given. Hark the signal! The bugle sounds, the shout rises, and as a bursting avalanche dashing over the plain, we advance more like madmen than pilgrims. Three horsemen lead the van, throw-

ing and recovering their long lances while in full gallop. First amongst them the Sheikh, with crimson cloak, and sword clanking on his shovel-shaped stirrup-irons ; next his son, on a fine mare, worth a king's ransom ; then followed Mr Barclay, Dr Smith, and myself ; for, being English travellers, we have a privilege not granted to the *οἱ πολλοί*. Occasionally, looking back, I see along the whole plain a moving mass of mounted and pedestrian pilgrims : none, except a few soldiers to protect the encampment, I believe, remained behind. How they scamper amongst the fantastically-shaped sand-hills, formed by the eddying winds ! The sun rising high in the heavens—the morning fresh and balmy—all Nature wreathed in smiles—men's hearts leaping with joy ! Oh, 'tis a memorable march ! At length a shout from the vanguard is heard uttering "Sheri, a !" "Sheri, a !" (Jordan.) Every face is full of interest ; the green banks, not unlike some parts of Epping Forest, attract my attention, as I pass through thorny shrubs, and a copse twenty or thirty yards wide, which constitute the outer bank, flooded in autumn by the "swellings"* of the river. Next we reach the inner or natural bank. There, in a deep chasm, flows the sacred stream, issuing apparently from a grove beyond a bend in its course, whilst, with another bold curve, it loses itself amongst bushes dense and green. I stand for a moment and gaze, as the thought flashes into my mind that here, and probably at this very point, the Israelites crossed when entering the promised land—that here were the waters divided, the ark carried through—and that perhaps from this spot the twelve stones were taken to be set up as a memorial of the miracle—that here, also, John the Baptist, the herald of the Messiah, preached repentance, and baptized numbers who came from the neighbouring cities—here Jesus himself was immersed, the Holy Spirit descending like a dove and resting upon Him, while the voice of the Eternal Father declared, "This is my beloved Son." †

Making all haste to undress, so as to be in the stream before the pilgrims come up, to run down the bank and leap into the river is the work of a minute, and I am buffeting its waters, although, from the swiftness of the current, I find it no easy matter either to keep my feet or to cross

* 1 Chron. xii. 15.

† Matt. iii. 17.

by swimming to the other side, and have scarcely "come up out of the water" and had time to dress, ere hundreds of naked men, women, and children are running pell-mell, and plunging into the stream. How exciting and yet interesting to witness young and old, withered and blooming—decency respected by some, but flung to the winds by others; nudity, as we have seen, being by no means rare in the East, its impropriety is scarcely noticed, or, if so, makes no impression. Many are praying on the brink of the river, and others, even in the middle of the stream, heartily embracing and congratulating each other on having reached the goal of their desires. The young assist the old to dress and undress, performing many little acts of kindness and attention. Still crowds come over the plain, undress, then rush down the banks and into the water in living masses. Age and sex are overlooked in this moment of religious excitement; it is only after they re-issue from the stream that they in some measure regain their composure and wonted modesty. A few, I notice, wear white calico dresses, not intended so much to conceal their persons—which, when wet, they fail of doing—as to be taken to their far-away homes, carefully preserved, and used as shrouds after death. Six or seven strong black fellows are stationed in different parts of the river to prevent accidents from drowning, which sometimes occur—as, for example, last year, two youths, carried away by the current, perished. Others, I observe, are appointed to dip the timid or assist the aged, which duty they perform becomingly, and with the utmost kindness. What a spectacle! There are at this moment hundreds dabbling and plunging in the water, which is from two to four feet deep, and about one-third the breadth of the Thames at London Bridge; hundreds more are on the bank, so that I am jostled and hustled in the living crowd. The aim and object of one and all is once in their lives to bathe, not only in the Jordan, but at this ford, where they believe Jesus himself was baptized. Each pilgrim, or the head of a family, brings with him or her a roundish-shaped tin, for the purpose of carrying home some of the water, which is carefully preserved and regarded as holy, being used as a specific for almost all diseases. My muleteer, as usual, has again annoyed me by forgetting my tin at Riha, and now neither

for love nor money is there one to be had. I offer first two shillings, then three, and rise to five, for what, under ordinary circumstances, may be obtained for three or four piastres. I thought of the Persian monarch, offering half his empire for a draught of cold water in vain : so, also, are my offers rejected. A pilgrim would have as soon parted with his wife as his tin can.

The Jordan flows through a chasm, averaging thirty or forty feet under the level of the plain ; the banks, abrupt and broken, are clothed with verdure—the oleander blooms and the tamarisk and oak flourish ; immense reeds form a jungle for the lair of the wild beasts, and a hiding-place for the Beduee, many of whom live by plunder. Whether the Israelites crossed at this spot, or at a ford a little higher up where the Latin pilgrims bathe, I am unable to affirm—each church asserting, as in the case of the holy places at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, that they bathe at the real spot where the waters were divided, and Jesus was baptized. I, as a Protestant, being of course neutral, can look with calmness, and take their asseverations *quantûm valeant*. Having now spent more than an hour in watching the pilgrims bathing, and finding that the numbers approaching are undiminished, I, with my two clerical friends, agree with the Sheikh for an escort of four men to conduct us to the Dead Sea, called by the natives “ *Bahr Lut*,” or Sea of Lot.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEAD SEA.

WE start, keeping for a short distance parallel with the Jordan, now flowing placidly and slowly within its deep clay banks, increasing in width, but consequently shallowing in depth. Leaving the river on our left, we hasten across the plain, through small round sand-hills, the country presenting nothing of interest, being destitute of all vegetation except a small flowering shrub. The mountains of Moab and Engedi rise on either side to awaken recollections. Therefore there need be no lack of material for sacred meditation. A haziness, as I thought, hovered in the air, giving an undulation to the objects in the landscape, a phenomenon arising I have no doubt from exhalations of the lake. The ground seems to be, and I find really is, encrusted with a fine layer of salt, or rather saltpetre, which crackles under our horses' hoofs. In an hour and a quarter we reach the shore of the ancient and wondrous, yet still undescribed, *Bahr Lut*. The first object that catches my eye is a flock of wild fowl flying over its smooth surface, thus exploding one popular error, it having been supposed for ages that no bird could cross it without dropping dead into the water. Great quantities of drift, composed of reeds, canes, branches, and indeed whole trees, chafed or water-worn and heavy with salt, are lying high and dry to a distance of five or six yards from the margin of the water, all of which must have been carried thither by the Jordan. Here solitude and silence reign supreme. Wonder of wonders, we behold a boat, and an iron one too, floating on the lake! Mr Barclay informs me it belongs to the Duc de Luynes, a celebrated archæologist, who, with a few

other French *savans*, have either come or been sent on a scientific exploration of the waters and shore of the Dead Sea. We are soon on board of her yawl, and row out to the small island, which seems artificial, and on which there are several large blocks of stone, whether hewn or not, owing to their being so much time-worn, I am unable to say; probably they are of volcanic origin. I pick up a few small stones, pieces of bitumen, and some fresh-water shells, to take home to England. Whilst thus engaged, three Beduee come down from Engedi, one of whom undresses, and swimming out, attempts, as we think, to deprive us of our boat, and thus, by preventing us from getting ashore, obtain a backshish for our ransom. We are, however, on the alert, and stepping into the boat shove off, leaving him on the island to bawl himself hoarse. He got ashore, however, all right. Mr Barclay and I undressing, now plunge into the transparent water. I am more than surprised at its great buoyancy; it would be difficult, I imagine, for a man to drown himself in such water. With both arms and a leg raised, my chest and stomach are still above the surface, which would be physically impossible in fresh or even ordinary sea-water. I can lounge and roll about with the same ease and comfort as upon a spring mattress. An idea of its density may be formed by considering that while in the ocean the saline particles amount to only four per cent., the proportion in *Bahr Lut* is twenty-six. I have just rolled over and swallowed a mouthful, which for bitterness and acidity surpasses the most nauseating compound of the pharmacopœia. After floating and swimming for half an hour I regain the shore; my body is oily to the touch, accompanied by a sense of smarting. Having dressed, we sit down upon one of the drift-trees and lunch, while the three Arabs already mentioned having lighted a fire for themselves, draw from a bag some flour, knead it, and, placing it upon a piece of sheet-iron, bake some cakes. Leaving them, we mount our nags, and set off on our return to Rîha. I have neither seen Lot's wife, Sodom, nor Gomorrah; indeed, the block of salt and ruins said to mark these localities must be considerably farther south.

The Dead Sea is situated lower than any collection of water in the world, being 1300 feet below the level of the

Mediterranean. It occupies a deep chasm more than 150 miles in length, and is shut in by high limestone rocks; the lake itself is forty-five miles in length, by a varying breadth of from four to twelve miles. The northern extremity is shallow near the margin, but the upper end suddenly deepens. All is sterile and bare around; neither tree, shrub, nor verdure is apparent. I see no trace of life; there are no kinds of fish visible; but how, except expressly created, could any kind of living thing exist in such acrid waters? Small shells there are in abundance; but on examination they are found to be either snail "buckies" or fresh-water shells, probably brought down by the Jordan. Besides the wild fowl flying about, singing-birds are heard at a short distance. In riding along the plain I bethought me that upon this ground, 4000 years ago, Abraham and Lot disputed, and for the sake of peace separated, the latter choosing "the plain of Jordan because it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah."* These waters cover cities in which licentiousness and cruelty had become universal, continuing so till the cry of wickedness rose to Heaven, and God rained down fire and brimstone, burying the inhabitants in one punitive conflagration, and marked the ground on which the cities stood by the bituminous waters of *Bahr Lut*. Whether God opened the sluices of the earth, emitting sulphur and bitumen, igniting them by forked lightnings from heaven, and thus by a combination of physical causes brought about the catastrophe, or whether it was effected altogether miraculously, is not positively affirmed in the sacred narrative. It is enough for us to know that the cities were overthrown, and that Divine justice overwhelmed the flagrant violation of every moral and social law, as a warning to the ungodly in all time.

Whether we regard this lake physically, scientifically, or historically, it is the most singular collection of water in the world, occupying the lower end of a valley,—ancient Siddim,—beginning at Lake Merom, gradually dipping through the Sea of Galilee, which lies 650 feet under the level of the Mediterranean, until finally it deepens to 1312 feet, as already mentioned. The old theory, so long and so tenaciously held, that

* Gen. xiii. 10.

the valley of Arabah, between the Red and Dead Seas, was the original outlet of Jordan's waters, is now no longer tenable; since the discovery was made that the waters of the Arabah flow into the Dead Sea, and that the Red and Mediterranean seas are upon the same level—in other words, the Jordan has ever poured its flood through the same valley; consequently this lengthened basin itself, with its singular physical surroundings, has always been the same, presenting exactly the phenomenal appearances to-day it did anterior to any known history. I am strongly inclined to agree with the surmise of Dean Stanley, that from Hermon to the Red Sea there was once an arm of the Indian Ocean, which, gradually subsiding, left the three great lakes, Merom, Genesareth, and Sodom, in their hollows with the connecting link of the Jordan. The saltiness of the last named of the three lakes may be traced, I think, entirely to physical causes. There are rocks of fossil salt lining both sides of the southern shore, and deeply imbedded in its waters. These, and the continual evaporation from the sun's glare, intensified by reflection from the limestone mountains, exhaling the fresh water poured in from the Jordan and the Arnon, may account in a great measure for its exceeding acidity and buoyancy.

The density I find is variable, water drawn from the bottom averaging 1230° , whilst that on the surface is only 1160° , rain water representing 1000° . The contrast in an hour's riding is certainly very remarkable,—from Jordan's jungle of acacias, oaks, oleanders, acustus agnus, and the sward speckled with anemones, limpid, fresh, and sweet water, to this sterile, brown, sand-bound lake; there life and vegetation, here death and desolation. Well might the ancients invest *Bhar Lut* with legendary lore, affirming the haze, which we know to be evaporation, to be sulphureous exhalations, fatal to bird, beast, and vegetation; indeed the lake, the shore, and the whole district were regarded with as much dread as the *Avernus* of Virgil. Although science and research have scattered many of the silly and puerile stories of its deadly gases, its apples fair and beautiful without, dust and ashes within, nevertheless it remains a problem to be solved, and a phenomenon worthy of examination.

Scampering across the plain, and following a circuitous

track, amongst castle-shaped sand-hills, on we speed, refreshed by our two immersions in the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and an hour brings us to the encampment.

Whether it may be some unknown affinity or sympathy in my person, or the stronger influence of bakhshish, I know not, but certainly there is some attraction, and, I may add, cohesion, between the Sheikh's son and myself. He actually follows me like a shadow, whispering as occasion serves, "Eglees tyeb," "tyeb Eglees." I begin almost to hate the fellow for his fawning, but I cannot but admire his beautiful Arab mare,—nay, my admiration for his tent's treasure may be the cause of his giving me so much of his attention. She is a rare beauty, of an iron-gray colour, gazelle-eyed, spindle or deer-shanked, seeming to breathe fire from her nostrils, flying at a touch before the wind; neither whip nor spur is used; she is guided simply by the knees and a bridle; now she rushes like a storm over the plain; her rider in a moment brings her to her haunches, turns her on her hind legs like a pivot, and off she is again; her master launches his spear, and seems to catch it ere it falls, or picks it from the ground swinging from the saddle whilst in full career. I obtain a dragoman, and though not a rich man I make an offer for the animal to the owner. He listens to me, shakes his head, repeats *la, la* (*No, no.*) I again make an offer, this time of 3000 piastres. He takes another turn, and shows me her paces. On his return I offer him 5000, and at last 6000, which he seemed willing to accept; but suddenly relenting, he gives me to understand that all the money in England, and France to boot, would not buy his mare; indeed he could not return to his wife, children, tent, or appear among his tribe, if for the stranger's gold he had parted with the "Gazelle of Riha."

I have had, these two days, frequent opportunities of observing the noble qualities of the Arab steed, of which there are two distinct species, the "kedesche," or common labouring animal, and the "kochlani," which is believed to be of the same breed as the stud of Solomon. An Arab will scarcely ever part with his horse, if it belongs to this last breed, and when he does sell, invariably stipulates for a filly of its descent. These animals are seldom more than fourteen hands high, their

heads small, the muzzle short, eyes prominent, neck curved, tail long and flowing, nostrils large and open, ears small, whilst the skin, almost transparent, permits the veins like cords to be distinctly visible ; the legs like those of the deer, fine, thin, and wiry. The names given these horses are generally one or other of those borne by the stud of Mohammed. Their diet consists of barley and wheat, with a small quantity of straw, and in the season grass, on which they are permitted to graze. They are well groomed every morning, are seldom watered, at least not oftener than once a day ; have neither stable nor covering, and are always in the open air, except when in the tents of their masters. Perhaps it is owing to their being much in the society of men and children that these wild-eyed creatures are so tame and tractable, seemingly as domesticated as a dog. When excited, and coursing like a stag along the edge of the horizon, we can better appreciate the magnificent description given by the inspired penman of the war-horse :—" Hast thou given the horse strength ? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper ? The glory of his nostrils is terrible ; he paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. . . . He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha ! ha ! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting." *

Having neither tent nor dwelling, I look for and find a sheltered nook, where I refresh nature with a frugal meal, and with tranquil heart lie down to rest. I have not been long at ease, however, before I am roused by a hurricane or sir-rocco, which, coming down suddenly, changes the face of nature. Heralded by a lurid darkness, it bursts out, ere I have time to make my escape. Ay, but where to ? The wind howls ; the sand forms a thick palpable cloud ; I cannot see four yards before me. I hear the crash of tents falling ; stalls and booths are prostrated ; the storm increases, nothing being now heard but the weird shriek of the whirlwind riding on the storm, and carrying havoc on its wing. Sand ! sand !—mouth, eyes, ears are filled. I feel a sensation of

* Job xxxix. 19, *ad finem*.

suffocation. The atmosphere is stifling and sultry. I catch at intervals the prayers of men, the shrieks of women, and wailing of children. The day becoming dark and murky as midnight, I cry, "God have mercy on Thy creatures!" The palace-like tent of the Greek priest, with its suites of rooms, lies on the ground a confused mass of canvas ; its pole, thick as a wherry's mast, has been snapped asunder like a reed. Rain drops now begin to fall. Precious drops ! Thunders roll, as if the heavens were cracking. Clammy perspiration starts from every pore, again and again I dip my handkerchief into a streamlet of the brook Cherith, pressing it to my throbbing temples, without, however, receiving much relief. At last the atmosphere brightens and cools ; thank God, the worst is over ! The sun breaks through the clouds, and nature smiles as if nothing had disturbed her placidity. The stall and tent people, like Horace's merchants, are refitting, not their ships, but their booths and tents. The military band striking up, all again is jubilant.

I obtain for a consideration a bottle of Jordan water, which I intend to bring home, to be used in baptisms amongst my congregation ; another from the Dead Sea, and a third from Elisha's springs. I purchase tins, for here there are no less than seven tinkers on the ground, selling and soldering up tin cans. This has truly been one of my red letter days, an epoch in my life never to be forgotten. With the hundreds that surround me, it is less a festival than the observance of a solemn ceremony performed with much fervour and apparent devotion. Many of the Greek women are carrying garlands, or crowns, woven of a prickly shrub, which, after passing through the hands of a priest, are taken home, hung up, and regarded as sacred. The great devotional act of public bathing, essentially carnal and mechanical, has little in it, if one may judge, of spirituality. There is a time coming when, it is to be hoped, all such external observances will give place to the worship of Jehovah in spirit and in truth, "for the letter killeth," while "the Spirit giveth life." It must be admitted at the sametime that there is nothing either reprehensible or immoral perceptible. More improprieties have been committed at tent or week-day preachings in Scotland ; in the latter there are public houses and in-

toxicating drinks to inflame the passions and deprive men of their reason ; here to-day, on the contrary, there is neither uproar, rudeness, nor brawling. The reason is obvious ; there is no temptation, nor is there, as far as I am aware, any desire to be tempted. Inebriety is unknown in the East, nor have I seen a single individual under the influence of strong drink since leaving London. I have just returned from inspecting the camp, in which both men and women were either engaged in prayer or at their beads, which to them is devotion, where I observe a decorous tone prevailing throughout. Could such numbers assemble in any spot of the three kingdoms, and remain two days in field or forest, with the same amount of sobriety ? I fear not. Strong drink is the curse of Great Britain, the fruitful parent of crime, immorality, and poverty.

Information now spread through the camp that all must leave the plains for Jerusalem by midnight with the pilgrim's escort. Therefore, rolling myself up, and crouching under a prickly bush, I court repose. Not for the first time in my life do I feel inclined to say, with Sancho Panza, that the man who invented sleep ought to have a monument erected to his memory. Exactly at 1 A.M. the shrill note of the bugle is heard piercing the stillness of the night ; tents are struck, darkness is rendered visible by torches, and the slumberers are aroused by the shouts of men, the braying of asses, and all the hubbub incident to moving an encampment ; the Sheikh and his son, after whispering "Eglees tyeb," in other words, asking a bakhshish, keep close to my elbow. Again the bugle sounds, horses plunge in the mud, and scramble through the bushes.

We are off. The scene is strange and interesting ; the crowd surging, as seen under the lurid and fitful gleam of the torches ; humble asses, with their living loads ; camels, with their burdens of tents, women, and children ; the armour of the escort glancing ; the cries of the leaders ; the whole making up a picture worthy the pencil of a Leech or a Hogarth. Farewell to Jordan, "Bahr Lut," "Riha," with its fleas, frogs, blear-eyed men, and nude women. On reaching the outer edge of the marsh, we are summarily commanded to halt. Myself and party protest against the delay,

on the ground that being English travellers, we do not come under the laws affecting pilgrims. The governor yields to our remonstrance, and we hear what is, to us, the welcome cry, *nimshi ruah*, (go on.) This time we fairly start, proceeding through the marsh and up the winding rocky steeps, difficult at any time, but still more so in the darkness of midnight. Over rocky platforms, from which the horses strike sparks with their shoes; onward we go along precipices, climbing, descending, and at times creeping. I cannot but admire the sure-footedness of our animals, they scarcely ever make a false step, although the roads are execrable. The mountain scenery, though still more barren and rugged than his own, would gladden a Scotchman's heart.

The last two hours travelling has been in the dark, except when the lightning's flash throws a gleam on our pathway, illuminating for a moment steeps, glens, and ravines; indeed, without this friendly aid, many parts of the route would have been really dangerous. Occasionally stopping and turning my horse, in order that I may watch the instant of the electric glare revealing the long and motley train of pilgrims, which extends a mile behind me, as it winds through defiles, and along the rocks, the sight reminding me of the effects produced by the lime light thrown over the crowded streets of the English metropolis. The thunder rolls, awakening the sleeping echoes, dying far away in murmurs amongst the mountains of Moab; the rain falls, though not heavily, in a continuous shower; we draw bridle for a few moments under a tamarisk by the wayside; but that affording us little or no shelter, we continue our journey. At last gray morning dawns, streaking with saffron hue the eastern sky, preceded as usual by a cold and chilly wind, which, with the wet, penetrates to the bones, and almost curdles the blood. Reaching the Jerusalem side of a steep ascent overlooking the plain through which we have travelled, daylight discloses the long line of camels, horses, asses, and pedestrians slowly ascending, calling to my recollection the ancient days, when the tribes of Israel went up to Jerusalem, either to the Feast of Tabernacles or some other solemnity. We pass unnoticed the ruined khan and cistern, where marauding Bedueen lurks, and where many a pilgrim and traveller have been grossly mal-

treated, plundered, and even murdered. This route, except with an escort, is as unsafe to-day as it was when "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves."* Passing the Well of the Apostles, Bethany—the ever famous Bethany—descending Mount Olivet, skirting and crossing the Kedron, we enter Jerusalem by St Stephen's gate, highly pleased and gratified with our visit to Rîha, the Dead Sea, and the scene of the Greek pilgrim's bathing. My horse hire for the two days' journey amounts to thirty-two francs.

The present dearth of horse-flesh and exorbitant charge for horse hire arises from a cause which is neither scarcity of provisions nor dryness of the season, but from the great demand of horses for Egypt, where the murrain last summer carried off, like the plague of Moses, almost the entire stock of these useful animals. The usual day's hire seldom exceeded, until a few months ago, fifteen or twenty piastres, the owner supplying provender, and also acting as guide. To-day the muleteers demand almost as many francs ; and, from the great influx of European travellers and pilgrims, find no difficulty in obtaining this sum. The hacks let out are not of the *kochlani* breed or the gazelle of Rîha stamp, but, on the contrary, bear a stronger resemblance to the *rosinante* class. With spurs and a whip, one might get them into a gallop. For draught horses, or for a spurt as at Epsom, we must come to England ; but here symmetry and docility, as regards the best breed, will be found in greater perfection.

* Luke x. 30.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF OLIVET.

WHAT a crowd of interesting associations cluster about the road I have this morning traversed ! By how many patriarchs, priests, prophets, and kings, has it been trodden ! Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David and Solomon, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Daniel and Malachi—in a word, by almost all the worthies of the Old Testament, and by a nobler footprint still, even by that of our adorable Redeemer. Here He passed on His way to be baptized, possibly also to the scene of His temptation ; likewise going and returning with His disciples morning and evening from Bethany, whilst visiting the two sisters and Lazarus their brother. Every step is consecrated by a thousand memories. On my way down Olivet I passed, on the south, the place declared to be the spot where Jesus stood when He “ beheld the city and wept over it,” and whence, mounted on an ass, He proceeded to make His triumphal entry into Jerusalem ; —that ever-sacred ground, too, whereon He agonised and prayed when treading out the wine-press alone, and where, when His humanity recoiled from the pain and shame of the cross, He cried, “ My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me ; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.” How privileged am I to look upon the same objects, and to travel the same pathway which He so often trod ! Times, it is true, have changed, but not the aspect of the country ; the marked features of mountain, rock, and table-land remain unaltered. Few changes occur in the habits of a primitive and pastoral people ; they follow, in a great measure, century after century, the callings and customs of their forefathers.

The dress of the modern Arab, consisting of an *abbah* and

head-gear, is the same as that which Abraham wore. Tents covered with haircloth, the mode of watering the flocks, cookery and food, form of agricultural implements, are all as of old ; so that everywhere something suggests and confirms the truthfulness of the inspired writers. I am persuaded that one month's residence or travel here, to a minister or to a Bible commentator, would yield more accurate information than a twelvemonth's study of Lightfoot or of Kitto, though I admire them both, inasmuch as actual observation is preferable to reading, however reliable. During the short period I have been in Syria, I have seen ploughing with the ox, treading out the corn, two women grinding at the mill, Arabs sitting in the evening at the tent door, prayers on the house-top, barking of dogs round the city at night ;—nay, at this moment the whole canine population are making a halloo on the waste ground under the arches opposite ;—add to these, throwing into the lap ; carrying in the bosom ; watering the land with the foot—that is, pressing the earth with the foot, to cause the water to enter the furrows. Moreover, at this unsettled period almost every peasant carries arms, as they did then, when Nehemiah rebuilt the temple. Such are the incidents seen and repeated in all directions.

Jerusalem, 13th April.—This morning the city of the Great King lies bathed in sunshine, looking fair and beautiful—"Arise, O Lord, and shine upon thy Zion ; why should the city longer sit solitary ? let thy glory and presence be yet in the midst of her. Amen." I observe from the hotel roof, which commands a view of the whole city, that there are many waste places within the circuit of the walls round and near Zion gate, besides a large space of some acres in extent, where formerly stood the hospital of the Knights Templars. Probably one-fifth of the city is vacant ground, in which are found only rubbish, dungheaps, and the prickly pear. There are, however, many beautiful and well-cultivated gardens, especially up towards the British consulate, and from that to the city wall on the north-west side ; here is one just under my eyes, belonging to the Prussian consul, laid out with great taste, in which figs, apricots, orange trees, with their golden fruit, and beds of flowers, bloom luxuriantly ; it has nicely gravelled walks, whilst the vine, trailing and spreading its tender

branches, embowers the back premises. A portion of the city situated on a height near the Damascus gate is a position that an invading army would be sure to occupy. From the same ridge Titus is supposed to have surveyed the city and its works before he threw his ramparts around it. The site would be particularly well suited for a church; would that I might live to see or hear of such a structure erected here in connexion with the Church of Scotland. Her scriptural doctrines and pure mode of worship would recommend Christianity to those who, till of late, had never seen it manifested in its primitive simplicity.

It is only fair to admit that, during my journeyings and sojourn in Egypt and Syria, I have everywhere met with courtesy and kindness. I may have been overreached in a bargain, but the same has happened to me in England; I have been occasionally cheated out of a few piastres here, but in London I have often been victimised to a much larger amount. It is true, my box has been burglarously broken open and ten sovereigns abstracted; the Oriental burglar, however, was not an Arab but a Christian, but who more considerate than his *confrères* at home, left me upwards of £20 to go on with. Would any London thief have evinced as much generosity? Assuredly neither here nor in Egypt does any one constrain his conscience in driving a bargain when an opportunity presents itself, but is it not so over all mercantile Europe? It has often been in the power of the Arab both to defraud and injure me, owing to my ignorance of his language and my being unprotected, yet have I never met with insult. Indeed, it is my conviction, that Arab, Turk, and Egyptian, if treated as men and brothers, will reciprocate the treatment. I have witnessed the omnipotence of a kindly word; at once the fiery eye quenches, the scowl gives place to benignity, and a smile lights up features at once dark and handsome, verifying the old proverb—"Love begets Love."

I wish my countrymen, travelling in Palestine, would exercise a little more of the *suaviter in modo*—more of the grace, gentleness, and forbearance of the Christian than is generally exhibited, to the injury not only of our insular character, but to the religion we profess. Gold cannot heal every wound, nor purchase acquiescence and patience for bar-

barity and contempt wantonly and thoughtlessly inflicted upon those whom we are pleased to call Turkish and Arab heathens. It is not beyond truth to say that we as a nation are not liked or admired abroad, though our gold may be so. In a word, the discreditable position into which we have fallen is a natural result of our overbearing and haughty demeanour towards all who are not of Anglo-Saxon origin.

The traveller visiting Jerusalem for the first time should by all means make his approach to the city from the east, or over Mount Olivet—the route Pompey pursued in leading a European army to its walls. Let him take his stand on the southern shoulder of the height, where, at a bend in the pathway, the city bursts on his view, a thing of beauty, lying like a fair vision in the midst of wild ravines and rocky limestone ridges. Having passed through a land desolate and barren, after leaving Jordan's green belt of verdure, he finds himself incontinent in the midst of life and loveliness. It was on this very spot, tradition affirms, the Saviour made the lamentation, "O Jerusalem!" and burst into tears on foreseeing the awful doom of the city and its people. With a map in his hand, let the visitor sit down under one of the olive-trees that dot the landscape. Looking to the right and left, he will observe deep fissures or gorges declining precipitously, three hundred feet in depth, from a table-land into the Vale of Jehoshaphat. Beyond, on the left, rises Zion, with the Armenian convent, the tomb of David, and crested by the frowning citadel. He will see also Acra, the oldest part of the city, crowded with white dwellings, the double-domed church of the Holy Sepulchre, Herod's Tower, the British Consulate—relieved by extensive gardens and corn-fields, the whole encircled with yellow walls, pierced at St Stephen's by a quaint gateway, the screened golden gate, and the battlements of that of Damascus, the view terminating, far in the north, by Neby, Samuel, and Mizpeh—the sky of a deep azure blue, the city glistening, bathed in a flood of yellow sunlight. Well may he exclaim with the inspired writers—"Jerusalem is not only compactly built together, but the joy and glory of the whole earth."

Jerusalem, though not so picturesquely situated as Constantinople, and can boast of no acropolis like Athens or

Corinth, nor the regularity and harmony of Paris, yet it is richer than them all, more lovely and beautiful in the eyes, affections, and memories of Jew, Moslem, and Christian. Let the looker-on remember that the Jerusalem of Solomon and Jesus lies buried many a fathom down below; he is gazing upon ruins—ashes and remains of many cities that have stood upon the same site during the last 4000 years. Let the eye luxuriate and the soul drink in this wondrous scene. There are those who say all this is not sufficient to elevate Jerusalem architecturally to any high point. The picture, I am aware, is not complete without including the noble foreground of verdant table-land upon which stands the magnificent building whose graceful dome must have riveted the stranger's attention since the moment he directed his gaze towards the city. This structure, the most prominent feature in the tableau, is the Mosque of Omar.

The platform on which this building is erected, surrounded with walls, includes the site of Solomon's temple, and embraces an area of 1500 feet by 1000, upon the surface of which there is not now a single remnant of antiquity, whatever may be hidden beneath, verifying the prophecy of our Lord, "that not one stone should be left upon another." It is now satisfactorily ascertained that the ancient temple only occupied a space of some 600 feet of the platform, now covered with the buildings known as the Haram. The foundation and wall on the eastern side rise from the valley to a height of at least 300 feet—Josephus says cubits—formed of huge stones, some of them measuring 24 feet in length by 5 in depth, the whole sustained by arches resting on massive columns, as old at least as the time of Nehemiah—the platform covering subterranean crypts of marvellous extent and high antiquity. The buildings erected on this site, after the days of our Saviour, may be regarded as the Pantheon of Jerusalem. All that money, science, and skill could accomplish were lavished by Roman emperors in erecting Heathen fanes, from the time of Constantine in the fourth, until the middle of the sixth century, when Justinian raised on this spot, consecrated by a succession of temples, a magnificent church in honour of the Virgin, the one at present existing still bearing traces of its Christian origin. In the

seventh century, when Jerusalem was captured by the Turks, Caliph Omar began to construct the mosque El Sukhrah. In the reduction of the city by the Crusaders, this last was purified and reconstituted a Christian church. In the vicissitudes of war, it finally passed into the power of the Turks under Saladin, when the pile begun by Omar was remodelled and rebuilt.

The mosque is a noble, seven-aisled basilica, and an elegant specimen of Arab architecture, octagonal in form, 272 feet long, 184 feet wide, covering an area of 50,000 square feet, and occupying nearly the centre of the Haram enclosure. No one looking upon the edifice but must be struck with its exquisite proportion, simplicity of design, and wondrous beauty. The porch is probably of later date. The arches of the three middle compartments are filled in with eight marble columns; the interior is supported by forty-eight pillars of Saracenic and Romanesque architecture, pierced with forty-eight windows filled in with stained glass, glowing in glory, their blended colours as harmonious as the rainbow, but rivalling it in variety of hue. The walls below, faced with blue and white marble, above with glazed tiles of different colours, form, with texts from the Koran, a beautiful mosaic, the whole decked with rich drapery of blue, white, and gold. When the sun pours in his flood of light, the scene is more like enchantment, or a realisation of Aladdin's cave than anything else sublunary. The roof is supported by twenty-four columns of blue marble, within the area of which there are four massive square pillars supporting the dome, rising a hundred feet above the floor, graceful in proportion, and seen from all parts of the city. This, though inferior to that of St Peter's at Rome, and even St Paul's at London, is equally symmetrical and imposing. The central portion of the interior, immediately under the dome, is railed round, draped with silk curtains, concealing to some extent a most sacred spot—the *penetralium* not only of the mosque, but, I may add, of all the holy places in or round Jerusalem.

There may be doubts as to the identity of the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, but that this is the site of Solomon's temple is admitted by men of all creeds, Moslem, Jew, and Christian. Let us draw near with bated breath—this is holy ground!

Under the folds of these curtains, behold that huge, misshapen mass of limestone, upon which the light streams in. This is "Kubbet-es-Sukhrah," or holy stone, said by the Osmanli to bear the impress of Mohammed's foot, and believed also to be the rock upon which Abraham offered up Ishmael their ancestor, as well as the great altar of sacrifice under the Old Testament. This mass of rock, measuring 60 feet long by 50 broad, rises 5 feet above the floor, and 16 or 17 above the plateau. No hammer rang when it was formed, no chisel ever profaned its angularities to give them shape or polish. Within this "dome of the Rock" there is a cave or chamber excavated, some 14 feet square and 8 in height; down into this, through a hole, a lamp is suspended. Under the floor it is supposed, from the hollow sound when struck, there is a lower apartment. It was to sanctify and adorn this limestone block, and consecrate the place that the splendid Mosque of Omar was erected—the renowned "Haram-es-Sherif," (the noble sanctuary,) only second in importance and sacredness to the "Kaaba" of Mecca. The whole area surrounding the building is artistically laid out with groves of dark cypress, the silver-leafed olive, parterres of flowers, interspersed with fountains and marble arches, the sward green and closely cut. Within these boundaries silence reigns, the solitude broken only now and then by a veiled female flitting backwards and forwards, or a turbaned Turk on his carpet, his face towards Mecca, performing the *wadoo*.

The Jew, and after him, the Christian, believes this spot to be that Mount Moriah to which Abraham was directed by divine monition to go and sacrifice his son Isaac: here he built an altar, laid the wood, but was stayed in his further proceeding by an angel,* upon which occasion he named the altar "Jehovah Jirah." On this spot, in after-times, when Jerusalem was threatened with destruction, God again stayed the angel's hand, when the destroyer stood by the threshing-floor of Ornan, the sons of the latter hiding themselves through fear in the cave—perhaps that above described—and where, in remembrance of the deliverance, David built the great altar of sacrifice, having purchased the floor for six hundred shekels of gold;†

* Gen. xxii.

† 1 Chron. xxi. 14-27.

and over which, a few years after, Solomon erected the beautiful temple, the roof whereof was laid with plates of beaten gold. It was also the site of the second temple, which, though less beautiful, was more highly honoured, having been consecrated by the presence of "the Desire of all nations."* Last, but not least, writers whose authority is worth consideration have stated the rock to be Calvary, and the cave the true sepulchre where the Redeemer was laid. I have neither time nor inclination to solve the difficulties which lie at the threshold of this opinion, or homologate the statements of learned writers and travellers regarding the point. Of one thing I am certain, this spot has been consecrated to worship for more than 3000 years, generations of Jews, from David to Jesus, have worshipped on and trodden this sacred platform, and now, as of old, men of different creeds and from every nation come up and bow in reverence before the same common Father.

* Hag. ii. 7.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOUNT ZION, THE KEDRON, AND THE POOLS.

JERUSALEM, *14th April*.—Amongst the sacred sites in and around the Holy City, the first in Old Testament history is probably Mount Zion. Jerusalem stands on three or four ridges with rocky, shelving sides, surrounded by abrupt valleys or ravines; the most prominent of the former, occupying the south-western side, and forming the northern slope of the valley of Hinnom, is Mount Zion, now partly covered with a conglomeration of rubbish and rickety houses. It is true that the citadel on its summit is, from its position, imposing in appearance, and has been a place of great strength. The citadel on Mount Zion was to Jerusalem what the Acropolis was to Athens or the Tower to London. Upon the walls hung a thousand shields, many of them, in Solomon's days, were of gold. This stronghold was isolated from other portions of the city by deep ravines, and was deemed impregnable. It is often referred to in the Old Testament as a symbol of Almighty protection, and is, on that account, a fitting emblem of the Church of God. But, alas! how changed from the "Mount of God" of old. The Tomb of David stands here, a monument of great interest to Jew as well as Christian, and, if I mistake not, is also highly revered by the Mohammedan. Within the mausoleum lie the sacred ashes not only of the sweet bard of Israel, but also those of many of his successors, who for ages have been interred in what may be styled the Westminster Abbey of Jerusalem. In juxtaposition are the huts set aside as dwellings for the lepers, of whom I shall speak further on. It is singular that, among the remarkable changes this land and city have undergone, these unfortunates should still exist, and

that their habitations should, of all places, be fixed on Mount Zion. That this is the oldest part of the city is unquestionable, the Jebusites having retained it until wrested from them by David, some years after he had ascended the throne of Israel. Upon the same level stands the Armenian Convent, which, if not the largest, is the best appointed in Syria, having accommodation for three thousand pilgrims, space for several schools, possessing, moreover, a printing-press. This graceful structure, with its attached well-kept gardens, and those belonging to private individuals, throw around the whole height an air of dignity, beauty, and freshness.

There are other conventual houses, it may be remarked, in Jerusalem, besides that of the Armenians, the Latins having a large handsome building of the same kind in what is usually called *Christian Street*, abutting on the west side of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. In this establishment all pilgrims and travellers visiting the holy city are hospitably entertained, the terms as at Ramleh and similar religious houses. These buildings, to which a fine church, fitted up in the Italian style, is attached, are inhabited by from sixty to seventy Franciscan monks. The Greek Church has also lately erected a lofty range of imposing buildings on a commanding position above the Jaffa Gate, over which I occasionally see the Russian flag floating. This edifice, when finished, will surpass not only the Armenian Convent, but probably every monastic establishment in Syria.

Almost the first object which meets the eye of the traveller in descending the Kedron, after passing Gethsemane, is the tomb of Absalom, which certainly looks ancient; it is built of massive squared yellow stones, ornamented with semicolumns, forming stages, and surmounted by a cupola. Immediately adjoining is the tomb of Zacharias; but whether that of the prophet or the father of John the Baptist, is not stated, although tradition points to the former; while common sense, if listened to on the subject, would say it belonged to neither the one nor the other; for, had these tombs been to those men, their identity would have been a problem more difficult to solve than even that of our Lord. It is simply a square building, ornamented with four or five pillars.

In going south, along the Kedron, or descending from Mount Zion to the eastward, is the Pool and Stream of Siloam, so famous in New Testament history. It is referred to by one of the greatest of our poets in the lines—

“Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos; or, if Zion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song!”

Guided by Milton's description, I had expected to see a gushing stream and a large pool; but the running water scarcely assumes the dimensions of a brook. The former is simply an oblong cistern, measuring fifty-three feet in length by eighteen in width, partly in ruins, having some kind of underground connexion with the Virgin's Well, and is built of huge stones. It has the appearance of having at one time been covered in, and is now used in watering the small gardens in which vegetables are grown for the city market. I did not imitate Dr Robinson, by attempting to explore its dark recesses, but I shall nevertheless adopt his description, which I have no doubt is accurate. Entering, he says, by a ruinous staircase, he found a passage cut through the rock two feet wide, with a gradual decrease, and from fifteen to three feet in height. At the end of eight hundred feet it became so low that he could advance no further without crawling on all fours. At this point he turned back, and went another day better prepared for the enterprise. This time entering by the Virgin's Fountain, the difficulty proved even greater than before. Most of the way he had to advance on his knees, sometimes by lying at full length, and dragging himself on his elbows. At last he succeeded by zig-zag movements in penetrating to the heart of the rock. The direct distance is only 1100 feet; the passage measured 1750 feet in length. His discoveries explained the problem of the remitting character of the water's ebbing and flowing. While I was examining the Virgin's Fountain to-day, an Arab approached. I signified by signs my desire that he would

enter, to which he at once agreed. Slipping out of his garment, he proceeded *in puris naturalibus*, shouting frequently, in order that I might know how far he had gone. He seemed to have penetrated from twenty-five to thirty paces, the water reaching well up to his knees. Multitudes, I am informed, subject to weak eyes or other ophthalmic affections, come here as well as to the Pool of Siloam, expecting the same benefit that accrued to the man who was directed to "go and wash"* therein by the Divine Physician.

There is a large cistern on the north side of the temple wall, in the way leading to St Stephen's Gate, bearing marks of great antiquity, having two or three arches, now however built up, but supposed by some to be those remaining of the five that originally belonged to the Pool of Bethesda. The cistern is more than two-thirds full of rubbish, and to all appearance will soon be filled up to the level of the surrounding surface. But whether this be the actual pool, the waters of which were "at a certain season troubled by an angel,"† the first person stepping in after the troubling being healed, is at least questionable, when the many changes to which Jerusalem has been incident are taken into account.

The Pool of Hezekiah, mentioned in 2 Kings xx., is situated at the back of my hotel in *Christian Street*, but, being entirely surrounded by dwelling-houses, can only be seen from the adjoining windows. It is known to the natives by the designation, *Birket-el-Hummum*. Its dimensions are 240 feet long by 140 broad, and 20 deep. The water is green, foetid, and stagnant, nor am I aware of its being put to any use. There has been a large amount of controversy and several books written concerning this tank, the subject in dispute being whether it was situated within or without the ancient city walls. On the solution of this problem depends in some measure the determination of the exact site of the Holy Sepulchre, but into this kind of speculation and antiquarian research it is not my intention to enter, at least at any length.

Having from my early years taken an interest in our elder brethren the Jews, everything connected with their spiritual or temporal welfare awakens my regard. I therefore obtain the guidance of a young Hebrew to lead the way to their

* John ix. 7.

† John v. 2.

Place of Wailing, a locality that I have much wished to visit, the entrance to which is not easily found. Arriving at the spot, I perceive a long narrow court, one side of which consists of large bevelled stones, forming a wall twenty feet high, and in length perhaps fifteen yards, supposed to be a portion of the ancient temple. This being the nearest point to the sacred house of their fathers, to which the Jews have access, they have for centuries past come from every nation to this spot, and on their knees, with loud cries, prayers, and tears, wept over the destruction of Zion, the desolation of the city, and the utter ruin of their country. I knelt, and prayed earnestly unto the God of Israel that He would reveal to His ancient people Jesus of Nazareth as the true Messiah, and hasten the time when they shall be ingathered with the fulness of the Gentiles; when the Holy City shall be again rebuilt, her waste places restored, a more glorious temple erected, even a spiritual house; when this land shall again become as the garden of the Lord, and when there will be "nothing either to hurt or destroy on all this holy mountain."

Every Friday evening, immediately after sunset, the Jews sorrowfully assemble at this place, and, whilst repeating the 79th Psalm, accompanied, I believe, with some other formalities, perform their mournful hebdomidal service. How ardent the love and strong the attachment of this singular people to the land of their ancestors and the religion of their nation! If they do not, like the Roman Catholics, worship a material cross, and kiss the relics of departed saint-hood, they traverse broad continents and wide seas to visit and weep over the ruins of what was once the City of Solemnities, clinging with tenacious grasp to the fragments of their ancient temple. Among the thousands of the race now in the Holy City, there are many "waiting for the consolation of Israel." Would that another Pentecostal evening, with its blessed effects, might convert these devout men, who have come out of every nation under heaven,* to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. I admire their *amor patriæ*, a passion commendable in itself, but especially so when united with religion, and a desire to honour places where God has manifested His goodness to themselves and to the world. Similar objects

* Acts ii. 5.

may be said to attract Jew and Christian to Palestine and the Holy City : the one goes to worship God the Father, expecting and praying for the coming of the Messiah ; the other journeys thither to adore God and God's Son, the ever-blessed Redeemer—thus, like sentiments actuate both. I trust that they may equally inherit the same kingdom, through God's mercy and the atonement of the Lamb, who, to reconcile the Almighty with His creatures, died for the sins of both Jew and Gentile.

Leaving the Place of Wailing for my lodgings, my heart bleeds for the poor Israelite, who appears to flit through the streets as if afraid—streets, too, once his own—a stranger in the house and home of his forefathers, now, though we hope not irrevocably, in the hands of the stranger. These hills, ravines, and green valleys, though his by inheritance and God's promise, he dare not claim—nay, he can scarcely obtain, except through the intercession of a Gentile, a resting-place for his ashes. Well may he exclaim—“O God, Thou hast cast us off: Thou hast scattered us: Thou hast been displeased. O turn Thyself to us again.”* Deeply moved by the occurrences of the day, I select the 74th and 80th Psalms for my evening's reading. As regards Jerusalem, I feel with the Holy Psalmist that

“Her very dust to me is dear.”

But yet believe—“Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come; for thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.”†

The Brook Kedron itself lies at the foot of Mount Olivet, running northwards and southwards parallel with the eastern wall of the city. The bed is quite dry in summer, except at the southern extremity, where the waters of Siloam enter and run towards Enrogel. Opposite the gate of St Stephen the valley is upwards of a hundred feet in depth; at one time it may have been a thousand feet wide, but on account of the refuse from the city being continually thrown into it, cannot now be more than four hundred. Numbers of olive-trees grow as of old in the hollow and along the declivities. Proceeding southwards it gradually widens, nor is there anywhere round

* Psalm lx. 1.

† Psalm cii. 12, 14.

Jerusalem such interesting remains of antiquity. Amongst them are the church and tomb of the Virgin Mary, the place of St Stephen's martyrdom, Gethsemane, the tomb of Absalom, the sepulchre of St James, and thousands of Jewish graves, looking like a pavement on the face of the hill ; besides some singular excavations in the rocks, supposed to have been the dwellings of hermits ; an old Roman bridge of one arch, spanning the brook ; the frowning walls and battlements of the Haram, probably three hundred feet high ; the Virgin's Well ; the village of Silwun or Siloam, the houses of which cluster like swallows' nests on a wall ; the King's Dale or Gardens ; these, and many similar relics and monuments, attach to the Kedron an undying interest in the esteem of the Biblical student.

The Mount of Olives, or Olivet, situated east of Jerusalem, awakens higher emotions than any other spot mentioned in the New Testament. It is seen from every part of the Holy City, having apparently three distinct summits—the highest, crowned with a mosque, is probably two hundred feet more elevated than any part of the city ; known chiefly from being closely associated with our Saviour's history. From its declivity He beheld the city and wept over it with expressive lamentation. Often also He ascended its heights by one or other of the three pathways, crossing it on His way to the humble dwelling of Lazarus and his beloved sisters at Bethany. But, more memorable than all these, Olivet was the scene of His most glorious Ascension. When about to be taken up into heaven, Jesus stood with His disciples somewhere on its slopes, and while blessing them, "a cloud received Him out of their sight," and He ascended to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God.* The mount originally derived its name from the olive, which seems to spring indigenously and abundantly from its soil ; indeed, long anterior to the Christian era, the inspired writer called it by this name.† An extensive view towards the east is obtained from its crest, embracing the Plain of Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. Moreover, any one who is desirous of "viewing Jerusalem aright," should betake himself to the Mount of Olives.

The valley of Hinnom, situated on the south side of the city walls, runs down towards Enrogel, and unites with the

* Luke xxiv. 49–51.

† Zech. xiv. 4.

Kedron near the King's Dale. It is now a wild ravine or deep glen, surrounded by rocky shelving precipices—a place wherein, from its seclusion, robberies and murders may often have been perpetrated. It is best known in Old Testament history as associated with the cruel worship of Baal and Moloch, to which the idolatrous Israelites under some of their kings offered their offspring to be burnt in sacrifice. It is supposed that the image of the latter-named deity was made of hollow brass, within which a fire was lighted to heat the figure, while the infant to be immolated was placed in the idol's outstretched arms, the cries of the innocent babe being stifled by the beating of drums.* Either from these horrid rites, or owing to the filth and refuse of which the valley was made the receptacle, it came to signify amongst the Jews in later days the place of eternal punishment; hence the term Gehenna or Hell of the New Testament.

Friday, 15th.—The flora of Palestine will be referred to afterwards; meantime I may observe that various species of fruits and flowers in great abundance and beauty bloom less or more the whole year round. The genial climate, generous soil, and moderate temperature, conducing to this luxuriance. Between Jaffa and Jerusalem, the plains of Esdraelon, the environs of Nazareth and Tabor, and all round Safed to Tiberias, there is an abundance of beautifully-tinted astres, anemonies, poppies, and daisies, amongst which Robert Burns's "wee modest red-tipped flower" is often to be seen, whilst the tulip, lily, and narcissus deck the mountain slopes and enamel the fields. In the bazaar this morning, there is a profuse supply of choice vegetables, consisting of peas, beans, black and white artichokes, cucumbers, onions; leeks enough to satisfy an Egyptian, immense baskets of lettuce, sage, thyme, and small potatoes, each month in the year yielding an equal abundance of flowers and vegetables peculiar to the season, the price so moderate as to be within reach of all. Both in towns and villages there are gardens and orchards, in which the orange-tree is either in blossom or bearing its golden fruit; dates, pomegranates, figs, the almond, and the olive. This last-named edible is used by all, and at nearly every meal,

* Jer. vii. 31.

swimming in its own oil ; indeed, olives with oil and bread, like potatoes to the Irish, or rice to the Chinese, are the chief food of the poor. The karrib grows on many declivities in crevices of the rocks, and on the margins of plains ; it is supposed to be the plant that yielded the husks with which it is recorded the prodigal “would fain have filled his belly.” The pods are still eaten by the poor in times of scarcity, and in those districts where pigs are kept they are used for feeding, as acorns are, for the same purpose among ourselves.

I have been endeavouring to persuade my friend, the Rev. Mr Maury, that a journey hence to Damascus may be performed without either tent or escort ; but he, in common with the majority of travellers, imagines this feat to be impossible. My opinion is that a “mochera” who knows the way, a mule to carry luggage and provisions, are the only requisites ; since a sleeping-place at this season of the year, and in this climate, can be found anywhere, we have always God’s continual presence for our protection. At length I prevail, and we begin to make the necessary arrangements for starting on the following Monday.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXCURSION TO BETHLEHEM.

DESIROUS, however, of first seeing Bethlehem, where our Saviour was born, my young friend, Mr P. Bergheim, consents to accompany me there to-day. I hire an ass, which when brought to the door, and left by the driver, refuses to move. Mounting, I try every possible expedient to urge it on. Finding all my efforts fruitless, I dismount and drag it through the bazaar, up Christian Street, all Jerusalem apparently laughing at us both ; that is, at myself and my charger. Having got my recalcitrant companion as far as Mount Zion, I was ultimately compelled to return it to his owner, and proceed with my friend on foot. Making our exit by the Jaffa gate, we skirt the alms-houses built by that friend of humanity, as well as of his own people, Sir Moses Montefiore, and crossing "Aceldama," or the field of blood, we reach the open country. Pursuing the well-known and well-trodden road, which is the first real "Sultana" or beaten highway I have seen in the country, we pass some fields of corn divided and fenced, where the husbandmen are busy ploughing and sowing. The mountains of Moab arise on the one hand, whilst Mispah towers dimly veiled in vapour on the other. We meet numbers of pilgrims, chiefly Russians, on their return from the City of the Nativity to Jerusalem. We reach, halfway between the two cities, the Convent of Mar-Elias, a huge building, surrounded with walls and finely situated, commanding in one direction a view of Jerusalem, and in the other Bethlehem and Bethlehem's plains. The priests' gardens are walled, carefully trimmed, and abound in figs, vines, apricots, and other fruits. We sit down at an ancient well and refresh ourselves with a

cooling draught ; the cover of this fountain is of granite, and dome-shaped, the edges deeply furrowed by the rope that for ages has drawn the bucket from its depths. Connected with this well are some silly legends about the Magi, who, it is said, were refreshing themselves as we are now doing, when the miraculous star was seen reflected on the surface of the water, leading them to where the child was. On the adjoining rock I tried to discover the imprint of the body of Elijah, after whom the convent is named, but in spite of my endeavours I failed to make it out. Taking the new road made by the monks, for which they are entitled to great credit, we reach the clean-looking village of Beit Jala, probably the Zelah of Scripture,* where there is a school, under the patronage of a Mrs Thomson, for the poor children of the district. God reward her, whomsoever she may be ! On our right, a few yards from the road, stands Rachel's tomb, a building which I pace, and find it to be twenty-one feet square ; the authenticity of this monument is not disputed, all agreeing that it is the spot in which the ashes of Joseph's mother were laid, in the infancy of the patriarchal faith. A few minutes' walk brings us to Bethlehem, but no sooner do we enter the hallowed precincts than we are waylaid by shell and bead sellers, who seem to think that every visitor should be a purchaser, probably indulging in the belief that buying, what may prove worthless, is the sole object of his journey.

Bethlehem may be "the least amongst the thousands of Judah," nevertheless the interest with which it is encircled is little less than that attached to Jerusalem herself ; whilst, as regards beauty of situation, it is infinitely superior. Built on the declivity of a hill overlooking an extensive plain, the streets rising abruptly, owing to the inequalities of the ground, so that a great portion of the city may be said to be terraced. Bethlehem, has been long celebrated for its wines, its vintages still retaining their character for choiceness ; indeed, its vineries and orchards are at this day the finest in Syria. Threading our way through narrow and irregular lanes, and fragrant puddles, amid unwholesome-looking men and women who are clustering round the doors or huddling

* Job xviii. 28.

in the gutters, we reach the Cathedral of the Nativity, which has more the appearance of a fortress, owing to its heavy buttresses and small windows, than a place of worship. It is, however, a fine edifice, the interior being decorated with a double row of ten Corinthian columns, which run along each side of the nave, making forty in all. The mosaics still visible are supposed to be as old as the times of Helena, the structure having been erected about A.D. 327. It is, however, sadly neglected and almost ruinous; one of the causes of this state of things may be, that it is property common to Latins, Greeks, and Armenians. Its principal attraction is the sacred Grotto, said to be the spot where our Saviour was born. To this *sanctum* we cannot obtain admittance until the hour of service, 4 P.M.

Meantime, while surveying the exterior, I discover a



Bethlehem.

school conducted by two Franciscan friars, assisted by two under-teachers. The children are taught Arabic, Italian, writing, and a little arithmetic. The monks are highly pleased to have their school inspected by a London clergyman, and give

me the following information:—The schools are free; there are 108 boys on the books, of whom 40 are present; here, however, as at home, the necessities of the farm, the requirements of the vineyard, the shell and olive-wood factory, thin the attendance, so that the poor things are withdrawn from education at a time when it would be most beneficial to them. The monks also inform me, that there are 80 girls under the care of the sisters, who instruct them in the usual branches of knowledge, adding a little plain sewing and fancy-work; these I am not permitted to visit.

Having thus secured the good graces of one of the brethren, the key of the church is soon forthcoming, and we are conducted to the chapel of the Nativity. A crimson curtain, over a doorway, is drawn aside, and descending sixteen steps I stand on *the spot where Jesus was born*. Many millions have trod these flags during the last sixteen hundred years, and have embraced these stones, now worn to smoothness by the kisses of devout lips, or by the daily wetting and washing of penitential tears. On entering, I felt awe-stricken and solemnised. The portal, as in the Holy Sepulchre, is low, so that every head must bow on entering the sacred grot; at the foot of the steps is the reputed *stable*, and within four feet is the *præsepium* or manger in which the infant Jesus was laid—"because there was no room for them in the inn." The vault may be thirty-eight or forty feet long by twelve wide. At the end where I now stand, a silver star, a foot or more in diameter, is fixed into the marble, (with which the whole place is encased,) and fastened with large-headed silver nails. It is well known that the Greeks recently tried to wrench off this symbol, and indeed succeeded to the extent of drawing out some of the nails, but made their escape; the coveted prize was, however, left behind. Over the sacred spot are suspended sixteen lamps, also of silver; five of them having gone out, the monk hastens to relight them with a lucifer match, an act that, in such a place, appears to me little short of desecration. The legend or motto around the star is—"Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus natus est;" it has over it a plain altar common to the different sects, who have chapels in the church, which each ornaments according to the rituals of his creed when about to perform mass or service

in the grotto. At a distance of a few feet is also pointed out the place where the wise men presented their offerings.

In the different chapels, for as usual there are a number under one roof, a few good paintings are to be seen. In one of them I hear mass being chanted whilst I am examining some cherished relics. The furniture is old and decayed, the curtains tawdry, the floor dirty, not even swept, the whole place dark and dingy, there being no light except what enters through the doorway. Quitting the chapels under the same feelings I experienced at Calvary, I thought this shrine would be more real and impressive had it remained in its natural state, and the living rock been left exposed. Underground caves or grottoes, like many other localities to which pilgrims resort, have in themselves little attraction, their only interest arising from history or association. After visiting the place of Nativity, we descend a dark staircase hewn out of the rock, the monk carrying a lamp similar to those used in the London Dock vaults, the light of which flickers and flares in the wind whilst he himself is jabbering in Italian or endeavouring to explain his meaning in execrable French. Here are an assemblage of altars, pictures, and tombs; the first of the latter shown is that of Eusebius, but whether the church annalist of that name I cannot say—the monks affirms it is, but on that point I am doubtful. Passing some others, we are shown the tomb of St Jerome, the celebrated father, to whose writings Christendom, humanly speaking, is so much indebted for information during the period of the early persecutions under the Roman emperors. We are told that his ashes repose here, and adjoining the place of sepulture is his study, now converted into a chapel. Next is a small tomb, in which it is said the remains of the murdered innocents slain by Herod were deposited, while over it is erected the “Altar of the Innocents,” and above is suspended a painting as barbarous in execution as the deed it commemorates. Traversing a dark passage the chapel of the Nativity is again entered, where I kneel and pray to Him, “who being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God.” *

The view from the roof of the cathedral is extensive, embracing many points of interest. Although the forsaken land

* Philip. ii. 6 and 8.

has, for centuries, been allowed to run to waste, still the view is as diversified as it is beautiful; being richly studded with gardens, in which figs, olives, and vines predominate. Whatever doubts there may be regarding the site of the Holy Sepulchre, few can be entertained with respect to the genuineness of the Cave or Grotto of the Nativity. There is an uninterrupted tradition asserting its sanctity since the early part of the second century; though I grant that, in the first and second ages, there was no attempt made to consecrate the shrine, nor were any pilgrimages made to what are now styled "Holy Places." The Scripture writers do not appear to recognise any *religio loci*; hence the doubts and disputes concerning Calvary and the the "Grotto of the Nativity" had become so famous, that Grave of Jesus. In the time of Adrian, Bethlehem and under his authority it was desecrated, and demolished either by erecting a temple dedicated to Adonis, or by performing unholy rites upon the spot. The holiness of this structure induced St Jerome in the fourth century to select one of the grottoes as a retreat, and desired that after death his remains might be laid within its precincts; and as he describes it, so was it found by the crusaders. The basilica possesses all the marks of high antiquity; and is indisputably the oldest Christian church extant, though often injured, and at times destroyed, it has, phoenix-like, again arisen, still regaining, amidst many changes, its cruciform character, besides indelible traces of great age. It may be affirmed, that as the scene of the glorious Advent, and as the cradle of Christianity, this church is likely to remain a place of interest and pilgrimage till the consummation of all things. Giving my guide the indispensable bakshish, I bid adieu to the scene of the Nativity. I can now return home with a glad and grateful heart; for, though I should see nothing more, it were something to have beheld, with my own eyes, the city of David, and to have bent my knee at the birth-place of Jesus Christ, my Lord.

In walking through the streets of the town, searching for something to appease the cravings of appetite, for here there is neither inn nor *hospice*, I observe a weaver, the first who has crossed my path in the East. His loom and appliances are truly primitive, the web being fixed to some pegs driven

into the ground; the loom-weaver and web are all in the open air. A German, who has been connected with a missionary society, receives myself and companion into his house, where we obtain refreshment, and from him we glean a few details regarding the place. He informs us that there are two hundred workers in mother-of-pearl, and a similar number engaged in olive-wood work, manufacturing crosses, beads, and other articles worn by pilgrims, and used in the worship of the Greek and Latin Churches. We visit two of the largest factories, and are amazed at the immense quantity of these commodities produced weekly, the demand for which must, indeed, be considerable. I made a few purchases at one-half the price which would have been asked in Jerusalem, and perhaps at two-thirds less than the same articles would fetch in Europe.

Leaving Bethlehem towards the afternoon, the sun bathing the whole country in loveliness, all nature seeming joyous, the birds making the air vocal with melody, I was unable to refrain from joining the harmony of love and praise, and repeated the song of the angel, "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,"* Nay, looking over the plain and mountain slope, I could not help fancying that either might be the scene where the shepherds watched their flocks by night; there, may have hung the star; these rocks and hills may have heard the strains of the heavenly host praising and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,"† God of sovereign grace, Thy ways are not our ways, nor are Thy thoughts our thoughts. In this humble village was Christ the Lord to be born; not in Rome, with its classic history, emperors, and legions; not in Greece, with its lore; nor in Egypt, with its historic marvels; but in this town of Jesse was the promised Messiah to make His advent; the offspring, not of queens nor princes' daughters, nor of Sarah, nor of Rachel, nor of Ruth, but of a humble maiden, one elected in the counsels of eternity to be the Virgin mother of Him in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. And such is still Thy purpose; for Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree, He hath filled

* Luke ii. 11.

† Luke ii. 14.

the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.”* Even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in Thy sight!

Bethlehem and its environs are frequently mentioned in Holy Scripture. Going down to Solomon's Pools, my mind dwells on the story of Ruth, who gleaned in the fields in which I am now walking, and which then belonged to Boaz her kinsman. I think of her devoted mother-in-law Naomi; of David the Shepherd, who may in these plains have watched his flock and slain the lion and the bear; for it was here that the prophet Samuel, directed by God, called out the sons of Jesse and made them pass before him in review, selecting the one most unlikely, in the estimation of his father, and anointing him king over Israel. Arriving at the pools in the valley, a forty minutes' ride distant from Bethlehem, we find them to be three large cisterns or tanks, one over the other, partly cut out of the rock and partly built up. They are so arranged that the water may flow from the highest into the lowest, their lengths respectively being 380, 423, 580 feet, their breadth averaging from 150 to 250 feet, their depth 25, 39, 50, having chambers like the London sewage out-fall at Barking, in order that the overflow may be led by conduits to the Holy City. That these cisterns are ancient must be granted.

I can almost fancy this site is the scene of Solomon's Song: here may have been the gardens, observatory-tower, and latticed windows, and these may have been the hills upon which “the beloved one came leaping like a young roe on the mountains.”† A short distance eastwards is a large grotto, or subterranean cave, partly hewn from the rock, of which massive columns have been left to support the roof; this is supposed to be the Cave of Adullam, in which David and his men hid themselves.‡ The cavern has for centuries borne this traditional name, still I should not like to stake my reputation on its being entitled to the honour. An hour and a half's easy walking brings us back to the Holy City.

* Luke i. 52, 53.

† Cantica ii. 7.

‡ 1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2.

CHAPTER XIX.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

Saturday, 16th April.—After breakfast, Mr Maury and I proceed to hire horses for our journey to Damascus, in which we are aided by Mr Bergheim. Just outside the Jaffa gate, where the horse-market is situated, we find plenty of dealers willing to strike a bargain, but many of the cattle shown would not have carried us three days on our way. After a deal of haggling over the price, which ranges from 60 to 100 piastres per day each horse, we select two for ourselves, and a mule for our baggage; a written contract is drawn up and signed by both parties, expressly stating, that: *we may visit any place, travel at any hour, and ride at any pace we choose*; the hire to Damascus being £15, but if extended beyond sixteen days, five shillings *per diem* to be paid for each animal; the muleteer to accompany us the entire journey. It was only this afternoon that I discovered the breaking open of my box already referred to, and I am confirmed in the belief that the delinquent is one of the servants of the hospice, but having no proof in support of the charge, and no inclination to prosecute, I mentioned my loss only to my banker.

The population of Jerusalem, as I have said, is about 16,000, composed of different nationalities and creeds, chiefly Moslems and Jews, the latter being divided into two great sects—the first, the “Sephardim,” are foreigners, natives of Spain, expelled from their country in the latter part of the fifteenth century, their language being a corrupt Spanish, the same as that used by the Jews of Constantinople and Smyrna. Though subjects of the Ottoman Porte, they are permitted to retain and exercise their own religious laws, and have here four synagogues. The

second division or sect, named "Askenazim," is of German and Polish origin ; it is a later importation, and is still regarded as foreign ; they are as poor as their brethren of Saphed and Tiberias, yet their number augments yearly, and so does their poverty. They are not permitted to exercise their own laws, being subject to the control of the consuls of their respective countries. The Christian section of the population is more divided still, consisting of Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts, with from eighty to ninety Protestants. It is a pleasure to me to be able to state, that the mission to the Jews, established some years ago in Jerusalem, is prospering, through the efforts of the late Bishop Alexander, and the present Bishop Gobat, together with his admirable staff of coadjutors, clergy, and catechists. The English church, connected with the mission, beautifully and appropriately situated on Mount Zion, is a handsome structure, and well attended. Last Sunday, two of my fellow-worshippers, occupying the pew with me, were, as I could see by their Hebrew Bibles, Jewish converts.

Whether it was Prussia or Great Britain that originated the idea of sending missionaries to Palestine for the conversion of the Jews, and constituting Jerusalem the centre of their operations, I am not aware. Of this, however, I have no doubt, that the enterprise is both noble and Christian, and one which God has blessed and will continue to bless. Though I were an opponent of foreign or even home missions, as too many of our people at home and even in Jerusalem are, yet as a measure of justice to the Jew, and to relieve myself of the great and ever-increasing debt we owe to this land, I could not do otherwise than advocate and help to repay it, by sending to Israel, and to the Holy City, that blessed gospel which was first preached in Jerusalem by Jesus, and thence carried to our own beloved land and to every corner of the habitable world. That there are difficulties and obstacles to be encountered in carrying out missionary schemes in foreign lands, we know, and that those in the holy city are especially trying, owing to the opposition of the synagogue, the bigotry of the Greek and Roman churches, to which add Turkish fanaticism and intolerance, and what is most grievous of all—Christian indifference. Notwithstanding all these, the

mission succeeds ; as old Galileo said of the earth, "it moves."

The schools are well attended ; the results satisfactory and cheering. There is, moreover, besides the ordinary educational institutions, one of industry for girls, which being under excellent superintendence, is probably destined to revolutionise female slavery by lifting woman to her proper level as a wife and mother, thereby enhancing the comforts of houses and homes. The medical branch of the mission gains access to many a dwelling which otherwise would be shut against the missionary. The hospital wards are generally full, while the dispensary daily diffuses blessings to scores of poor people in the shape of medicine and advice. Bibles are sold at a cheap rate, one of which, bound in native olive wood, very creditably got up, I purchased. Tracts are distributed and visitations made among the population by the missionaries—in short, the whole establishment is a success and a blessing, deserving the support of the Christian Church. It would be an error to affirm that there have been numerous conversions to the Christian faith ; but it is only justice to say that of late prejudice has given way to calm inquiry ; the doctrines of the New Testament are beginning to be known and appreciated. The Jew is no longer restrained by law or under pains or penalties, for either attending a Protestant Church or becoming a convert to Christianity. Under these circumstances, I cannot but wish the institution God speed.

Frequently has my attention been directed to the poor lepers who are daily seated between the Pool of Bethesda and St Stephen's gate, or in the narrow passage leading from the Armenian convent to the tomb of David. Their appearance is truly repulsive ; their faces are blotched, swollen, and of a mahogany colour ; their hands and legs contracted and mutilated, all being more or less destitute of fingers, and some without toes, their voices husky and inarticulate. Surely they are now as much objects of pity and charity as when our Lord compassionated them in the days of His flesh ; the number in and connected with the city is about twenty-two. A few of them have a small pittance from relatives, others receive a trifle from pious families ; whilst all invoke relief and claim sympathy from casual passengers, by

an incessant whine or moan which they make when they first hear the footfall of the passer-by, and continue till the sound has died away. So far as can be judged from appearance, these unfortunates are unable either to walk or stand. I have not observed any of this afflicted class at the other gates or within the city itself; this may be owing to some municipal regulation, confining them solely to the two places above mentioned. There are neither hospitals, infirmaries, nor places of refuge in Syria, for the diseased, the destitute, or the deformed, as in Christian Britain, except the dispensary and small hospital in connexion with the Jewish mission; hence a necessity that some permanent provision be made especially for lepers, either by religious societies or by the government, similar to that founded by good king Robert of Scotland, who in an early and barbarous age, and in a poor country, *mortified*, as it was called, lands and hereditaments near Prestwick in Ayrshire for asylums to support a similar class of incurables.

No disease with which the human family is afflicted is more dreadful or loathsome than that so often spoken of in Scripture under the term *leprosy*.^{*} Generally, it is said, making its first appearance as a small spot or pimple, it assumes a pustular form, and then spreads over the body; in the last stage affecting the eyes, nose, and face, and finally the joints. The virulence of the disease depends much on its type, for there are no less than three shades of maladies which come under the category, each distinguished by the term blue, white, or black. Without going into detail, here out of place, it may be remarked that leprosy is a disease which may linger in the system for years, and that those would be years of misery; the bones, marrow, and sinews are alike pervaded; and as the affection progresses, life only dwells in the midst of desolation. The wretched victim is thus doomed to see and feel himself dying inch by inch, aware that no human skill nor earthly power can arrest the fatal enemy.

Among other strange sights that greet a traveller in the East, the amazing number of dogs, seemingly without owners or homes, living in the ruts of the badly paved streets, will arrest his attention. Jerusalem is not a whit behind Cairo or Damascus in the multitude, ferocity, and howling of

* Lev. xiii.

her canine population. Citizens as well as strangers dread crossing a street between sunset and sunrise without being armed or attended. From dark arches, waste grounds, holes and corners, issue troops of hungry, yelling hounds. I have frequently been obliged to turn and seek friendly shelter from their attacks, and have often asked why they are permitted to increase, and why the nuisance is not abated, but have hitherto received no satisfactory reply. The Turk seems to look upon dogs as an institution as sacred as many other abuses connected with this anomalous country. The brutes—if dog fanciers and old ladies, who pet poodles, will allow me to call them by that name—are complete outcasts, no one seeming to care whether they are fed, used, or abused; yet they must live. It is hunger, no doubt, the inexorable tyrant, that drives them nightly out of their lairs in search of their necessary food. When darkness covers the land, the city's din hushed, and the streets deserted, then they begin their saturnalia, prowling about, eating any sort of garbage or offal that falls in their way. I am informed that each dog or canine family keeps to the locality, street, or archway, where, after the first nine days' blindness, he saw the light, nor will he or they permit others to poach with impunity upon his hereditary preserves or infringe his domain. I have heard of dog Latin, this may be termed dog law, and it is probably some violation of doggal statutes that causes the howling now breaking the stillness of the night, which, beginning in a series of sharp barks in different octaves, rises into a prolonged yell *alto* and *contralto*, finally dying away into a melancholy whine, disturbing not only my rest, but that of every inmate of the hotel not inured to canine serenades. To sounds and scenes such as these David alludes in the Book of Psalms, as having been as common in his day as in this day.*

The general idea entertained of Jerusalem is, that it stands perched high upon a mountain, and is seen a conspicuous and beautiful object from a great distance. This is entirely a mistake, arising probably from some poetic text of Scripture, such as the following:—"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills;

* Ps. lix. 6.

and all nations shall flow into it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob." * Or the idea may have arisen from the graphic description given by the psalmist, when, speaking of the believer's confidence in God, he says :—"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever." Jerusalem, it is true, stands high upon a mountain, or, as we have already said, rather upon two or three ridges of mountains, 2200 feet above the level of the sea; but, from the peculiar arrangement of surrounding hills, the city is not seen from a distance, being hidden on three sides.

On the east, Mount Olivet rises to the height of 2400 feet, thereby not only effectually screening, but apparently overhanging the city. It is only when the mountain is crested and a point reached, near a bend or turn of the height where our Lord is supposed to have stood, when "He wept over Jerusalem," that the city becomes visible. On entering from the south *via* Jaffa, one is almost close to the city, ere its yellow-coloured walls, embattled towers, and dome-shaped houses appear. On the same side, coming from Bethlehem, stands the Hill of Evil Counsel, only separated from the city wall by the valley of Gihon, which, so to speak, conceals the city from view. Again, on the northern side, the hill Scopus—upon which Titus is supposed to have erected his warlike engines—rises higher than the plateau on which Jerusalem stands. A few miles farther in the same direction Neby Samuel towers to a height of 2650 feet. These heights not only command, but in a great measure conceal, the city.

When the situation of Jerusalem is considered strategically, or from a military point of view, there can only be one opinion as to its utter defencelessness. It lies completely exposed, more especially from Scopus and Olivet. Even from behind any of these hills an enemy, himself secure, might shell it, and, to use a transatlantic expression, more significant than euphonic, knock mosques, minarets and synagogues, "into a cocked hat." God forbid that this should ever again be her doom; still she

* Isa. ii. 2, 3; Micah iv. 1, 2; Ps. cxxv. 1, 2.

sits upon a mountain, the everlasting hills, as of old, standing like sentinels for her protection. The God of Jacob is no longer her defence, He having withdrawn in His displeasure the ægis of His presence ; but that, we trust, is only for a brief period. Jerusalem shall yet, we hope, be restored, her ruined places rebuilt, her sanctuary re-erected, and the Gospel of the crucified but now exalted Jesus be preached in her temples ; and salvation, like a river, run down her streets : even so, come, Lord Jesus !

Sunday, 17th.—Rising this morning betimes, after indoor Sabbath preparation, I sally out to walk once more round the Holy City, before leaving it perhaps for ever. The streets are silent, being at this early hour nearly deserted, except in the vicinity of the native bazaar, where the stillness of the clear morning air is broken by the hum of Arab voices, haggling over some petty bargain of rice or charcoal. Wending my way and passing out by the Jaffa gate, and turning sharply to the left, proceeding down the steep decline of the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, past the Pools of Gihon, I enter the gorge of Rephaim, of old called the Valley of the Giants, forming the ancient boundary of Benjamin. Skirting the mountain, on whose slope is Aceldama, or the Field of Blood, I am in the solitude of Enrogel, and stand on the ground where Moloch threw out his huge arms and received the devoted offspring of Israel, whom their parents cruelly made to pass through the fire, in order to propitiate the wrath of the sanguinary Heathen deity.

The whole valley of the Kedron is bathed in glorious sunshine, the “King’s Garden in the dale”* smiles in luxuriance, and Siloam’s waters run slowly and clear as crystal. The entire Vale of Jehoshaphat, from Ain-Youb to Gethsemane, is filled with radiance, and as the morning advances, with song. Wild flowers, daisies, poppies, and asters begem the slopes of Olivet ; the dews of the past night shine and sparkle like showers of diamonds on every sprig and blade of grass. The yellow-coloured limestone walls of the city, high above me on the left, shine out, reflecting the sun’s rays with unwonted brilliancy—even the flat tombstones, which mark the *ultima domus* of thousands of Jewish pilgrim-fathers,

* Gen. xiv. 17 ; 2 Sam. xviii. 18.

glisten in the sun as if they partook of the joy and calm of this lovely Sabbath morning. Musing, meditating, and enjoying heartfelt thanksgiving, I thus for the last time thread the tortuous stony pathway on the margin of the "brook Kedron." Standing on the declivity of Olivet, opposite the Golden Gateway, the city lies before me basking in quiet sunshine and beauty, the words of the Psalmist rush vividly into my memory—"Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together; walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following."* Again—"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people, from henceforth, even for ever." "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."† Under my eye, revealed by the clear atmosphere, is the site of Solomon's temple, once "the joy of the whole earth," now the seat of the false prophet, not for ever, we trust, desecrated and profaned: but "how long, O Lord?"

On the right, projecting upwards like towers, are the domes of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, the minarets of the various mosques, the gardens and pleasure-grounds of El-Aska and Omar. The Via Dolorosa can be easily traced, the Jewish synagogues, British and French consulates, the Armenian and Greek convents in and around the city. The Turkish guards, in uniform, and their glittering armour, divert the eye from the dilapidation of the gateway of St Stephen, while white-robed widows and orphans flitting among the tombstones of the Moslem cemetery give variety to the scene, breaking the view up into parts of sadness and hope, forming a picture to be seen, but not described. Who would not feel devout in Jerusalem, especially on such a spot as this, standing on sacred ground among Bible scenes, surrounded by holy places, the mind filled with pious memories?

Descending and crossing the old Roman bridge, slowly winding up the incline, down which Jesus on his way to Gethsemane and Bethany must often have trodden, I reach the rocks where Stephen is supposed to have been stoned, and

* Ps. xlviii. 12, 13.

† Ps. cxxii. 7.

where this morning there are a few women—always first in every pious work—kneeling, praying, and kissing the rugged limestone. Entering the city by the old battered gateway, where a beardless youth, yclepted a soldier, paces his weary rounds, I pick my steps through the muck and mire that disgrace Jerusalem, traversing a narrow lane, among dilapidated houses and walls, passing the lepers, who are, as usual, croaking; I fling them a coin, and enter the *Via Dolorosa*. Hastening along, glad to escape from the smells, I enter the Holy Sepulchre, to pay my vows this morning at the supposed tomb of Him who once slept in death, but “whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it.”*

At 11 A.M., I attend the English church on Mount Zion, where I hear Bishop Gobat preach from 1 John ii. 28. We have three arrivals at the hospice to-day—Dr Phillips from Jaffa, his sister-in-law—an Edinburgh lady—and his family. Who would suppose that so far from London, London prejudice should be found? Yet it is so. In Jerusalem, where Christians are few in number, the old spirit, so rife during the days of our Lord, and supposed to have been either confined to that age, or to have died out with the Pharisees, is still as vigorous and as intolerant as ever. I have been defending, this afternoon, from a scurrilous attack, one of our most popular London ministers, in which I am ably supported by my medical friend from Jaffa. It is strange that in Egypt, and now in Palestine, this great, and, I believe, good man, should be so opposed, if not hated. Let Mr Spurgeon beware of the Holy City, for old prejudice, and her daughter Persecution, chief priests, elders, and scribes—are still extant, and as inveterate as ever; and a prophet may still have his character, albeit not his body, crucified as of old in Jerusalem. The question often arises: What can be the cause of this rancour? Is it jealousy of the man's success? This ought to be a subject-matter for joy, that the gospel is not only preached, but God is glorifying it. Can it be on account of his talents? These are honourably employed in God's service; therefore should excite in the Christian, gratitude for God's bestowing such gifts on man.

* Acts ii. 24.

CHAPTER XX.

STREET VIEWS.

Monday, 18th.—Having an hour to spare this forenoon, I shall make a few pen-and-ink sketches of the streets of the Holy City as they appear in 1864. Let us take for the first our stand near the Jaffa gate, among the donkeys, camels, and their drivers, our back to the citadel—a large castle-like building composed of square stones and surrounded with a fosse—looking eastward on the left is the entrance or opening to Mount Zion, the passage of which is choked up with charcoal-sellers and their merchandise ; this passage also leads to the Bible Society's depôt, the Turkish guard-house, and the tomb of David. Down, as the Irishman says, “right fornenst you,” runs a steep narrow street, paved with land boulders, having a gutter in the middle. The houses are of one or two stories in height, dingy and dilapidated, windows unglazed, the doors unacquainted with paint or the carpenter's plane, the dwellings sometimes entered by broken steps, others by descent or clambering ; stalls on both sides of the way displaying old iron, crockery, oranges, are covered over with sacking, matting, or reeds, and crowded with half-clothed Arabs jostling each other ; a sea of turbans, fezes, blue gowns, and abbahs, together with a Frank traveller, fresh coloured in a European dress, for whom all make way, fill up the picture.

Our second sketch may be taken from the south corner of Christian Street, at the broken stairs leading up a gutter to the den called the post-office. Cast your eyes down that narrow lane, crowded with vociferous men, old and young unwashed women, hundreds of begrimed, boiled-lobster-coloured children, buying, selling, or carrying burdens ; stalls also, on

both sides of the street, almost meeting, leave scarcely a passage for a laden camel ; when two meet, one must wait at an intersection or cross passage till the other passes. The wares exposed are dried figs, nuts, bread, and pickled eels, hair-cloth sacks filled with barley, and wheat lying in bulk ; while occasionally, upon a wall, hangs a carcase or two of scraggy mutton, which is weighed, like other wares, by means of a steelyard, beam and scales, except for weighing gold and silver, being unknown in the East ; the gutter, where visible, choked up with decaying vegetables ; large sections of the street arched, light being just visible. This will give an idea of the thoroughfare leading to the Jewish quarter, and known as the native bazaar.

Let us take our third view from the north end of Christian Street, where four ways intersect each other. Looking southward, peering through the dark tunnel under the convent, the only thing visible beyond the arches—where light squeezing itself through small square apertures at intermediate distances—are two interminable lines of stalls similar to those already mentioned, at some of which olives, vegetables, trumpery toys, and nick-nacks are displayed ; while in the vista, money-brokers, shoemakers busy at work, saddlers and tinsmiths, are seen plying their vocation, there are also a few haberdashers' shops, one or two of which belong to Europeans ; the usual crowds of a thoroughfare, half-a-dozen saddled horses standing at the narrow slit or door of Hauser's hotel, numbers of bead and cross sellers thronging the doorway on the left that leads to the holy sepulchre. This is view the third of the principal street in the Christian quarter.

From the same stand-point direct your eyes eastward down that narrow lane of some twelve or fourteen feet in width, composed of dark, dingy houses, broken steps, a gutter running through it, reeking with filth ; blank walls, carpenters' shops, and olive-wood workers, spanned by a series of dark tunnels and single arches at intervals ;—this will convey an idea of a street which has given birth to half the religious paintings in Italy—the well-known thoroughfare *Via Dolorosa*. Let any one think the matter twice over ere he make the attempt to descend to the gate of St Stephen, along this part, on a wet day.

From the same point let us direct our view to the north. That alley before you is the main street leading to the Damascus gate, and which, though not so narrow, is filthier than the last named. In it there are few or no stalls; the houses seem as if they had been scathed with fire or half burned, and again re-inhabited with little or no repair; the place appearing as if it had been shelled by a beleaguering army, battered to ruins, patched up a little, and possession again taken. Frowsy women, scowling-looking men, children and dogs, lounge about in the shade. Let us take our position at the large quaint gateway, near that apology for a butcher's shop, where a piece of mutton has been hanging for the last three days. Look around and confess if ever you witnessed such a scene of dilapidation, ruin, and dirt, or ever experienced such sickening smells, within so small a compass, as those which here assail your nostrils.

Going back to our stand-point, let us take another view. Looking this time westward, follow with the eyes the windings of that broken path or stair—it leads to a *terra incognita* rarely visited by travellers. I went, one day, only a short distance beyond the top of the steps, and lost my way amongst yards, blind courts, and broken walls. The place is apparently as densely peopled as Rosemary Lane, to which in some respects it bears a close resemblance. I had penetrated this colony it would seem too far; the boys took up stones, and the women lifted their voices, so that I was obliged to decamp in a way, I must confess, somewhat undignified for a man of my years, physique, and “cloth.” Nor would I advise any solitary visitor to explore the same locality without a guide, or armed at least with a staff in one hand, and a bottle of *eau de cologne* in the other. What a harvest a painter or a photographer might reap, could either pursue his avocation here unmolested! Every house would be a study, every entrance worth a Jew's eye to an artist, whilst the picturesque costume of the people would be invaluable to the brethren of the “Black Art.”

The next view we shall take from Zion gate, at a large space near the precincts of the temple, and therefore styled holy ground. What appearance does it present? In answer I cannot use a better term to designate it than, a dung depôt. It may not be known as such, or wittingly used for this pur-

pose, still assuredly it is nothing else. Scattered about are thistles, weeds, prickly pears, broken walls, and heaps of rubbish. The structures I imagined to be stables for donkeys, until making an investigation I discovered them to be human dwellings falling to pieces, the roofs neither wind nor water tight, the courts unflagged, the floors broken into holes, the house, except from dilapidation, imperfectly ventilated. The light of day or the glare of the sun scarcely ever penetrates these habitations ; whilst, as far as one can judge, water is as scarce as the drainage is bad. The inhabitants of the hovels here, as well as those in the *terra incognita*, may be the poorest in the city, and rents may be high—we grant all this—but tidiness and domestic order do not altogether depend upon these, but rather upon proper training and method. Where these are, dirt and disorder soon disappear, and order and cleanliness take their place.

Our last glance of the city will be more of a description than a sketch. Near the middle of a narrow lane, ill-paved with round polished stones, encumbered with flaunting stalls, is a small doorway up three undressed limestone steps ; this is the entrance to the “Mediterranean,” the principal, though not the only hotel in the Holy City. No flaring signboard swinging with melancholy creak, proclaims to the passer-by the “George,” or the “Cow and Gaiters ;” there is no well-matted lobby and porter’s box, parlour and open bar. The interior is not graced with mirrors and gilding, neither has it a *major domo* and well-dressed waiters as in London or Paris, either to welcome or “to take you in.” Enter the doorway, pass up the narrow staircase, with its simple iron rail, you will find it encumbered with travellers’ tents, rugs, poles, and heavy trunks. Taking two sharp turnings to the left a landing is reached ; upon this level are the cooking, scullery, bead and cross-selling departments. Here our host, M. Hausser, dressed à la *Européenne*, but wearing a fez, will, though a German, give you in English a hearty welcome.

Another short flight of steps and the *salle à manger*, a not over luxuriously furnished apartment, is entered ; it is a long, low, room, garnished with wooden benches, having two windows, the one overlooking the anything but fragrant pool of Hezekiah ; the other embracing a view of the waste ground

upon which formerly stood the palace of the Knights of Jerusalem, with Mounts Moriah and Olivet in the distance. The next floor is reached by a trap ladder, conveying the guest to the roof of the hotel, which forms the promenade, lounging, and smoking place of the establishment. It is neatly flagged, and just convex enough to permit the rain to run off. From this a view is obtained not only of the city, but, through a gap, between Olivet and the hill of Evil Counsel, of the mountains of Moab, as also of Mizpeh towering in the north, a *coup-d'œil* but little inferior to that obtained from Olivet itself, with the additional advantage of the ever-shifting kaleidoscopic crowds passing beneath in the street, where the jargon tongues of many nations remind one of Babel.

Crossing the roof and climbing a ladder, a doorway is reached, and a part of the house entered, which, in Bethnal Green, would be appropriated to pigeons. Yet there is still a higher roof which few attempt to reach; from this last I took the photograph of the Holy Sepulchre, inserted in a preceding page. Descending from the first roof by a wide-stepped broken ladder, a corridor is reached, on each side of which are bed-rooms; their number or position I could never accurately ascertain. I have heard sounds issuing from corners, distances, and localities, which would be as difficult to discover or thread as the mazes of Crete; I have also seen lights flickering far on in the night, in the most out-of-the-way places; such a jumble of stairs, ladders, roofs, clambering, ascending, and descending, are enough to bewilder a chimney-sweep, nor would it be matter of astonishment were one to lose one's way, or even fall from the roofs, some of which are only six feet by four, and be found drowned in the stagnant pool of the prophet next morning.

In the East there is only one tariff for the whole hotel, which, in this establishment, is 12s. per diem, no matter the position of the bed-room, whether actually on the roof, immediately under, or on the first landing. My chamber has a stone floor, a clean bed, with mosquito curtains, which, however, failed to protect me from the ravages of the insect; a small window looking into the pool; two cupboards, which I have often wished to take to England, could they have been removed, to show how it is possible for a carpenter to contrive and

make presses that will neither contain nor protect anything. A plain deal board in its native roughness, supported by two iron holdfasts driven into the wall, decorates one side of the apartment ; two chairs, one of which I dare not use, fill up another. These, with a small wash-hand stand, form the entire furniture of the chamber. The door has a lock that, if ever intended for a fastening, has never fulfilled its mission ; there is a latch, too, but from time immemorial it has lacked the apparatus for lifting it ; this difficulty, however, I got over by forcing up the catch with my penknife from the outside. The hinges, lock, and key, are all curiosities of their kind, and to an antiquarian would be worth their weight in silver. Water is not particularly abundant—two small jugs only being allowed each day ; the closets situated at one end of the corridor are simply abominable. Yet, in justice to the landlord, let me add, he is obliging, his charges reasonable, always ready to aid his guests, either to act as interpreter, or to give them his advice as to routes, and assist in hiring guides. The *cuisine* is creditable to the artist, the table loaded daily with substantial and delicate fare, the desserts composed of rich fruits, or of preserves and confections from England. The house is shut up at ten every night. I saw no drinking, except wine at dinner, and a glass or two of Bass or Allsopp's pale ale, the latter at 2s. per bottle.

These sketches may be regarded as faithful photographs of the streets of the holy city. There are, it is true, in Jerusalem, many respectable, nay, handsome mansions, inhabited by consular agents and other foreigners ; which, although rather Moorish or Turkish externally, are nevertheless comfortable, if not sumptuous internally, having, very generally, large gardens attached ; besides these, there are the dwellings of the city officials and magnates of the garrison, whilst merchants and rich Jews have houses not inferior to those of people of the same rank and wealth in England.

But a truce to description. In these days of natural history investigation, geographical research, and antiquarian inquiry, Jerusalem cannot remain long unexplored. Bagdad has had its Rawlinson. Nineveh has had its Layard, who has reaped a rich harvest from his enterprising excavations, and the archaeological world has been materially benefited by his

labours. Carthage, too, has found in my friend, Mr N. Davis—late missionary of the Church of Scotland—a gentleman who has worthily followed in the wake of the learned under-secretary. Whatever may have been the importance of Nineveh, or that of Rome's rival, neither the one nor the other have half the interest of Jerusalem in historic, antiquarian, and, above all, in a religious point of view.

Palestine has been styled a land of ruins, to which may be added the words of the psalmist: "Jerusalem is a city of heaps;"* every village, hamlet, and hill top, every dell and valley may be said to contain the *débris* of ancient habitations or temples. The traveller is continually meeting with ruins cropping out, stumbling upon fragments of antique masonry in every direction. It is a storehouse *par excellence*, nay, a veritable museum. "The soil on which the city stands," as a late traveller says, "is composed of ruins of houses, aqueducts, and pillars, reaching to a depth of thirty or forty feet below the foundations of the existing houses, not only imparting to the city its remarkable form and colour, but also telling the story of its eventful career. The old Jerusalem is buried in the overthrow of her seventeen captures."

Were the learned societies of Britain, France, and America to depute to Palestine, first, surveyors, to draw out a thorough and exact map of the country, determine its boundaries and landmarks, the sites of ancient cities, altitude of its mountains, and the geological strata of its hills. Armed with these data, again to send out a band of excavators, under learned and active superintendence, one section to explore Samaria, another to Shechem, but the chief of the staff, and their greatest number, to Jerusalem, (I am of course supposing a firman to this effect will be obtained from the Sultan.) Let the Holy City be excavated, digging deep down to her ancient foundations some fifty feet, both within and without the walls, from Eurogel to the tombs of the kings, and from the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the new Greek convent, above the Jaffa gate. It is impossible to tell, or even to guess, the treasures that might be discovered, the light that might be thrown upon many disputed points,—the site, boundaries, form of the temple, the sepulchre, Calvary, the walls, and pools,

* Psalm lxxix.

not to speak of arts long forgotten, works of architecture, and cognate sciences, that have for ages before Christ been hidden deep under the past and present Jerusalem,—that Jerusalem which has been reared and razed.

The more I examine the subject, the more am I convinced that the problem of Calvary and the site of the sepulchre will never be satisfactorily solved by a mere surface examination, or by theories, however plausible. The solution naturally resolves itself, and will ultimately hinge upon the position and boundaries of the ancient walls of the city. The exact line of these, if once ascertained, would determine whether they included or shut out the existing Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This, at least, would decide the great question, whether the latter stands on the place Helena, covered over with a basilica, as also whether the existing basilica covers the true tomb, or whether the site now recognised rests altogether on monkish tradition ; these points, I believe, excavation under the ruins can alone clear up. Subsequent research and information has considerably modified my first impressions on this subject, though still undecided, owing to the conflicting opinions advanced by various authorities. One class of authors and travellers — shrewd, scientific men, who substantiate their views with an array of facts, drawings, and diagrams, such as Ferguson and Sandys—assert that the cave under the Mosque of Omar is the true sepulchre ; another class, equally eminent in acquirements and information, such as Williams, Nugent, and others, back their arguments by a like array of historic citations and data, contending with equal confidence that the marble-cased chambers on the level of the floor of the church of the present Holy Sepulchre is the identical spot where the Redeemer lay. Where doctors differ, who can reconcile them or their opinions, sometimes, as in this instance, wide as the poles asunder ?—or, if not so far apart as the poles, the places referred to are, at least, located on different hills, the deep Tyropæon Valley once yawned between them. Without entering into disputes about sites, with which I have little at present to do, I may remark, with regard to the first theory, that it is highly improbable that a garden such as that possessed by Joseph of Arimathea would be permitted to occupy a place

within a hundred feet of the then existing temple, much less a place for sepulture.

That an idea may be formed of the opposing views held by eminent writers, as regards the sites of the holy places, take, for instance, first that of Tischendorff, who places Acra on the *north* side of the temple. Dr Clark boldly transfers Mount Zion, encumbered with the tomb of David, and the *cœnaculum* across the valley of the Gihon, and sets it down in the place of the Hill of Evil Counsel; yet both of these writers, it is said, visited Jerusalem. Dean Stanley, whose work is above all praise, seems more than half inclined to the belief that Mount Gerizim, near Shechem, is the true Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac. Ferguson not only believes, but almost proves that Calvary was near the cave already mentioned, Golgotha only a section of Mount Moriah. He also attempts to demonstrate that the narrow boundary of the ancient city walls could not contain a population of more than from forty to fifty-five thousand. Josephus and Porter, whose calculations I am inclined to follow, speak of a population eight or ten times greater. Once, then, and for all, to reconcile and harmonise these contradictions, let there be a thorough survey and excavation, which would, at the same time, solve two or three questions that are constantly occurring as regards the holy places. Where did the Tyropæon begin? How far did it stretch, and where did it terminate? On which spot did Fort Antonia stand? Where was the Acra of Josephus, the tower of Hippicus? Are the pools Bethesda and Hezekiah mere Roman cisterns? Are they parts of a fosse, or are they as ancient as the names they bear?

We have sent Bibles and missionaries to every quarter of the habitable world, navigators to every sea, scientific expeditions to America, the Pacific, and the North Pole, for the purpose of augmenting our geographical and ethnological knowledge; whilst the cradle of nations remains unexplored. Africa may boast of a Park, Baikie, and Livingstone; outlying Abyssinia had its Bruce; the Nile and its margin of ruined cities has had their Speke, Grant, and annual visitors, who fill volumes with descriptions of its banks from Rosetta to Lake Victoria Nyanza — drawings and sketches of its palaces and temples being in every schoolboy's satchel. On

the other hand the sacred Jordan, fraught to Christian Britain with deeper interest, fringed with the ruined cities of Admah, Jericho, Capernaum, Tiberias, Dan, and Cæsarea-Philippi, is only known by name. Why, it may be asked, should every lake and bay from Behring's Strait to the Baltic be sounded and laid down in charts and scientific reports ; whilst, with the exception of the unfortunate Castello's brief narrative, the exaggerated *brochure* of De Sauley, and the accurate but brief description of Dr Robinson, we have little or no information relative to the waters and shores of the Dead Sea, which up to this day remain in a great measure a mystery ?*

The flora of Palestine is a sealed book ; her geological formation undisclosed, caves, grottoes, and valleys indubitably possessing palæontological riches, which, if explored, would increase our zoological knowledge, extend the collection of Professor Owen and enrich that of the British Museum. At every turn of the foot there are fragments over which Ruskin would luxuriate, and from which he might elicit an eighth lamp or some missing link between ancient and modern architecture. It is said there is a *hiatus* between the Assyrian and Grecian idolatrical systems which here might be discovered and supplied. Though deeply interesting, both in a polemical and ethnological point of view, Palestine is less known than many portions of Central Africa and America. Will no Lyell or Murchison visit the mountains of Judea in behalf of geological science ? ♦The geologist could scarcely find a richer field for his researches than Syria. There are in the mountain ranges of Lebanon, Hermon, and Carmel, treasures that would enhance physical science ; whilst in the same localities there are iron, coal, and precious metals, enough to satisfy the cupidity of the most covetous of speculators, a mine of mineral wealth only awaiting skill and capital for its development, to furnish labour and reward for an industrial population. Will no Audibon or Wilson make us acquainted with the ornithology of Palestine ? No Linnæus or Loudon with its botany ?

* A scientific expedition under the direction of Captain Wilson has, however, just been made to the Dead Sea, chiefly to determine its level, which has been ascertained to stand 1312 feet under that of the Mediterranean, thus confirming my own statement. (See page 112.)

In a word, why do our antiquarian *savans* and the associations connected with the sciences, not send out a deputation of their number to excavate and bring to light the wonders that undoubtedly lie concealed under the ruins of Jerusalem, Jericho, and Damascus! * It cannot be disputed that below the level of these, the most ancient cities in the world, there are remains of temples and palaces that may date from the deluge. The means of penetrating into the interior of the country are continually increasing, its inmost recesses are daily becoming more accessible; the facts above stated and the facilities now afforded should suffice to induce our scientific, nay, our missionary or religious societies, to turn this unwrought mine to practical account. Let us hope that a time is not far distant when the search will be taken up by Great Britain. France is already in the field, and as soon as affairs in America assume their normal condition, auguring from the result of the past thirty years, new deputations will be sent from her shores to maintain the palm that her Stephensens and Robinsons may now boast of holding. It would be matter of regret if Great Britain, hitherto first in scientific and missionary enterprise, were to be outstripped in the laudable struggle for pre-eminence in the exploration of the Holy Land—a land we may almost call our own.

But these questions of explorations after all only affect archaeologists, men of science and history; their disputes and discoveries regarding sites and places do not affect—thank God!—the basis of our faith, which is the word of the living God, “that word of our God which shall stand for ever.” † The evidences of the truth of our holy religion do not depend upon the past or present topography of Jerusalem, the population of Nazareth, or the position of Bethlehem; our faith and hope are neither founded nor derived from places, however dear to our memory, deep in our affections, or redolent of scriptural association, but on the impregnable testimony of the evangelist, that “Jesus died once for our sins, and was raised again for our justification;” “Yea though we

* A committee of the learned societies of London have, since the above was written, organised preliminaries for a survey and exploration of the Holy City.

† Isaiah xl. 8.

have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more.”* A false or a heathen religion must have a material foundation to give it a standing, and requires to be hedged in and guarded by antiquity and auxiliary arts in order to command admiration ; the unbroken links of a priestly succession to counterfeit the stamp of heaven, the rags and beggarly elements of human skill, craft, and display, to attract the senses and seize the homage of the uninformed ; but the religion of the cross, the doctrines of faith, the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the “powers of the world to come, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting” are independent of, and therefore far above and beyond all such adventitious aids, being heavenly in their origin, spiritual in their growth, development, and final issue. Yea, though no earthly Jerusalem had ever existed, or though, after the crucifixion, the city had been altogether swept away, the salvation of the world through faith in a risen Saviour, the preaching of the gospel, and the end eternal life, would have been as full, as free, and as soul-satisfying as they are now, and would continue to be as effective, even though “Jerusalem remain in heaps,” and the Holy Land an unexplained problem. As men, we may take an interest in science and scientific discoveries ; but as believers, “we have a more sure word of prophecy to which we do well to take heed.”†

* 2 Cor. v. 16.

† 2 Pet. i. 19.

CHAPTER XXI.

LEAVING THE CITY.

BIDDING farewell to my many kind friends whose courtesy and attention have earned my warmest thanks, I commend them to God, that He may reward them with His mercy and have them in His holy keeping. Farewell to the streets I have so often trodden, Gethsemane I have so frequently visited, the Holy Sepulchre, Mount Zion, Olivet, and Kedron, where I have enjoyed so many sweet meditations and communions with God. Never likely again shall my eyes behold you—farewell! The Rev. Mr Maury is my travelling companion; mounting our horses at the stable near the Jaffa gate, we part with the Bergheims who had come to bid us good-bye, and start. Taking the great north road or path by the tombs of the kings, having crested Scopus we draw bridle, and turning round, take—as many a pilgrim has done from this eminence—a last lingering look at Jerusalem, of its embattled walls, its mosques, minarets, and domes. My heart swells and tears begin to flow as I audibly repeat the words of the psalmist:—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."*

Although I leave this city with inexpressible regret, yet I cannot help regarding it as a seat of blind superstition and rabid fanaticism—a place in which religion is a marketable commodity, and where idleness, and I may add from my own experience, dishonesty exists to some extent. In Jerusalem, more than in any other city, a man's faith is tested. Were not religion divine in its origin, and imperishable in its dura-

* Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6.

tion, the scenes of bigotry, superstition, and lying imposture here enacted would long since have destroyed Christianity; which, however, is neither a human, clerical, nor "a cunningly devised fable." As I turn my horse's head, the words of the prophet flash across my memory:—"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, how is she become tributary! She dwelleth among the heathen . . . the ways of Zion do mourn because none come to the solemn feast; all her gates are desolate; Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore she is become wandering, all that honoured her despise her, all her beauty is departed, her filthiness is in her skirts."*

We are now fairly in the open country, riding upon something like a road in embryo that had never got beyond the first stage—that of being marked off—since it consists merely of a number of paths, like sheep tracks on the Cheviots. My horse selects that which pleases himself, and, however tortuous it may be, follows it up, and it is only with the greatest difficulty he is induced to take another. Although but a short distance from the city, the country is already dreary and hilly—the eye ranges over long white slopes, irregularly shaped valleys, broken into fantastic chasms and ridges. At every rise of the road new views burst upon us, conical mounts, on which are perched modern villages, or ancient ruins, the names of which fall like music upon the ear, being interwoven with our earliest memories. My companion selected for his steed a mare, with her foal a month old trooping at her heels; poor thing! being new to the country, as well as unused to travel, it is therefore often left far behind. Our guide stops every now and then and makes the valleys ring again with the shout of "Tye, Tye," a name common in this part of the country, I fancy, signifying either a foal or a filly.

Our path continues through glens and over gentle elevations and rocky ledges. We meet a flock of goats, common to the country, having pendulous ears, long silky hair, chiefly black, marked with brown and white spots; the udders of the females are astonishingly large, nearly reaching the ground,

* Lament. i. 1-9.

and the quantity of milk yielded is proportionably great, besides being rich and very nourishing. The sheep are long legged, and thin, with enormous tails, if their caudal appendage may be called by the name, for it is really more like a flap covering the hind legs, from which the real tail is suspended. This extra "end piece," composed wholly of fat, may weigh from six to ten pounds, and is peculiar to Syrian sheep. The shepherd does not drive his flock, as with us; they follow him, illustrating that beautiful parable of our Lord, "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."* There must, from appearances, be stone quarries somewhere in the neighbourhood, as we observe numbers of poor, hard-wrought donkeys laden with that material, each animal carrying four, six, or eight hewn slabs, proportioned to its size and ascertained strength, or perhaps according to the disposition or feeling of the driver; the burden is generally slung with cords or placed in panniers across the creature's back.

Upon our right, cresting a hill, a small village appears, which, our guide informs us, is called Anata, the ancient and often mentioned Anototh, a portion given to the Levites,† and the birthplace of the dirge singer, Jeremiah,‡ whose sweet, though mournful, strains thrill our hearts with sympathy for the weeping poet over his desolate country, and love for the daughter of Zion. This is not only the hill country of Judea, but the land of poetry and song. We now reach Tuleil-el-Fûl, supposed to be the ancient capital "Gibeah." We spend a short time in examining this spot, so celebrated in Old Testament history. No one would suppose that a few fragments of confused ruins, scattered amongst huts and small gardens, was the site of the royal city of Saul the first God-elected king of Israel.§ Stirring scenes and events have occurred in early times upon this hill-top and adjacent district. In these now silent and sterile valleys, a strange event took place, illustrating still stranger customs and usages of that early period—first alluded to on the night before Lot left Sodom, and next reappearing among the Ephraim-

* John x. 4, 5.

† Josh. xxi. 18.

‡ Jer. i. 1.

§ 1 Sam. x. 26, xi. 4.

ites ; the whole revolting drama and tragedy may be read *in extenso* in the 19th chapter of Judges ; its consequences were the almost total annihilation of an entire tribe of Israel. The stones lying about may have formed a portion of the wall where the seven descendants of Saul met an untimely and cruel death, having been hung in revenge and *in terrorem* by the Amorites.* A more mournful event, though less cruel, is recorded in connexion with the last-mentioned circumstance, which happened on the spot where I now am. The narrative tells of a mother who for months watched the whitening bones of her murdered sons, suffering neither birds nor beasts by night or day to rest upon them.†

We saw no one either to question or molest us, though warned to be on our guard against the natives of these glades, who have earned for themselves a bad name—being accused of deeds of violence and plunder. A maiden at a fountain, and a nude child or two, with a few goats, were all the population we saw in the “Gibeah of Saul.” Every height and hollow, mountain and ravine, is full of interest. This district, even prior to Shechem, was the battle-field of Israel when opposing the Canaanites, and in after-times was the debatable ground between them and the Philistines. Some one of these caves, with which the hills are perforated, may have been the place to which the five kings fled “and hid themselves at Makkedah.” ‡

Upon our right, on the summit of an eminence in the distance, stands El-Jib, the ancient Gibeon, whence the Gibeonites, with mouldy bread and cracked leathern bottles, deceived Israel, whilst negotiating a league offensive and defensive with them ; but which resulted—as hypocrisy and treachery generally do—in detection. They were afterwards reduced, as a punishment, to be “hewers of wood and drawers of water.” § A path to our left leads to Beth-Horon, not far from the last-mentioned city. We see in the distance Neby Samuel, towering above the neighbouring heights, but lying too far off for us to embrace it within our tour. We pursue our journey on towards Er-Ram, and passing the ancient Ramah ; || the views become commanding, the landscape mostly hill and valley;

* 2 Sam. xxi. 6.

† 2 Sam. xxi. 10.

‡ Josh. x. 10.

§ Josh. ix. 23.

|| Josh. xviii. 25, xvi. 7.

but uninteresting from lack of wood, water, and dwellings, these necessary adjuncts of a perfect picture. Our path now runs through a vale or slight depression, an old cistern or two, and some hewn stones, indicating the site of an ancient city, probably that of Ataroth, mentioned by Joshua. We do not, however, dismount, but continuing our route, soon reach Bireth, the ancient "Beeroth"* of Scripture, the place, legends report, that Joseph and Mary first discovered that the child Jesus was not with the caravan; from this spot they returned to the city, and found Him sitting in the temple "in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at His understanding and answers."†

Adopting the right hand path—the left leading to Jafna—we traverse stony fields, with growing wheat and barley barely covering the ground. We are now between the ancient Ai and Bethel, on the great south and north thoroughfare, than which, there is no place more celebrated in Old Testament history. It was here the patriarchs first pitched their tents, pastured their flocks, and dwelt for ages ere Jerusalem had a name, or Jebus a prince. Among these green knolls, Abraham and his nephew, both sheikhs, possessing herds and flocks, found the limits of the land too confined. Owing to this and the contentions of their herdsmen about wells, they amicably agreed to separate—the latter taking the well-watered plains of Sodom—the former proceeding farther south, and settling at Hebron. Pushing on, we leave these interesting rocky heights, where Israel contested many a well-fought field, ere accomplishing the subjugation of the Canaanite, who then dwelt in the land. Full of these musings, just before evening closes, we enter Beitun, the ancient Bethel. There is certainly much to excite curiosity, whet research, and fix the attention of the Christian traveller in and around this locality. Though now a desert, in the days of the prophets, the kings, and the commonwealth of Israel, there must have been here a large and beautiful city. The ruins, whether Jewish, Roman, or of a later date, cover some acres in extent; but, like those at Gilgal, are mere mounds scarcely rising above the surface.

* Josh. ix. 17.

† Luke ii. 46.

Dismounting in a small dell, at the side of an old cistern, where an Arab is watering cattle, possibly at the same stream to which Abraham, Jacob, and his sons four thousand years ago may have led their flocks, "drunk of the water themselves, and gave thereof to their herds." We observe two tents pitched, one of which belongs to a Scottish gentleman from Lanarkshire, the other to a Frenchman. Singularly enough, neither of the parties are aware that they are encamped on the ground on which Jacob slept and Bethel stood. Entering the one owned by the Gaul, as the night was advancing, I asked him whether he could give me shelter till morning under his canvas. He kindly replied in the affirmative, stipulating, however, for a consideration equivalent to eight francs, which I thought somewhat extravagant. At a short distance from the vale stands an old convent, synagogue, or castle, ruined and roofless. On examining the interior of this structure, I discover a cavity which seemed to have been occupied by goats. My companion and self fancying that it might be made available as a bedchamber, commence a work similar to that of Hercules; but, in the midst of our labours, observe, peering through the darkness, two Arabs, armed with muskets, who seem to grin as if their prey had already been safely secured in their net. Alarmed, we stalk off instantly by the opposite side, and make our way to the encampment. All having retired to rest, the horses, munching their provender, tethered by a rope tied to the fetlock, and attached to a peg driven into the ground, our *mochera* lies ensconced under his horse-rug, with his saddle for a pillow, breaking the silence of the night with discordant sounds from his nasal organ.

Not feeling any inclination to sleep, being supperless, and the couch uninviting—as the night is calm, the moon shining brilliantly, I leave my companion seated on his carpet-bag, and wander among the fields, meditating on the singular leadings of the Lord's hand, which has brought me thus far on my journey. Kneeling down, I pray, and like Jacob of old, "wrestle with God," nor do I rise or leave the spot until I can say, Surely "this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."* Rising refreshed, I

* Gen. xxviii. 17.

return to my friend, and stretching myself out on the grass, my box for a pillow, a rug my only covering, I lie down and continue my meditations.

The whole scene around me is inexpressibly rich in scriptural association. From an early period Bethel has appeared, to my mind, a place of deep interest, from its first mention as the city of Luz, the place of sojourn of Abraham, the scene of Jacob's vision, its importance as a sanctuary, and its final destruction. Its origin would seem to have been a trysting-place for the tribes. A huge oak or terebinth not only stood here, but formed a conspicuous and a striking object in the landscape. Under its shade public meetings were held, even when the Canaanite dwelt in the land. Probably this was the tree and spot mentioned in Gen. xxxv. 8, "as the oak of weeping," under which Deborah, the nurse of Jacob, was buried, which gave it an interest to the Israelites; and on this account they may have built a city around it. To me it has a deeper still than from either or both of these causes. On this ground, near where I am stretched, Abraham, the father of the faithful, pitched his tent, "built an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord."* The interest still further deepens. After the lapse of many years, Bethel presents itself to our notice as the scene of events equally remarkable. Isaac now about to depart, charges his son Jacob not to take a wife of the daughters of Canaan, but to go to Padan-Aram, to the house of Bethuel, his grandfather, and take a wife of the daughters of Laban. Obedient to the paternal command, he starts on his journey: "Going out from Beersheba, he went towards Haran, and lighted on a certain place, and tarried all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep, when he dreamed a dream, and behold a ladder, or steps of stones, set up on the earth, and the top of it reached heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it; there and then was the promise made, with the God of heaven and the worm Jacob, and an altar erected;"† that is to say, a pillar, the rudiments of that sanctuary which afterwards became so famous in Israel.

Of the trees that gave Bethel its early importance, scarcely

* Gen. xii. 8.

† Gen. xxviii. 10-12.

a vestige now remains, for except a few shrubs, dwarf oaks, acacias, and prickly thorns, there is scarcely any kind of tree-life visible; the crops, however, are magnificent, considering the lightness of the soil, which barely covers the limestone rock. Stones are still as plentiful as they appear to have been in the days of Jacob,—indeed, about twenty minutes' ride farther south, the road was quite a pavement of limestone flags, interspersed with large square and angular blocks from four to ten feet in size, causing us to diverge in tortuous windings to accomplish our passage, as they scarcely left space for a horse and rider to proceed. This locality is more likely to have been the scene of Jacob's dream and vision than at the side of the tank at which I am now reclining. From these two episodes in the lives of the patriarchs, ancient Luz or Bethel arose to an eminence in the annals of Israel, little if at all inferior to that of Jerusalem,—first, as the great northern sanctuary of Ephraim, and second, as a place of strength when the kingdom of Israel was divided. Long was it known as the site of the schools of the prophets, and likewise as the place where one of the two golden calves, which made Israel to sin, was set up.

The question may be asked, What is Bethel now? The answer is, It is a succession of wild, bare, limestone hills, perforated on every side with caves, in which cattle are sheltered by day, and the Beduee by night; no signs of active life except a couple of small oxen drawing a plough or crooked stick, the husbandman with turban and *abbah*, his entire wardrobe; three or four huts clustered together, scarcely distinguishable from a ruckle of stones, a ragged peasant or child peeping out here and there from amongst them. The landscape is a barren moorland, which, with the clear sky, and the rippling stream, bring before me either the upper ward of Lanarkshire, or the country round New Galloway. There is nothing except memory to remind me that I am in the "Land of the Book," and this calm evening to feel that the blue vault above, and the quiet fields around, constitute a "Bethel" now as truly as in the days of Jacob. But a change passes over its history, for instead of Bethel, "the house of God," it became Bethaven, "the house of idols." *

* Hos. x. 5.

It was in this wild mountain district Jehovah declared Himself to be the God of Bethel, and promised to bless His servant Israel. Year after year Samuel came up to this place from the plains of Jericho, partly to superintend the schools of the young men, and partly to discharge the duties of a judge in the land. On this same mount, when Saul had reigned two years, he chose three thousand men, whom he distributed between himself and his son Jonathan, near Michmash and Gibeah of Benjamin. Somewhere, too, near this spot, the terrible battle between Israel and the Philistines was fought.* There is now, to all appearance, as in the days of Saul, neither blacksmiths nor carpenters in the land. In after-years a singular circumstance happened here: a man of God came out of Judah into Bethel, who, seeing Jeroboam standing by the altar and burning incense, cried out against the altar, denouncing it, and prophesying in these words:—"Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out, and the king's hand which he stretched against the man of God dried up."† The whole story is full of interest at any time, but doubly so when read on the spot.

Some hundred years later, the first and most illustrious of Old Testament prophets, Elijah the Tishbite, and Elisha on whom his mantle fell, both went down to Bethel. It was here probably that the latter first became aware, from the questions of the sons of the prophets, "that the Lord would take away his master from his head."‡ A few years later still, good king Josiah commanded Hilkiah the high priest to bring out from the temple the vessels made of gold for Baal and burned them near the Kedron, and their ashes were brought into Bethel. Moreover, the same monarch fulfilled the threatening denounced, 1 Kings xiii., as we read in 2 Kings xxiii. 15,— "The altar that was at Bethel, and the high places which Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, he brake down, stamped it to powder, and burnt the grove." Finally, it was left with a curse hanging over it, pronounced by Amos,— "Bethel shall come to nought,"§ which was awfully fulfilled. Revolving these events in my mind, I at last fall asleep.

* 1 Sam. xiii. † 1 Kings xiii. 5. ‡ 2 Kings ii. 2, 3. § Amos v. 5.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHILOH.

Tuesday 19.—This morning I feel not only stiff and cold, but wet and voraciously hungry, having lain down supperless ; the rain that had fallen during the night soaked me to the skin, and *horribile dictu*, we have neither fire nor breakfast—a piece of hard bread we had carried from Jerusalem constitutes our entire commissariat. This we eat in silence, helping it down with limpid water from the brook, thank God, with an appetite which a dyspeptic would envy, illustrating the old Scottish proverb, “Hunger is good kitchen.” We are again in the saddle, and long before the tent occupiers are astir we are off. The morning is chilly ; white and fleecy clouds career across the sky, ominous of a change in the weather ; the country bleak and uninteresting for the first few miles. As we advance, however, like the day, it begins to improve. We are now drawing near “Ain Yebrûd,” a village perched on a conical hill on our left. The country, now well cultivated with fig-trees, olive-trees, and gardens—the hills beautifully and delightfully adorned with terraces, that are kept in good repair—the fields fenced, a rare sight in Syria. There are also veritable pathways, enclosed with stones, collected from the fields over which the tendrils of the vine are creeping ; whilst vineyards, having a square-built tower for the protection of the watchers, are frequent ; the district presenting not only skilful agriculture, but wealth and intelligence among the inhabitants.

The richness of the soil, the genial clime, the perseverance of the peasant, and abundance of the crops, evince in the terraced slopes and smiling fields what the country may have been under

the commonwealth of Israel. I see no difficulty in believing that the land, though narrow in its limits, mountainous and rugged, would have supported at a former period a population even greater than that of Israel in her most prosperous days. It is easy at a glance to perceive that we are now in the inheritance of Ephraim, to whom was promised and prophesied,—“Blessed of the Lord be his land for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof.”*

The hills, through being destitute of wood, detract much from the beauty of the landscape. The grass at this season of the year is of an emerald green, thick and soft as a Turkey carpet, gemmed everywhere with sweet-smelling many-hued wild flowers. Springs gushing in purling rills like silver threads down the ravines, unite and form streams which find their way on the east to the Jordan, and on the west to the great sea. I observe few kine in the fields or near dwellings, oxen in the ploughs alone being visible. There are few sheep, but many herds of goats, the milk of the latter being rich, sweet to the taste, and sold by the natives at about a piastre the English pint. The fields and crops in size and appearance remind me of the small patches grown on the island of Arran or near Oban in Argyleshire, seemingly in general just sufficient for the wants of the family. The remaining portion of the land lies uncultivated; thistles, coarse grass, weeds, and stones being strewn about in all directions. The people have plenty to eat, but nothing of what we would call home or house comfort. I am aware this is not a just criterion by which to judge of the wants of others, yet upon the whole they seem to be as happy and contented, though differently fed and housed, as the same class of the working population of England.

Yebrúd rises on our left, perched, as already mentioned, on a hill top. We do not ascend, but simply skirt the height or *tell* on which it stands, and are charmed with the beauty of the

* Deut. xxxiii. 13–16.

scenery, consisting of wooded knolls and well-cultivated fields, with busy husbandmen ploughing and sowing. There are also numbers of what appear to be orchards, the country having an appearance similar to that of Hamilton near Glasgow. Flocks are browsing on the slopes, their keepers meanwhile playing on reeds, whiling away the wanton hours like the Arcadians of old. This, after the bleak and barren district through which we have passed, is an Eden. I have even observed a man actually collecting stones from the pathway, building them up as a fence ; who could believe that an Arab would have been guilty of an innovation, trenching so far upon the good old *dolce far niente* ?

Passing Ain-Sinia on our left, we hold on our journey and soon leave behind Ain-el-Haramiyeh ; farther on we pass Jibea, the ancient "Gibeah" of Ephraim, lying west of Thinmath, where I suppose Samson obtained his wife. Thus we arrive at a small hamlet called Tarmus-Aya, where the first difficulty with our guide, Mehiddin-Elluni, occurs, who refuses to leave the beaten track or *sultana* (turnpike) to enable us to visit the ancient Shiloh by making a *detour*. Arguments we cannot use, being nearly ignorant of his language. He proceeds straight on and leaves us behind ; we show no signs of yielding to his nonsense, for if we do we shall have to put up with more of his caprice and self-will, and therefore determine to have our own way, to go wherever fancy leads us, and visit at our leisure any and every object of interest that might attract our attention. My companion and myself, after holding a brief council, turn sharp to the right, trot up the banks of the stream, through fields of growing grain. Our guide seeing our determination, turns and follows us, finally taking the van, and in half an hour we are in the vale of Shiloh.

Travellers frequently allow themselves to be overruled by their dragomen, who not only cheat and rob them on every hand, but lead or rather *drag* them wherever it suits their pleasure or profit. I had heard enough of this to put me on my guard, and therefore had our contract, as already stated, drawn up in such terms as permitted us "to go" *where, when, and at what pace we chose*, our guide receiving his hire only at the conclusion of the journey *ver. sap.*

Having thus succeeded with our muleteer, we enter the dell, my mind in a tumult of emotion on thus finding myself in or near the Shiloh of Scripture, a name fresh and familiar to me from earliest youth ; the phrase, "until Shiloh come," has rung in my ears, impressing on my mind a conception of King Messiah, whom it typifies. Though this be only the *locale* and not the person, yet a tide of feeling uprising within me causes my pulse to throb and tears to flow, giving birth to sensations similar to those I experienced on first entering Gethsemane. During the preceding three quarters of an hour, and until reaching this spot, we had been riding through brambles. Now we are within sight of an isolated edifice, standing beyond two ploughed fields on a declivity before us, to which we make haste, the rain coming down in bucketfuls. Reaching the structure we seek shelter beneath the friendly branches of an umbrageous oak that has sprung up adjoining it, flinging its boughs and sending its roots deep amongst the fragments and ruins of the place. Dismounting—indeed, I am the only one of the three foolish enough to do so—tying my mare to the aforesaid tree, and taking my stand under the dilapidated portal of the ruined temple, synagogue, mosque, or dwelling as it may be, which, I am unable to determine. The walls are thick enough for a fortress, and I perceive that some attempts had been made by the builders to adorn the lintel with a wreath and a representation of a Roman jar or amphora, but with no great degree of success.

Fragments of ancient buildings lie scattered around ; but my examination of the place is shortened and interrupted by the drenching rain, coupled with the manifest impatience, if not fear, of our guide, who—whether his dread be assumed or real, I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with his idiosyncrasy to know — keeps incessantly crying "*Beduce*," or "*Beduwen* !" "*Mosh tyeb* !" "*Mosh tyeb* !" At the same time he points, with fear on his countenance, to the caverns in the adjoining hills, where, it is true, two or three Arabs really seem to be on the watch, and if report speaks truly, are capable of anything ; nor could a place be more convenient for either plunder or murder. M'din, seeing I gave little heed to his cries, bares his arm, and shows me his shattered elbow, and some sabre cuts, the mementoes, he affirms, of *Beduce* bullets and

sword encounters. I must confess to feeling a little all-overish. We are far, I know, from any beaten track, in a lonely dell, surrounded on all sides with caves, inhabited by rude men and women who do not recognise, as regards strangers, the difference between *meum* and *teum*. Exhibiting as few symptoms of alarm as possible, and throwing ourselves on the Almighty's protection, we slowly descend from among the ruins, leaving shafts, cisterns, and friendly trees with a melancholy remembrance of Israel's departed glory. In the narrowest part of the defile, over a meandering spring, by which it is watered, there are a number of caves, whence the sounds of children's voices and the squalling of infants issue, which, together with the appearance now and then of a human head, give evidence of their being peopled.

"Can this," I audibly exclaim, "be Shiloh? Undoubtedly it is—nothing can be more certain; but how changed since the time when Israel, just after entering the land of promise, set up the tabernacle here in obedience to the Divine command!"* What an out-of-the-way place to locate the Ark of God! Did these declivities see the Ark of the Testimony? Did the blood of the morning and evening sacrifice tinge the waters of this stream? Did this dell re-echo with a voice of Israel's thanksgiving for victories achieved and possession obtained? It is scarcely possible to conceive that in this sequestered vale Joshua, Caleb, and the twelve tribes of Israel assembled, and "divided amongst them the land of Canaan."† Yet it is so. To the Tabernacle, which stood here for years, Hannah, a proud and fond mother, came to present and dedicate her only son to God, who had heard and answered her prayer.‡ Here the infant Samuel grew to manhood, became a Seer, and judged Israel.

My recollection suggests that the catastrophe, so graphically described in First Samuel, must have transpired in this valley. The battle having gone against Israel, Eli, the aged priest, was told, whilst sitting at the door of the tabernacle, first of the discomfiture of his countrymen—prisoners in the hands of the Philistines—sad intelligence to a patriot! Further, that his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain—a heavy stroke to a parent!! These misfortunes, however, he could

* Josh. xviii. 1.

† Josh. xviii. 10.

‡ 1 Sam. ii.

have borne, but the last and heaviest blow of all is dealt, in the tidings that the Ark of God is taken, and remains in the hands of the uncircumcised. On receipt of this intelligence, heart and hope are crushed, the aged patriarch can survive no longer; he falls back upon his seat, and is lifted up a lifeless corpse!!!* Probably in this very dell, the annual dances were held, at which the maidens of Shiloh were led forth by the hands of loving partners to thread the joyous maze. On one of these occasions, the Benjamites, concealing themselves in the vineyards, rushed out like the Romans on the Sabines, each seizing and carrying off his future spouse.† Oftentimes in later years, did Samuel the prophet come up from Gilgal and over from Bethel, while the oracle of God continued in this place. Shiloh was the scene, in some instances, of more striking events and solemnities than even her neighbour city. But, after the capture of the ark, Shiloh became nothing more than a name, and at last, by the idolatry of the people, passed like Bethel into a mere tradition. Ichabod was inscribed on its ruins, the glory had departed, and the curse pronounced upon it was literally fulfilled.‡

Quitting Shiloh, and issuing from the defile, on nearing the murmuring stream, we get entangled in the brake and lose our way; but are fortunate enough to descry a ploughman, who gives us the necessary information by which to regain the Great North Road, which we soon reach. At this point we met two travellers, the first we have seen to-day. Anon we stumble upon a youth, sitting on a stone, with a bag of figs; I obtain a hatful of the delicacy for a piastre. Never did I eat anything with a keener relish. It was now past meridian; we left Bethel in the morning, having only a piece of dry bread, so that the figs came in by way of breakfast very seasonably. Farther on, there are some maidens at a fountain, filling their pitchers, which, in walking, they gracefully balance on their heads; it occurs to me that Rachel and Rebekah may possibly have drawn water from the same well.

Keeping Lubban, the ancient Lebonah, on our left, we skirt the hill Sawiet, and soon begin to ascend the mountains of

* 1 Sam. iv. 17.

† Judg. xxi. 19-23.

‡ Jer. vii. 12, 13.

Ephraim, which are bare, rugged, and forbidding, especially when the traveller is cold, hungry, and wet. Before reaching the summit, we are caught in the heaviest rain that, I verily believe, ever fell from heaven, at least since the time Noah was shut up in the ark. Our horses plunge and rear, finally stand still, and though urged, wheel round refusing to face it. Mountain streams, which a few minutes ago were dry channels, become rivers, and "dry lands pools of water." I now understood, better than ever I did in my life, the psalmist's beautiful imagery in speaking of a thunder-storm in the hill country of Judea. There is no shelter; no friendly terebinth rears its shade, nor overhanging ledge of rock, beetling cliff, or hollow cave in which we could seek refuge, is to be seen; indeed, had there been any such, the murkiness of the atmosphere would have prevented us discerning them.

Down comes the rain in torrents, as if the "fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." Lightning gleams in large blue sheets, mingled with forked flashes, which almost blind both horse and rider, and at times I suppose—but it may be fancy—that the flashes are accompanied with a crackling sound, such as I once heard, when witnessing a glorious *aurora borealis* a few years ago, at Dröbak, near Christiana. What crashes of thunder roll and reverberate in multiplied peals, dying away in hoarse murmuring echoes far down in the valley. The sky is completely obscured, and we are enveloped in leaden-coloured clouds, that seem coming down close on our heads. The scene is truly awful, but at the same time sublime. How forcible, and yet appropriate, are the words of the psalmist, when speaking of thunder, "God's voice rends the cedars, and makes the hinds to calve." *

However imposing a thunder-storm may be when contemplated from a parlour window, it is a very different affair when one is exposed to its accompaniment, heavy rain. Sitting, as I am, shelterless on a bleak mountain, without umbrella or overcoat, with only thin shepherd's-plaid *pants* and canvas shoes, from which at this moment the water is literally gushing in spouts—my saddle was wet on leaving Bethel, and again, at Shiloh, soaked. But what is the use of fretting; there is

* Psalm xxix.

no help for misfortunes. I can only ride on, hoping that the weather may clear up, anticipating meantime the comforts of fire and food on reaching Nablous.

Onward we jog through the rain, along the base of Mount Gerizim, continuing our march two hours longer ; but I am too wet, cold, and dispirited to take exact note of time. The pathway is execrable—full of large loose stones, over which our horses are frequently stumbling, chiefly from our inability to hold up their heads. Were I to compare small things with great, the rain, the atmosphere, and the road remind me of once journeying from Gatehouse to New Galloway, to fulfil a preaching engagement in the parish church of the *up-lying* district of Balmaclellan ; there, however, although the country was bleak, the roads bad, and the rain incessant, I had the comfort of a gig, and knew that the manse and its comforts were awaiting me. But of Nablous, its hospitality, or where to hide our heads as yet, we know nothing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NABLOUS, SHECHEM, OR SYCHAR.

LATE in the afternoon we reach, on our right, the southern extremity of a plain, the route becoming more difficult. Subsequently we pass Jacob's Well, and enter the valley on our left, between Mounts Gerizim and Ebal; and riding under an avenue of olive-trees, we ultimately reach the gate of Nablous, the Shechem of the Old Testament, and the Sychar of the evangelists.

Admittance this way is denied us, and we are peremptorily commanded to go round outside the walls, and enter by another gateway, in order that our luggage may be examined; or if that be exempt, a bakhshish may be exacted. On my informing the guard that we are English travellers, and therefore not subject to either impost or delay, he seeing that nothing is to be gained, permits us to enter. On we plash through the dirty streets to the humble dwelling of a poor woman, a Roman Catholic, who, on the promise of a bakhshish, receives us into her house. Dismounting, a feat which I accomplished with difficulty, we traverse a narrow dark passage, climb a broken stone stair, and cross the threshold of her dwelling, which contains only a single apartment. I look with unutterable astonishment on observing that the fire for the entire household is on a hollow piece of sheet-iron, similar in size and appearance to an old tin waiter; the heat from this primitive apparatus being all the place can furnish towards cooking food and drying our soaked garments. Sending out for, and procuring provisions—no easy matter, considering my stock of Arabic words; I had acquired, however, the numerals, and was able to reckon up to ten, which, on this and many

other occasions, was of immense service. Thus we obtained a goodly supply of bread, eggs, coffee, sugar, and milk. The whole neighbourhood is soon advised of our arrival, and the apartment filled.

I would have gone out of doors, but for various reasons could not, it being now dark, the night wet, and my clothes suspended to dry from the rafters; in short, I am almost as much in the Adamite costume as the company around me. A cup of coffee soon cheers and warms us. The fuel used is charcoal; a few small pieces, from the thickness of a pipe stem to that of your thumb, weighing about four ounces, were brought in—a piastre was said to be the price. A portion of this was laid upon the brazier; our hostess lustily applied her mouth and blew until the water boiled, in the same primitive mode in which fires were lit in the times of Homer. But this is common throughout all the East; or if anything artificial be used, a small fan of dried grass, or a bird's wing, equally serves the purpose. I already perceive that in travelling without a tent I may have more hardships to put up with; but I shall certainly see much more of the country, and become better acquainted with the habits and manners of the people, which will be more than an equivalent for the discomfort.

The evening having now completely set in, a lamp is lit—a very primitive concern, fed with olive oil, and hung on a nail on the wall, such as I have seen forty years ago in the Western Highlands, the form of the lamp or “cruze” being the same. The Scottish use the pith of the rush for a wick, and train oil; here cotton, and olive. After having written up my notes, (no small matter of wonderment to the gaping onlookers,) we show unmistakable signs of wishing to lie down—I dare not say retire. Numbers take the hint and leave, when I observe that we are still to have company. Our kind hostess has her own two boys, besides a tailor and shoemaker, lodgers—an interesting group. All pig down on the floor, dressed as we are. It is true we have a quilted mat under us, which, had it been left alone, would have moved off, it was so full of life; nevertheless, though thus situated, with the blessing and presence of God, I, and I believe all, slept soundly.

Nablous, Wednesday, 20th.—I rise this morning from my

hard couch none the worse, thank God, for yesterday's drenching, although my clothes had to partially dry on my person during the night. The room presents a strange appearance, revealing, as the light streams in, a motley group, reminding me of a St Giles's lodging-house for tramps, or of an Irish shebeen in which I once sojourned a night at Ballinahinch; nevertheless, the lodgers, as well as the family, seemed to take this commingling of persons in one apartment as a matter of course. Leaping up and shaking myself, and stepping out on a platform at the top of the staircase overlooking a tannery, I partially perform my toilet in companionship of a female busily engaged in some culinary process.

The view from this look-out is magnificent. Mount Ebal rises opposite, the bright sun bringing out its light and dark green tints, my eyes probably resting on the spot where Moses stood when reading the law in the hearing of the congregated Israelites. Mount Gerizim, directly overhead, looks down upon us frowningly. This would be the place, if it were my intention, to discuss the question of Scripture localities, particularly that where "blessings and cursings" were to be given, as it is written, "And it shall come to pass, when the Lord thy God hath brought thee in unto the land whither thou goest to possess it, that thou shalt put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal. Are they not on the other side Jordan, by the way where the sun goeth down, in the land of the Canaanites, who dwell in the champaign over against Gilgal, beside the plains and trees of Moreh?"* Without dwelling on the question, whether Moses could be audible across the valley, that is from hill to hill, the distance between them being from four to six hundred yards, I may remark that, judging from my own experience of Highland glens, and the capabilities of the human voice, when all is still, I deem to be not only possible, but susceptible of auricular demonstration.

I cannot express my emotions of joy and gratitude in being permitted to visit this city and district, so exceedingly rich in scriptural antiquities. I could almost hug every Shechemite, man, woman, and child; but the operation might be attended with danger—so prudently refrain. Obtaining my mare and

* Deut. xi. 29-30.

hiring a half-grown lad, a Syrio-Christian, to accompany me, we proceed along the silent streets, plunging through the mire in the direction of Jacob's well, an object of deep interest situated about a mile from the town, at the entrance of the valley, through which we passed the preceding evening. Traversing the main street of the city, which has a deep gully two feet wide running along its centre, with an apology for a paved way on each side for pedestrians—the former is fetlock deep with liquid refuse; the latter, covered with muck and dung heaps—we emerge from the gateway and ride through an olive grove, picking our way through loose stones, holes, pools, and gnarled tree-roots; the snake-like angles of the latter frequently cropping out, render riding or walking at all times hazardous. The plain is here about seven hundred yards wide, well cultivated, and bearing green crops of excellent promise. But hush! here is sacred ground; I am at the well of Jacob. Dismounting, tethering my horse, creeping through a hole in the outer wall, that surmounts the pit-like opening, I stand and solemnly gaze upon a spot which, for more than twenty years, I have longed to visit and behold.

The place is a scene of ruins: fragments of buildings and broken down walls, with thistles and weeds overgrown, all around profoundly silent, save the sound of joyous nature; fleecy white clouds are drifting overhead, casting their sombre shadows over the valley and the plain below, and coursing like spirits across the slopes of Gerizim and Ebal; the birds are in full song, the grasshopper chirps, and wild flowers bloom on every side. With this gush and outpouring of life my heart is in full harmony. Sitting down on the dwarf wall forming the margin of the well, and turning to the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, I read the interesting colloquy between our Saviour and the woman of Samaria; for here the event is supposed to have taken place. Again and again I read the verses, meditating and examining with earnest gaze every line and object around me. Amid all the changes which nations, kingdoms, and peoples have undergone, since the promulgation of the simple yet sublime doctrines first enunciated on this spot, the great features of the scene remain this day as when His eyes fell upon them; and thus whilst endeavouring to realise His presence, I seek His blessing upon His

word. Having finished reading, I again make an effort to fix the entire landscape on my memory; then rising and retiring from the mouth of the well, and kneeling behind a fragment of masonry, I pour out my adoration and thanksgiving to Jesus-Jehovah, Lord of all. Oh, how sweet to my soul and refreshing to my faith thus to bend my knees where the Redeemer once sat! My communings and sensations are at this moment such as may not be subjected to analysis or description, being too spiritual for the one and too solemn for the other. While prostrate at my devotions, an Arab comes stealthily along and stands beside me. As soon as I rise he assails me for bakhshîsh, and it is with some difficulty that I get rid of him; indeed, he only departs on being threatened with personal chastisement. Had he been lame, blind, or needy, this was the place, and I was perfectly in the mood, not only to be in charity with man, but to exercise the practical grace of benevolence. The intruder was none of these, having all the appearance of a substantial farmer or proprietor.

The well is situated, as already said, in the midst of extensive ruins—the remnants of churches, temples, and monasteries erected in its honour; it is surrounded by an outer wall five or six feet high, and an inner one of about two feet in height. Leaping down from the latter, I stand on the platform or roof, which now covers the orifice about four feet from the surface; I endeavour to peep down through a narrow delta-like crevice between huge stones, but can see nothing. Dropping a stone, I hear it fall to the bottom, and judging from the sound, there appeared to be no water. I have no means of ascertaining the depth, which, according to Murray's Guide, is seventy-five feet; the present diameter I should suppose from six to eight. The sides have been lined, but are now much decayed, affording an easy means of scrambling up and down.

It stands about eight hundred yards from the base of Gerizim, among some corn fields, near which there is neither house nor habitation. Picking up a few pebbles and wild flowers as souvenirs of my visit; I wished on this occasion to have had a companion with whom I could interchange impressions as to the hallowedness of the spot; but being alone, I gave way to my enraptured feelings and sung aloud our

beautiful Scottish version of the 23d Psalm. My mind naturally reverting to the past, I believe I am occupying the identical spot where, eighteen hundred years ago, wearied and footsore, the Saviour sat down to rest and refresh Himself. The sacred narrative informs us that His disciples had gone to the city to buy bread, leaving the Master meditating alone. What sublime reflections must His have been!

Calling to mind the scene so graphically described, I could almost imagine I perceive the woman coming down the valley towards the well, with an empty pitcher on her head, which she fills by drawing the bucket from the pit and emptying it into her pitcher, apparently without observing the stranger. She is about to depart, when accosted with the request, "Give me to drink." Amazed that a Jew, between whom and her countrymen neither friendship nor intercourse existed, should condescend to recognise her at all, much less ask for a draught of water—she answered, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, a woman of Samaria?"* Our Lord at once opens up His mission, and declares His readiness to bestow the refreshing and cleansing virtues of His blood and Holy Spirit on all without exception, saying, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

How must her heart have throbbed with emotion, and her soul thrilled, as the Son of man unfolded in the minutest detail, the outlines of her checkered life, and the secret passions of her inmost soul! With a woman's ready tact and facile judgment, she concludes her informant must be a prophet; then again, urged by a woman's curiosity, she propounds the momentous question, whether the Jews or Samaritans were right in their peculiar and localised worship of God the Father. Having listened to His reply, she hastens to the city and informs her townsmen of the encounter at the well of Jacob, where she had met with a man who told her all things that ever she did; adding at the same time the interrogation, "Is not this the Christ?"

The origin of the feud between the Jews and Samaritans to which the woman's first question referred, may be traced to

* John iv. 9, 10.

events previously recorded, and also to the following: Whilst Nehemiah was engaged in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, the Samaritans used every effort to thwart him and arrest the enterprise, but failed.* They having obtained leave of the Persian monarch to build a temple for themselves, erected it on Mount Gerizim, strenuously contending that this was the sacred locality designated by Moses, consecrated by Abraham, and that on its summit were the twelve stones which the priest removed at the command of Joshua from the divided and dried channel of the Jordan. Sanballat, the leader of the Samaritans on this occasion, consecrated his son-in-law "Manasses" high priest; their religion becoming thus established, the mutual hatred between the Samaritans and the Israelites was intensified. Afterwards Samaria became, as Rome was in her early history, a resort of all the outlaws of Judæa; criminals who had escaped from justice, the excommunicated, exiled, and discontented—were all received and welcomed to the district, to swell the numbers and augment the common security; thus further exasperating and widening the breach between the two nations. Another cause may be assigned: The Samaritans only acknowledged and received as inspired, the first five books of Moses, rejecting not only the prophetic writings, but the entire bulk of Jewish traditions; hence both in politics and religion a bitter festering jealousy was still further generated,† giving birth in turn to strife and hate, the Jews regarding the Samaritans as Britain till of late years did the French, as implacable and natural enemies.

Our Lord, who came to break down the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile, and heal the breaches of nations and peoples, not only preached the gospel of the kingdom to the despised Samaritans, but commended their character for gratitude, brotherly love, and hospitality, in two beautiful parables; one of them, that of the good Samaritan, perhaps the most perfect of all He uttered.‡ His apostles, after the resurrection, followed the example and obeyed the command of their Master, conveying the story of the cross down to the despised sons and daughters of Abraham in Samaria.§

* Neh. vi. 1-14.

† Luke x. 30.

‡ John viii. 48.

§ Acts viii. 45.

A controversy has long been going on between travellers and authors, whether the place where I am now sitting be really the well of Jacob, at which our Lord had the interview above narrated; one party contending, as if inspiration depended on the issue, that its distance from the town is too great, or else the city has moved its position farther up the valley to the west. The Roman name Neapolis—New City—corrupted into Nablous, the existing city of Shechem, seems to favour this view; to which is added by way of argument, that there are other fountains nearer and much more amply supplied than this one, which is a mile, if not more, from the city. On the other hand, it is urged and maintained with equal zeal, that this is the identical well, revered, honoured, and known as such by the Jews since the time of the patriarchs, and by Christians since the days of our Lord; moreover, that the Samaritans have ever regarded Jacob as their father with an earnestness equal to that of the Israelites, nor is the patriarch less honoured by the Moslem; consequently it is almost impossible that a locality so sacred to so many creeds could be mistaken; and again that distance is not of great moment in the East, where time is of little value, especially when religion and veneration come into play.

I am, therefore, of opinion, that the traditions last cited, being unbroken and universal, are well sustained; consequently that this is really and truly the well of the patriarch, and the scene of the event narrated by the evangelist. At all events, I have no hesitation in allowing my devotional impulses full liberty to luxuriate in the belief that I am on holy ground. From this sequestered glen between these mounts of blessing and cursing, a truth more sublime than either Plato, Socrates, or the Stagyrte ever knew, was enunciated, which may be comprised in the simple but comprehensive dogma:—"God is a Spirit," and the corollary—would that it were better appreciated or understood by Christendom!—is, "They who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."*

Having concluded my meditations and devotions, I remount, and ride slowly up the glen. In the midst of the fields, about four hundred yards to the right, stands the tomb of Joseph—a

* John iv. 24.

white square structure, not unlike that of Rachel at Bethlehem. Here, I am informed, both Jews and Moslems, with equal devotion, repeat their prayers. I observe in passing, a cluster of houses on my right hand, and a few yards farther on a beautiful fountain, where flocks are being watered. The declivities of the hills in this end of the valley, though verdant, are bare of wood, and seemingly only fit for pasturing goats, of which I observe several herds, the tinkling bell of the leader of the flock and the cry of the shepherd ringing at times in the air. Traversing once more the grove of olives, I re-enter the city.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NABLOUS.

THE population of Nablous numbers 'from seven to eight thousand, of whom only about five hundred are Christians, chiefly belonging to the Latin Church. For some years by-past there has been here a diocesan mission for the conversion and education of the Jews; but, like that at Jerusalem, it has had great difficulties to encounter. The enemy, I may say of God and His gospel, is ever active, assuming, as of old, different guises and using different instrumentalities to stay the progress and thwart the efforts of the Church. In the East this evil principle takes the form of traducing and falsifying the intentions of the missionaries, chiefly by insinuating that every Jewish convert is bought at a stipulated price, rising or falling in proportion to the rank of the individual. I heard of fabulous sums having been paid as a premium for a single convert, in order, it was said, that the conversion might grace a report or tell in a May meeting at Exeter Hall.

This is the old story; the same is ascribed to the Protestant missions in the west of Ireland, by the Roman Catholic party, who give the process the designation of *souperism*—I suppose, because food is sometimes distributed amongst the poor. A Jew who resolves to become a Christian has his movements not only watched, but he is threatened and often persecuted by friends, relatives, and rabbis. Many of the Jews being indigent, as I mentioned in speaking of Jerusalem, are in receipt of relief, which comes in a great measure to them through the Synagogue; on the first breath of suspicion of attending the mission meetings, or of sending a child to the school, pecuniary aid ceases, and in the event of persistency

is finally withdrawn. Sometimes more energetic measures are adopted, the culprit being whisked off no one can tell where. There are fewer difficulties in becoming a convert on the part of those Jews who are under the charge of the respective consuls, than those swayed by the rabbis; hence the majority of converts here, as far as I could learn, have been under the protection of the Prussian or English governments. Spanish, Austrian, or Portuguese Jews, scarcely ever become converts.

Here, as well as at Jerusalem, there are day schools, attended by between thirty and forty children, chiefly Jewish, the branches usually taught being writing and arithmetic, the reading, English, Italian, and Hebrew. The girls are taught sewing, whilst both sexes are employed in different kinds of indoor work. There is also connected with the establishment a dispensary, at which medicines may be obtained gratuitously every morning; a medical gentleman also visits the patients at their homes when required to do so. Prayer-books, Bibles, and Testaments are sold at a cheap rate, whilst tracts in Arabic and Turkish are freely distributed. Who, in regarding this and kindred missions, would not exclaim, "Thy kingdom come!" May the blessed gospel of God our Saviour soon become known to God's ancient people, and may the ingathering of our elder brother herald the fulness of the Gentiles!

A few families of Samaritans still linger about the cities of their fathers and the scenes of their solemnities around Mount Gerizim. On the latter there are still ruins of their once famous temple; and also a skeleton form of their no less famous worship. Three times a year the people proceed in solemn procession to the top of the mountain, reading the law whilst ascending; there they perform first the feast of the pass-over, sacrificing lambs—a ceremony that I learn was celebrated on the day preceding my arrival; I felt sorry I did not reach the town in time to be present. Next they have the feast of Pentecost; and finally that of Tabernacles, which is performed in booths formed of branches. They still retain the old seventh day of worship, and have two synagogues in the town, where they meet on Friday evening and Saturday morning. Like some worshippers I have seen, they seem to repeat their

prayers mechanically in a hurried irreverent manner, bawling at the top of their voice, evincing none of the decorum observed by either Jew or Moslem in their devotional exercises, being even less decorous than those of the Jews in Duke Street, London. The Samaritans, being mostly poor, are held in small esteem by the proud Osmanli, and are seemingly as cordially hated now by the Jews as they were in the days of our Lord. In one of their synagogues there is a splendid copy of the Pentateuch in the original Samaritan character, together with a few Arabic MSS., which they say are as old as the days of Eliezer. These, with a few commentaries, are under the care of the high priest. I could not help feeling for their degraded condition, as well as for their poverty and ignorance. Like their brother the Jew, they are treated like strangers in their own land, which they have possessed since the days of Jeroboam; Shechem being the ancient metropolis of Samaria. Four centuries and a half before Christ, the Samaritans were a great and a distinct people;* and in later ages they took with the Jews a conspicuous part in the wars with imperial Rome. Though now small in numbers, being a mere handful of thirty families, scarcely rich enough to purchase victims for the yearly sacrifice, at one time they filled the world with the splendour of their renown, their fame and religion having spread from Memphis to Rome; but to all human appearance they will in the course of a few years have left little more than a name to mark their existence.

Mount Gerizim, the scene of the Samaritan religious festivities, is reached by a gently-inclined winding pathway about a mile from the town; the view from the crest of the height is not only interesting in itself, but embraces many remarkable objects. The Mediterranean is seen on the west, Hermon on the north, and on the east the mountains of Moab, rising like a wall of rock. A short distance eastward there is a rocky knoll, and about half a mile beyond that a level space or plateau, where some large stones are scattered about, resembling the ruins of an ancient building. Amongst these fragments is a small cleared area with a trough-like cavity, partially filled with ashes and bones. This is the *sanctum* of the

* Neh. xiii.

Mount. Here the Samaritans for four thousand years have sacrificed the passover, in terms of the law. The lambs or cocks—for both are used in sacrifice—are killed and roasted in this trough, and all the people of both sexes and ages partake of the sacrifice, “having their loins girt and staves in their hands.”* A short distance farther off there are some ruins, composed chiefly of large bevelled stones, a few *in situ*, others prostrate; under the latter it is believed lie hidden the twelve stones taken from the Jordan, already referred to.

There are travellers and writers of note who contend that this is the true Mount Moriah, the spot where Abraham sacrificed the ram that was caught, instead of Isaac; where Jacob slept and had his vision of the ladder; and where the ark was set up. Amongst those who hold this opinion is Dean Stanley, who, in his admirable work on Palestine, not only broaches but argues in favour of this view. I have not been long enough here, nor have I an opportunity now, to examine calmly the grounds of this somewhat startling assertion, but to me with my present information it seems altogether preposterous. I arrive at this conclusion partly because of the distance Abraham, the lad, and the attendants would have to travel within a specified time, before arriving here; and partly because it is unlikely that tradition could have erred so far as to confound Mount Moriah on the Kedron, with Mount Gerizim in the valley of Shechem. Standing on the ground, I put the question: Can this really be the spot whereon was enacted the miraculous interposition that stayed the patriarch's hand and rescued the progenitor of one in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed? Am I really on the spot over which the angel hovered, and where Araunah had his thrashing-floor? This I cannot bring my mind to admit. The geographical arguments are as unfavourable as the argument of distance, in addition to which is opposed the almost uniform tradition upheld by the “voice of Israel.” Better, I exclaim, let the Samaritans continue “to worship they know not what;” give to Mount Gerizim and Ebal all the glory of antiquity, the memory and associations of Old and New Testament history. Whatever may be gained by the new hypothesis, truth is neither to be reached nor secured by any reason-

* Exod. xii. 1-11.



HECHEM. (NABLOUS) OF SYCHAR.

MOUNT ERAL.

ing or theory, however plausible. Therefore, till more light be thrown upon the subject, let the scenes hallowed and the localities consecrated by Scripture, history, and tradition, remain *quo ante*.

The position of Nablous is one of rare beauty. Conceive a magnificent valley, a few hundred yards in width, enclosed on both sides by mountains rising at a sharp inclination to a height of 2500 feet. Fresh springs and fountains gushing, leaping, and sparkling in every direction. Whatever else may be the character of Palestine, this at least is not a barren wilderness: here the grass is not stunted; the sward, green as an emerald, is as soft as velvet. A clear blue sky, and what is strange in Syria, a haze arising from the abundance of moisture, throwing a purple tinge over the distant hills, giving an air of enchantment to the landscape. Orchards and gardens near the town fill the width of the valley, and the olive with its silver-gray leaf creeps up the declivities, corn fields of delicate green and others of russet hue fill the eye, rich perfumes float on the breeze, while a flood of melody is poured from every tree. Every sense is gratified and delighted. Arcadia and the Vale of Tempe may be fertile and lovely, but Shechem is a paradise.

The city as seen through the foliage of the trees appears a fair vision of white-domed houses and tall gilded minarets, interspersed with the verdure of the mulberry, the fig, and the apricot, a sea of green below, an azure heaven above. But as in the case of Cairo and Jerusalem, enter within the walls, the charm dissolves, and the fairy spell is broken. The streets are merely narrow lanes, gloomy, dark, and tunnel-like, tainted, with the odour of stagnant water and redolent with filth. The houses are built of stone, tolerably lofty, many having piazzas in front, supported on arches; whether this peculiarity is for security or to raise the apartments high above the smells, I cannot say. No city is more abundantly supplied with water, nor is there any lack of fountains, many of which are the gifts of pious Mussulmans, but, as elsewhere in Syria, no use seems to be made of the commodity. Jaffa and Bethlechem no longer bear the palm of uncleanness. The street by which I first entered Nablous I supposed was the dung depot, until I discovered on further acquaintance, the whole city was alike. There are

numbers of shops, not, however, *magazins*, in the European meaning of the term, but simply openings in the wall, or stalls on the pavement; they are supplied with the cheapest of wares, such as combs, knives, incense, pipes, paper for cigarettes, trinketry, and comestibles. The eggs are dyed a variety of colours, and sold at eight a piastre, (2d. ;) bread of excellent quality, at half a piastre a pound; coffee is reasonable in price, but sugar extravagantly dear. Rice forms the staple article of diet. Animal food seems to be rarely used; I observe no signs of beef, mutton, or butcher's shop. It is gratifying to notice a great many men busily occupied in cleaning cotton, using for that purpose a handbow, similar to that with which hatters disentangle hair or felt; women and girls are seated outside the doors dressing and otherwise manipulating cotton. I also notice silk and cotton weavers, a number of barbers' shops—not, however, for beard, but head shaving. There are an abundance of blacksmiths, whose anvil is a curiosity of its kind, the face being only five inches by two. There are two or three coppersmiths, who use neither mandril nor shape-block, simply beating the metal into form with the hammer. Vessels of this substance are used by the upper classes for both culinary and ablutory purposes.

But most pleasing of all, the modern Shechem has her factories, one in particular for the manufacture of olive oil. The mode of extracting the fluid is very simple: the fruit or berries are picked by children as cherries are in Kent, and immediately carried to the mill, which is merely a large stationary stone with a cavity, into which another, cut to fit the depression, revolves, turned by an ox or by the hand; the mass of pulp when withdrawn is wrapped in a mat, put under the pressure of a beam on the lever principle, sometimes with a screw; the oil is received into vessels, and after being heated is secured in jars, and thus ready for the market. There is also a soap work, employing a number of hands, the manufactured article finding its way to the principal towns of Syria. I have often thought it would be an advantage to the persons and attire of the Shechemites if they would use a little more of it themselves. Next door to my lodging there is a large tannery, where are lying at this moment seven rows of tanned

dog skins, upwards of twenty in each, of a black colour, and distended in the form of the animal ; they are undergoing the process of drying, to be used, I presume, as water bags or bottles. There is no want of industry in the place, for I have seen more in a short time than I have observed in all the rest of Palestine put together.

The character of the Moslem inhabitants is anything but well-spoken of ; some designate it as very bad, notorious for fanaticism and rudeness toward their Christian fellow-townsmen and strangers ; their lawlessness and rebelliousness against their rulers has become proverbial. During the Rhamadan or annual festival, the poor Christians and Samaritans are often despoiled, their synagogues broken into, and their persons maltreated. It is only justice, however, to say that I have frequently ridden and walked through their streets, prying, as is my habit, into their windows, doors, and booths, handled the artisan's implements, doing my uttermost to make myself acquainted with their customs and modes of life, and yet everywhere I have been treated with kindness and urbanity.

It is not the beauty or fertility of situation, or the loveliness of the valley that lies beneath, that gives modern Nablous, the Shechem of old, its interest to the traveller ; this arises more from its historic association, antiquity, and the many great and solemn events it has witnessed since Abraham first, on his way from Chaldea to Canaan, pitched his tent in its neighbourhood. Purchasing, as we read, a parcel of ground from Hamor for a hundred pieces of money,* upon it he erected an altar, the first ever raised in the land, which he called El-el-ohé-Israel ; at this period it was a wilderness, for no inhabitant had as yet built a dwelling therein. Nomadic tribes wandered about of their own sweet will, wherever pasture and water could be obtained for their flocks. From this being the first place of settlement when Israel dwelt in tents, it arose in course of time to be the capital of the kingdom, possessing natural advantages of shelter, easy of defence, fertile in an eminent degree, and abundantly watered ; nothing was wanting but the presence and blessing of God ; these, as already seen, were also ultimately conferred upon it.† It is not to be forgotten that within these precincts a treacher-

* Gen. xxxiii. 19.

† Deut. xi. 29, 30.

ous and cruel act was perpetrated by Jacob's two sons, Simeon and Levi, in the matter of their sister Dinah, and Shechem, Hemor's son, whose city they destroyed, taking the women, children, cattle, and wealth as a prey,* thereby bringing upon themselves the curse of their father in these words :—"Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitation. O my soul, come not thou into their secret. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel. I will divide them in Jacob and scatter them in Israel."† A little further down the tide of time a circumstance happened which tended to render the city of Shechem more noted still. At a period when the judges seemed to have ruled the nations with feeble rein, Abimelech had grasped at the throne, was crowned at the "pillar of Shechem," and in order still further to strengthen his position, he endeavoured to induce the princes or sheikhs of some other cities to make common cause with him in forming a league offensive and defensive. These projects, however, were seen and detected by Jotham, who stood on the top of Mount Gerizim and cried : "Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem," giving utterance to the first, and to this day the most beautiful of Old Testament parables, that in which the trees of the forest are spoken of as having met to chose themselves a king.‡ Nor is it to be overlooked in this sketch, brief though it be, that Shechem was not only a royal city, but the chief seat of Israel's assemblies, where prophets lived, and where kings were crowned and inaugurated. Rehoboam, after the death of his father Solomon, having taken the foolish advice of the young courtiers, who flattered and fawned, as they do at the present day, went with all Israel to Shechem, as the text says, "to be made king." Jeroboam also, who did more to cause Israel to sin than any king before or after him, threw around this city, for a short time, a large amount of splendour, by restoring its faded glory and dignity, and constituting it the capital of his new kingdom. How long it bore its honours alone, or at what time they were divided between it and Tirzah, another royal city, is unknown.

After this it politically languished, and only appeared as the centre of Samaritan worship, a rival of the higher and purer

* Gen. xxxiv.

† Gen. xlix. 5-7.

‡ Judges ix.

ritual prescribed at Jerusalem, the enmity and feud between it and Jerusalem, as already narrated, growing fiercer, and the breach becoming wider, until John Hyrcanus (B.C. 134) destroyed their temple on Mount Gerizim; their name and nation then became a reproach and a byword, and so it continued down till the Christian era. Justin Martyr, the celebrated Christian father, was born at Shechem or Neapolis, A.D. 89. In the dark ages the city was the seat of a bishop, and at last fell an easy prey to the Moslem when they conquered Syria, and would in all probability yield as readily as ever to any invader who might covet possession of the fertile district.

Before leaving we are strongly urged by a native Christian to take an escort for our protection as far as Jenîn; the country round Sebaste, Jeba, and Kubatiyeh being so unsafe, that few caravans, except well-guarded, escaped being plundered, and few pilgrims could traverse it without being maltreated, often even murdered. Accordingly we waited on the military governor, requesting an escort; he at once accedes to our wish, promising to send a guard, the pay to be ten piastres per soldier. He kept his word, for shortly after two well-appointed horsemen rode up to the narrow entrance of our dwelling, each armed with a flint-lock long-barreled musket and a djereed or lance of about ten or twelve feet in length, the men themselves little, wiry, black-eyed Arabs. I reason with my companion that an escort will lead the Bedwee to suppose we have something valuable to protect, and if attacked such guards would be simply ridiculous, and therefore suggest that we should do as heretofore, trust ourselves to God's keeping, a smooth tongue, and the potency of piastres. These arguments prevailed; so, giving the men a bakhshish, we dismiss them with our thanks to the governor, and prepare to start unescorted.

Furnishing ourselves with bread, eggs, and oranges, these being the only portable eatables we could obtain—and it was necessary to have something, as nothing in the shape of food could be had till we reached our destination late in the evening—we settle with our hostess, pay her twelve piastres for the use of her floor and charcoal brazier, mount our horses, and wend our way through the streets. Reaching the gate

on the west side of the city, we are greeted with a scowl from the guards, in remembrance of their being deprived of their anticipated bakhshîsh the preceding night. From the gateway onwards, the pathway traverses a continued succession of orchards and gardens. There are a few fine villa-like residences embosomed amongst trees, particularly on the left hand, belonging to the aristocracy and merchants of Nablous.

There is more life, trade, and taste in and around Nablous than one could have expected in such an out-of-the-way corner of Palestine. If under narrow Turkish laws and suicidal customs trade can flourish, what might not be effected by British enterprise, capital, and a constitutional government? With these, this lovely valley, with its great capabilities of water-power, position, and fertile soil, the place and people would soon present an immensely improved appearance. In the good time coming, in which I have great faith, or if Syria pass into the power of either France or Russia—seemingly from several points of view its ultimate destiny—Nablous, with its resources, can neither be overlooked nor forgotten; nay, it may yet wield an influence greater than it did in the days of Rehoboam, or when the son of Nebat made it his royal city and the capital of Samaria.

CHAPTER XXV.

SAMARIA.

OUR route is now due west, along the margin of a small stream, the pathway good. We have evidently crossed the summit-level of the country, the brook running in the direction we are going. At a mile or two's distance from town we pass on our left the ruins of an aqueduct or some such structure, a few arches of which are still standing ; while from a mill on our right, driven by a water-wheel, are heard the sounds of busy industry. We meet numbers of camels and asses laden with grain and other produce from farms and villages on their way to towns ; while groups of merry children are playing and frolicking about in the exuberance of youth, health, and nudity. The landscape is truly magnificent ; corn, wheat, and maize are abundant ; whilst olive, vine, and fig-trees are in luxuriance, every step opening up new views of a rich agricultural country. Villages clustering together add to the beauty of the scene, but affording, from their walled appearance, evidences of the lawlessness and insecurity of life and property. Many of these are built on crags and precipices, as Norval describes his father's home—

“ On a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod.”

An idea may be formed when surveying this beautiful country, fertile as a garden, though under the rude cultivation of the Arab, whose plough is only a crooked stick, and his harrow the branch of a tree, what it must have presented in the days of Ahab, when literally teeming with wheat, olives, and vines. We can also better understand the meaning of the prophet, when, denouncing this district, he

said—"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim." "Fat" vines still crown these rich slopes, and olive groves, as far as the eye can reach, clothe the mountain-sides; the whole landscape as beautiful and well wooded as Sussex, to which in some respects it bears a faint resemblance. After an agreeable journey of two hours, (say six miles,) Mehiddin shouts "Sebastieh!" and there stands Samaria before us, magnificently situated on an isolated conical hill, rivalling Shechem—nay, even Jerusalem in its commanding position. Spurring our horses we descend the hill, cross a marsh and small burn, and ascend a steep declivity, the path lined on each side with huge hewn stones, broken columns, fragments of sculpture, shattered arches, and other ruins, remains of the city's former opulence. It is impossible to prevent melancholy reflections filling my mind on entering the deserted royal city of Samaria.

We direct our steps first to the remains of the noble but ruined church of St John's, said to be the parent of all the St John's churches in Christendom.* It stands perched on the eastern crest of the hill, near which we dismount, accompanied, I believe, by the entire population, who have been watching our approach from their cottage doors, travellers and pilgrims being a real godsend—that is to say, a harvest for reaping bakhshish. Their watching our arrival brings vividly to my remembrance the cartoon in *Punch*, representing "mine host of the Garter," together with the landlady, chambermaid, and boots lying in ambush for the advent of a traveller. We can scarcely move about, the crowds pressing and following us from ruin to ruin, either proffering their assistance, or shouting for bakhshish. On asking for the key of the church, a tall, fine-looking old man appears, who greets us with "*Salaam alikoum*," and leads the way down the few steps of a small area, where, opening a door, he introduces us into the supposed prison and place of execution of John the Baptist. There is shown a block upon which the Herald of the Gospel was decapitated; we examine this, and are shown a large flagstone, covering, he said, the tomb of the martyr, known to the natives by the term, "Wely-Neby-

* The same claim is made for St John's Lateran at Rome and St John's at Ephesus.

yah-ya." The tomb is cut in the rock, which, I am sorry to say, I did not descend to examine, my faith in the tradition being in this instance, and this morning, extremely weak. Although the tradition dates back to the time of St Jerome, he may have known just as little of its identity as we do at the present day. Josephus asserts that John was beheaded in the castle at Machærus, somewhere east of the Dead Sea ; yet the Baptist may have been imprisoned, martyred, and buried in Samaria. Very likely the tradition has had its origin more from this having been the city of Herod than from any reliable fact or historic evidence on the subject. With a feeling of doubt akin to that I experienced in Jerusalem, I must not be too positive on any such point, credibility and credulity in this land of wonders and legends being often interchangeable ; the data, too, upon which holy places rest their claims are frequently, if not pious frauds, in too many instances misapprehensions.

The church, on the floor of which we are now standing, is roofless—the sun in its golden radiance illuminating its old walls, which are almost entire. The niche or recess in which of erst the altar stood, occupies the whole eastern end of the structure. The windows exhibit a mixed style of architecture, having both the pointed or Gothic arch, and the rounded, usually termed the Saxon. The walls seem modern, on which there are white marble tablets, with the emblems of our salvation, or crosses, now almost obliterated by the hands of the fanatic Moslem. Yet why blame them ? Their bigotry, and mode of showing it, is neither more intense nor absurd, nor does it run in a different channel, from that in which the same spirit did, in our own land, three hundred years ago, and which, though now scotched and repressed among us, is still in existence. Whether this edifice architecturally be Gothic, Jewish, or Roman, or a combination of all three, or by whom raised, let the learned determine. The whole building, with its associations, whether true or false, fills my mind with a train of Old Testament recollections ; reluctantly, therefore, I remount the steps, and see the door shut upon a place which at one time was held in as much veneration, and at which as wild devotional orgies were perpetrated, as ever Bethlehem witnessed, or disgraced the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Paying our cicerone the modest sum of five

piastres, I pace the exterior of the building, and calculate it to be some 160 feet in length by 80 in breadth. Dean Stanley seems to conjecture that the reservoir, lying near the wall, may be the pool where Neboth and his sons perished, as the murderers of Ishibosheth, and where the chariot of Ahab,* stained with blood, was washed, after the fatal field of Ramoth Gilead. Mr Porter—and I do not know a better authority—is of opinion that the building is not of later date than the times of the Crusades. The present town, if it be not a misnomer to call it so, is a rude assemblage of stone-built huts, some fifty or sixty in number, containing a population of not more than 260. There are, both in the garden walls and dwellings, large bevelled stones and other fragments of ancient sculpture. The place appears as if the houses had been thrown down at random, without any regard to regularity. Order and uniformity seem not to have been known in the formation of the streets and architecture of Sebustich. The citizens had not before their eyes the fear of a Dean of Guild, a District Surveyor, or Metropolitan Board to interfere with or break up their polyangular lanes, no inspector of nuisances to smell out a cesspool, no medical officer of health to pry into and point out the secret recesses or hotbeds of filth and fever. Happy Samaritans!—I should rather say unhappy. We need not be astonished that the inhabitants of this hill, three thousand years ago, were visited by plague and pestilence. Were it not that ye are a mere handful, scattered over the extensive site of the ancient city, the pure air permeating your rickety dwellings, the same effects would most assuredly follow the violation of the sanitary laws you are this morning setting at defiance.

If, however, the dwellings be but indifferent, the gardens, which in a great measure cover the hill-top, are really beautiful. It is astonishing that men so rude, savage-looking, with scarcely an implement, not only arrange with skill, but cultivate to success, nay, seem to appreciate and take a pride in, orchards and gardens. These are teeming with fruits, flowers, and vegetables—the latter would astonish some of our market gardeners near London, and take a high place at our Horticultural Shows. There must be some innate faculty in man educating the eye to love and copy

* 1 Kings xxii. 33.

the beautiful, else how could these uncivilised Arabs, who never heard of "Loudon," "Paxton," or horticulture and landscape gardening, have laid out their plots of ground in such perfection? There may be something to account for this in the richness of the soil, the genial climate, the contour and beauty of nature around them, yet these could not alone lead the mind to the ornate or the beautiful. I examine a number of the gardens, taking the shortest path over fences or other obstacles in the way; but so far from any one feeling offended, all seem pleased or gratified at my rough and ready appreciation of their labour. A change, however, in their bearing towards us is near. We had been warned both at Jerusalem and at Nablous to be on our guard against treachery, that the inhabitants of Sebastieh were not only rude, but a set of plunderers, the cream of the rascality on this side of Damascus.

We have incurred their displeasure—how, I cannot determine; perhaps we have not praised their babies, or given them sufficient bakhshîsh. My companion heard a woman urging a boy to pelt us with stones, which the young rascal ultimately did, hurling at us the opprobrious term, "Nusrany." The boy was caught and beaten soundly before their eyes, to which, however, they seemingly paid little attention. Another woman comes to me with antiques, for three of which she demands ten piastres; after some haggling, I obtain them for six. In a few minutes she returns, and deliberately charges me with having stolen two besides those I had purchased. This is a ruse to get up a disturbance. I am at once surrounded with scowling faces, angry looks are darted at me, loud voices raised, and finally an attempt made by hustling to intimidate me. I am fairly in the hands of the Philistines. Assuming, however, a calm look, though far from feeling so, I shout "Moshtyeb om," (wicked woman), and then, inspired by a lucky thought, bawl, "antiques!" Every man in a moment is off to his hoard, and comes running back, each with a small bag like a purse in his hand, containing a few old coins found in the ruins and neighbourhood; thus I escape by a strategic purchase of a handful, in exchange for I do not know how many piastres. Never before nor since did money produce so sudden and talismanic an effect. Oh, the

power of the "almighty dollar," and the potency of the piastre! The scowl is changed into a smile. Now, they not only seem pleased, but satisfied; assist me to mount—my companions by this time having reached the plain—actually kiss, according to their custom, my garments, invoke the blessings of Allah on my head and beard, accompanying me to the south-west of the village, where there are ruins of a church, convent, synagogue, or temple, no portion left standing except a few columns.

It is said a monastery was erected on this spot in the twelfth or thirteenth century, of which these are supposed to be the remains; but by others conjectured to have been the propylon to some temple, or to have formed an entrance or avenue to the main street of the city. Mighty monuments of the past! whatever purpose ye may have served, whether royal palace or holy fane, the moss and lichen cover the skill of the cunning workman, the tendrils of the vine creep and intertwine, with corn, through the deep chissellings and flutings of your columns; works of ancient art, subject to change and decay, ye present a striking contrast to nature, which revels over your ruins, as young now and beautiful as before the hill of Samaria was purchased by Omri.* These fragments occupy an older site, probably, of the Herodian period.

History informs us he rebuilt Samaria, beautifying it, and to which he gave the name *Auguste*, now corrupted into *Sebasté*. It would be vain to suppose that any of these ruins formed a part of the temple of Baal, which stood on this height in Old Testament times.† I am inclined to think that the columns, standing or prostrate, as well as the fragments of masonry, may be later than even the Roman era, possibly belonging to the Crusades, or later Christian times.

The view from the plateau is one of the most picturesque imaginable, embracing on the west the plains of Sharon and the gleaming waters of the Mediterranean; a fertile valley or basin of considerable extent stretching far away in the east; with a series of glens and fairy dells, delicately rounded hills, presenting a picture of loveliness set in a frame of hazy, urple-coloured mountains. No more commanding situation

* 1 Kings xvi. 23.

† 2 Kings xiii. 6.

could have been selected for the site of a capital or the metropolis of a country—a situation uniting in itself what might be difficult to find in Palestine: strength, beauty, and fertility. Possessing these, Samaria successfully resisted the repeated attacks of the Assyrian, before which her southern sister Jerusalem ingloriously fell. Though now barren of interest and devoid of beauty, except as regards its site and actual fertility, Samaria is embalmed in scriptural memories. It may be said to date from the time of Omri, who bought for two talents of silver the hill of “Shemer,” from whom it derives its name, the term Samaria being simply a corruption. It was erected by him into a metropolis, enriched with palaces, encircled with a wall, and continued for years to be a royal residence. It was here Ahab and the notorious Jezebel, his queen, held their court in more than regal splendour; and during their reign Ben-hadad, king of Syria, with an immense army, laid siege to the city, while his camp lay like locusts in the plain. The besieged cried unto the Lord: He heard and helped them, the armies of the invader, as we read in 1 Kings xx., being shamefully defeated.

It will also be remembered that the Assyrians, on another occasion, came up against Samaria, and were miraculously smitten with blindness through the instrumentality of the prophet Elisha, and in this condition were conducted, with their weapons in their hands, into the city and presence of their enemies, when a generous trait of character is exhibited, perhaps the finest in history, (*vide* 2 Kings vi. 18–23.) The city was subjected to another most remarkable siege, which lasted three long years. The record of suffering is harrowing; the place was so closely invested that none could either enter in or go out. The entire plain and adjoining hills were so covered and guarded with the camp and tents of the Assyrians, that provisions failed, and gaunt famine made its appearance—an ass’s head, we read, fetching almost a ransom; and food the most revolting sold at fabulous prices. In this dire extremity, mothers—it is awful to relate—killed and ate their own children. God made this His opportunity to deliver them, and sent Elisha to prophesy that ere another day passed there would be such abundance of food in the city, that a measure of fine flour would be sold for a

shekel, and two measures of barley at the same value. One of the court lords sneeringly asked if the Lord would make windows in heaven; the prophet replied that he should see it, but that he would not live to taste it. The whole affecting story of the lepers sitting in the gate, their resolution, the discovery of the empty camp—God having discomfited them—and the fulfilment of the man of God's words, are vividly narrated by the sacred penman in 2 Kings vii.

Another but a more pleasing scene presents itself to my mind's eye. Early in the first century, when the disciples were scattered abroad by persecution, God made this a means for the wider diffusion of His gospel, by bringing good out of evil. Philip the evangelist is commissioned, and "went down to Samaria, and preached Christ unto them." Many believed, unclean spirits were cast out, the palsied and lame healed and cured, "and there was great joy in that city." Well I remember it was here also where Simon the sorcerer long bewitched the people, "giving out that he was some great one." He, with a keen eye to profit and fame, observing that miracles were wrought by the apostle, foolishly offered money to purchase the gift. How like the world! Gold, it is believed, is a panacea for every ill, and able to purchase, not only everything on earth, but the favour of God and everlasting life. Infatuated world, and no less infatuated Simon, money has neither "part nor lot in this matter;" and those who deem it otherwise are still "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity."* I could not but also recall to mind, in leaving the city, the awful curse pronounced and now fulfilled, "Samaria shall become desolate."†

* Acts viii.

† Hosea xiii. 16.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF SAMARIA.

WAVING a good-bye to the "roughs" of Sebaste, I hasten down the steep decline, thankful in having escaped rough handling at the cost of a few paltry piastres, and rejoin my companions. Our path continues through a well-watered and highly-cultivated district, the hills from base to summit terraced and under crop, each step of the terrace relieving the other by dark and brighter shades of green. The wooded knolls and rounded hills give the place more the appearance of a park in England than a plain in Palestine. Within the last hour and half or two hours, we have met a greater number of pedestrians than during the past two days' travelling. There are no less than five villages dotting the declivities of the hills, showing this part of the country to be well-peopled. We reach a rocky ridge that overhangs a beautiful and extensive plain, dismount, bait our horses, enjoy a frugal repast, and rest—the rocks, gorse, thistles, dandelion, and "gowans," reminding us of home. Were it not the Arab dress, the dark brown complexions, and strange tongues falling upon our ear, we would not suppose ourselves beyond the confines of merry England.

The inhabitants between this and Acca (St Jean d'Acre) have a bad character, scarcely, it is said, allowing a traveller to pass unmolested, except with an escort; their looks are villanous enough, it is true, but too much weight is not to be placed on mere physiognomy. Lavater was no doubt correct in many points of his theory; there is something in the index of a man—the face; yet there is many a well-known, large-hearted man, with child-like feelings, under an unpromising and for-

bidding *os frontis*. I have known—all know—men who have nothing of the lion about them but the skin. But *revenons à nos moutons*. We have met within the last thirty minutes two companies of armed Arabs, who either salute or return our salaam with as much apparent heartiness as we could have received at home among our countrymen. We are at this moment driven for shelter from a heavy shower in the plain through which we have been riding, to a large building on our right, not unlike a granary, without windows, but can obtain no information either by whom it was erected or to what purpose it is applied. The road is good; the country a succession of fig and olive gardens. The ancient promise of a land abounding in corn and oil seems here realised. Far on in the afternoon we reach the great marsh known as Merj-el-Ghuruk, (the drowning meadow,) the soil rich, the sward close and thick as the lawn of a nobleman's garden, skirting a small lake lying on our right, on which there are swarms of wildfowl.

Another fifteen minutes bring us to the base of the hill on which stands the renowned village of Sanur. Although more than once a heap of ruins, it has lately been rebuilt and again surrounded with walls. The inhabitants are a band of lawless plunderers, but yet brave and of an independent spirit, who not only nobly resisted but even bearded Abd'ullah Pasha, and also Emir Beshir, only submitting when their city and walls had been hurled about their ears by artillery;—in rebuilding which both women and children took part with the men, like the Israelites of old when restoring Jerusalem, not only working day and night by shifts, but with their armour buckled on. I cannot help admiring pluck or courage whenever manifested, and therefore take a pleasure in recording this trait of their character. Long ere we reached Kubetiyeh, darkness had set in. I am aware, we are not far from ancient Dothan, which lies a short distance to the left. There the sons of Jacob fed their flocks, and there also little Joseph, with his coat of many colours—a fond parent's fancy—came to inquire after the welfare of his brethren, and was by them inhumanly sold to a caravan of Ishmaelites on their way to Egypt; but God, in this as in numberless instances, “converted what would have been a curse into a blessing.”

My muleteer, a stout middle-aged Arab, of thirteen or fourteen stone, is all in a tremor, exhibiting, as I think, an uncalled-for amount of the white feather. Is it my ignorance or foolhardiness to the perils of our position, that renders me fearless, while he trembles; he shows me by signs that we shall be robbed, our throats cut, and, worse than either in his view, his horses carried off. It is true there are Arabs at their doors, armed, as all are, looking as if watching us. Meanwhile I whistle aloud, like Gray's or some other poet's school-boy, to keep his courage up, and look as indifferent as if the whole Turkish contingent were in our rear. Hurrying, however, out of the town without much delay, we dive among groves of olive and mulberry trees, and are soon in a lonely dell, the moon shining almost as bright as day; the scene itself is no less lovely. The track we are pursuing is narrow and hemmed in by a wall of rock on each side; in that best lit up, there are numbers of perforations, but unfortunately we have no opportunity of going and exploring them. No sound disturbs us except the cry of some nightbirds or the hooting of an owl. All nature is hushed, or broken only occasionally by the click or ring of our horse's flat-iron shoe on some loose stone or shelving ridge. Noiselessly and silently we hurry on. The stillness, however, is at last broken by a noise which none but those who have travelled in the East could imagine to proceed from an insignificant frog. I had been already initiated into their capabilities at Jericho. It is not too much to affirm that the croak of a frog here rivals in sound the quack of a duck at home. Let any one imagine the effect of the noise emitted by ten times ten thousand united croakings, in the stillness of a summer evening, and some faint idea may be formed of the discordance to which the traveller is subjected in passing through a Jenin bog.

After many a weary and fond look for our bivouac, at length lights twinkle in the distance, and we ride wearily into the town of Jenin, the ancient Engannim, (the fountain of gardens.) Committing ourselves to the care of M'din, who conducts us to the door of a khan, we dismount, after a long and fatiguing ten hours' sederunt in the saddle. On entering this horrible place, there are a number of persons sipping coffee and smoking narghilehs. Sitting down

on our saddles, there being no seats, we obtain some cups, thimblefuls, I should say, of coffee, blackish bread, and eggs dyed of a purple colour. Anxious for rest, I sweep up a corner of the floor with my rug, and fling myself down dressed as I am, my companion doing the same. There is more than enough of company; a few Arabs sit drinking and chatting until past midnight; I could have wished a cleaner and softer couch, but am too weary and wise to quarrel with what Providence sends, and too thankful to have a roof over my head; but to win the balmy influence of forgetfulness in present circumstances is impossible. In this one apartment are our own three horses eating their provender, and three donkeys; whilst the rafters are tenanted by hens, "waukrife" cocks, who used me as they did Tobit of old; but this is a small matter compared with others. Sleep, however, came at last, and I was wrapt in its embraces. There is unfortunately a hole in the wall directly at my head, through which the wind rushes as through a barn door. Next arises an intermittent concert of howling dogs, that less or more kept up the discordance till 4 A.M.

Thursday, 21st.—What an awful night I have passed!—it baffles description. Behind the wall there was snarling and fighting, overhead strophes and antistrophes, the asses contributing a trio; whilst I verily believe the whole feline family and population for miles round came and mingled their caterwauling; a rat passed over my naked face with a cat in full pursuit; add to all this the place was literally alive with fleas! How I did wish for morning, almost cursing Jenin and its khan population. "As soon as ere the daylight peepit," as Wilson sung, I was up and out, undressed at once, and plunged into the clear fountain that gushes and forms a "lade" a few steps from the khan. How refreshing to my body and satisfactory to sweep off the personal friends with whom I had become acquainted during the night—the immersion and its results afterwards giving me an idea of Mohammed's paradise. The satisfaction partly may arise from the fact that I have bathed in the springs of the garden in Engannim, mentioned by Joshua.*

The country around Shechem and Samaria is beautiful

* Joshua xix. 21, xxi. 29.

and park-like ; but not more so than this lovely seat of gardens. The luxuriant fruit and foliage is truly charming ; one might suppose that here eternal summer reigned. The air is so genial, that flowers, I am informed, blossom the whole year round. I not only grudged these dirty, flea-bitten Arabs the possession of this lovely country, but regarded them from many points of view, as unworthy of the land of promise, to say nothing of more important reasons. It is now theirs, however, and held by the same tenure as that by which we possess our Eastern and Australian possessions. Were all who are either idle, ignorant, or filthy, to be deprived of their property, who, it might be said, would have any either to hold or possess ! Instead, therefore, of wishing them out of the land, now their inheritance, let us rather endeavour to improve their habits and morals, by diffusing amongst them our Western laws and industry. By these their property would be secured, and their position ameliorated ; or, according to others, send amongst them the civilising influence of the gospel, and soon a "little leaven will leaven the whole lump."

The population may number about 3000, among whom there are a few Christians. Their houses are chiefly built of stone, this material being plentiful in the neighbourhood. The streets filthy, and with as many turnings as a corkscrew ; the pavement execrable ; whilst water is plentiful, flowing from this noble fountain, the gift of a Moslem gentleman of Acca, who died some years ago. Such bequeathments are by no means rare in Turkey. Like our small towns at home, there are here both poverty and riches, beauty and deformity, and, as all the world over, there are also affliction and disease ; and from the appearance of the well-filled cemetery of turbaned marble headstones, I may say with Horace :

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas,
Regumque tures."

In other words, death seems to make his regular calls at the door of the Arab in Palestine, as well as that of the Christian in England. Two or three Turkish soldiers are lounging about, under an *agha*, who retains some fifty or sixty horsemen to keep the district quiet, and the roads safe, for the sake of travellers and pilgrims.

The town itself stands in the mouth of the dale, which opens into and commands the plain of Esdraelon. The whole district may be regarded as mountainous, but beautifully wooded. I have not observed, either in the town or in the neighbourhood, any public work or factory, agriculture being the sole pursuit, every man seemingly having his own little patch of ground for the cultivation of plants, flowers, and vegetables. Time seems to hang heavy on their hands, the fertility of the land rendering habits of industry almost unnecessary. The changes, too, of fashion being unknown, their dress is always the same; their habitations being without furniture, except a jar for water, and a brazier for fire, they have no motive, as they themselves admit, to hard labour. We paid eight piastres for our night's lodging, and at 6.15 we remount our nags and depart from Jenin, leaving behind us the hills of Manasseh, and the province of Samaria; in a word, we have crossed the border, and enter far-famed Galilee, that great northern division of the Holy Land in which our Lord performed so many of His miracles and ministrations.

We had scarcely entered the plain ere our guide, with the stubbornness of his race, instead of going to the left or western track, takes the right, leading direct to Nazareth, in order to avoid the detour to Carmel and Acca. Calling a halt, and having consulted our map and compass, we point towards the mountains where our route lies, to which he pays no attention. Turning our horse's head, we ride across the fields to the left. When he perceives our movement he scampers after us, grumbling and protesting that there is no road, and that there are thieves about. We only answered, "Eh, bien!" and gave a Gallic shrug, and hurry on our journey, which to-day is a long one.

This is one of the greatest plains, if not the greatest in Palestine, extending from the confines of Samaria to near Nazareth, a distance of about eighteen miles, or from the shores of the Mediterranean on the west to the Jordan valley on the east; by some writers it is designated the Plain of Megiddo. Though broken in the west and east into knolls and gentle eminences, still in a great measure it preserves its open, flat character. The soil is a deep, rich loam, partially covered with corn and other cereal crops; but probably not one-eighth is yet under cultivation.

There are numbers of mole-hills, a sure sign of good land ; some of them rise to a height of eighteen inches with a breadth of thirty ; wild-flowers are abundant, consisting of thyme, camomile, poppies, thistles—the latter at least seven feet high, the flower small, but the tint brilliant. During the last four hours' ride there is no diminution in the fertility or of the abundance of the crops, which are rich and luxuriant, whilst numbers of ploughs are going on patches over the plain. Were the whole of this fine land cultivated, it might supply, I should suppose, the wants of the whole of Syria. It is grievous to see such an expanse of beautiful territory, and of so great capability, lying fallow. Water, I believe, is scarce ; there are many wide rents or "drought gaps," that require great caution in riding ; the only stream is the one near Megiddo, that which we have just reached ; it is about two feet wide and six inches deep, a branch, I suppose, of the main stream of the Kishon, that discharges itself in our front near Haliapha into the Mediterranean. How truthfully, while prophetically, the patriarch described the future settlement of his sons in the possession of Canaan, assigning especially to Issachar this land for his portion—"And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant ; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute."* On our right the plain is bounded by the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and his son Jonathan, together with the flower of Israelitish chivalry, fell before the Philistines, the day after the king's interview with Samuel's spirit and the witch at Endor.† Little Hermon and Tabor are both seen on the left, the latter rising and towering above the other hills like a giant among men.

The plain projects itself on the east side among the hills like sea-creeks on the shore ; on these levels stand Nain, Endor, Shunem, Bethshean, and upon a gentle eminence, the ancient royal city of Jezreel ; all these names ring in my ears gratefully as household words. On our left runs the mountain range of Carmel, rich in wooded scenery ; two or three villages and hamlets still appear on our left ; mostly built, not on the summit as in Judea, but on the declivities of the mountain. We pass Kefr-Adan and also observe Ta'-Aannuk, the ancient "Tannach." Salem, and lastly Zelafeh, and then

* Gen. xlix. 14, 15.

† 1 Sam. xxix.

reach the site of ancient Megiddo, the battlefield upon which Barak conquered, and where good Josiah fell.* From this part of the plain the mysterious name "Armageddon" of Scripture, or city of Megiddo, is derived. This, according to prophecy, is to be the great battlefield of the world, where the final conflict of the righteous and the wicked, antecedent to the millennium, is to be decided.† The present inhabitants, if ever they knew, have utterly forgotten the original designation of this the place of their birth, calling it in their own beautiful tongue, Merj-Ibu-Amer. Except the villages, we have only observed, during the eighteen miles we have travelled to-day, one habitation, situated among some beautiful rounded knolls near the Kishon.

This is unquestionably the home and haunt of the Beduee. Their black tents dot the plain, and appear like cattle in the distance. There are parties of them now scampering in troops, and others riding in Indian file; again dashing over the flat grassy surface free as the wind; as the sea is the home and the delight of many, so are the plains to the children of the desert. How picturesque is the appearance of Beduee horsemen!—their flowing dress, with d'jreed in hand, coursing the fleet *kochlane*: for instance, that individual now standing in his stirrups, shading his eyes with his hand, sweeping with eagle's glance the plain to the horizon in search, it may be, of some rich caravan or solitary traveller, from whom he may demand a bakhshish, or from whom he may levy black-mail; if, on the other hand, hard pressed or outnumbered, a pressure of his knee on the flank of his steed, and he is off to the marsh, the fastnesses of Carmel, or it may be to the eastern side of Jordan. This plain, according to history, has ever been the arena of war in the attack or defence of Palestine. The Canaanites, anterior to Joshua, here fought among themselves or with neighbouring nations, and well knew its importance strategically. The Israelites, although aware of its value as a basis for field operations, seldom used it except on two or three occasions, and these were compulsory; trusting more for defence, like the Circassians in Russia, or the Highlanders of Scotland, to their hill and mountain passes than to the level country.

* 2 Chron. xxxv. 22.

† Rev. xvi. 16.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEGIDDO AND ESDRAELON.

It appears strange that scenes similar to those which took place of old with the Midianites and Amalekites are still enacted in our own times in the same locality. Then, we read of multitudes covering the land with their encampments, tents, cattle and camels,—their sheikhs, singularly enough, having their designations from some personal peculiarity, as swiftness of foot, clearness of vision, or cruelty of disposition. The names of two leaders or chiefs mentioned in Judges vi. were Oreb and Zeeb, (the raven and the wolf.)* Then, they ate up the standing crops, as the Bedueen chief and his horde consume the labours of the husbandmen in the present day. How few changes have centuries made among this nomadic people! The first great battle in which Israel was engaged on Esdraelon, was against Jabin, king of Hazor, of which, on reaching Kishon to-day, I may have something further to say. The next that of Gideon, who, under the guidance of God, overthrew the hosts of the Midianites with a mere handful of men. The dream and its interpretation, the battle and discomfiture, are strikingly detailed in the 6th chapter of Judges. The third was Saul's defeat on Gilboa.

Nor can I forget that here the Crusaders also displayed their prowess and experienced the vicissitudes of war with the Moslem—that it was near Magdala, in the north eastern corner at Hattin, the Cross and Crescent long and bravely contended, until the latter gained the ascendant, which it continues to maintain, though, we trust, only for a

* Psalm lxxxiii. 11.

time. Crowds of these and similar reminiscences fill my memory. Amongst other questions, one frequently arises—What is the nature, and what will be the final issue of the war, in which the destruction of sin, Satan, and the wicked are involved? I have not given that study and attention (*mâ culpâ*) to the Apocalypse that either the Dean of Bristol, or my co-presbyter, Dr Cumming, has done; therefore, must admit my comparative inability to solve the problem. True, I might fall back upon a number of learned authors, who have treated the subject at length, but unfortunately each of them has his own especial theory. They prove, at least to their own satisfaction, that the struggle referred to by the apostle either signifies the overthrow of the old Canaanites, the conversion of the Gentile world, or the dissolution of the Turkish empire—Britain's pet *protégée*—the annihilation of the false prophet and his followers, or that temporal power of the Pope, together with all antichristian teachings and practices.

Another class of writers, regarding the question from other points of view, argue that the contest will result in the destruction of all state ecclesiastical polity and priestly rule, because, say they, the union of spiritual and temporal power is unauthorised by Scripture; further, they contend it denotes the lopping away excrescences that mar and disfigure both church and chapel; that it typifies the inauguration of a new and better era, when the church shall be untrammelled by court and lay patronage, when the doctrine of grace through faith and the teachings of our holy religion shall be as free as Jesus Christ had left them; in short, that it implies the beginning of a reign of peace, brotherhood, and charity among all nations and peoples. Such were the tenor of my musings whilst traversing the future battle-field of Scripture prophecy.

Shortly after leaving the site of Megiddo, we arrive at a large encampment of Bedueen. Our muleteer casts many a furtive glance towards the black tents as if dreading an attack, but, thank God, we pass them in safety. The pastoral character of this simple people has changed little since the times of their ancient progenitors; their nomadic, roving habits render fixed habitations an encumbrance; hence the use of tents, these being easy of erection and removal. Their con-

struction, which I have had frequent opportunities of observing, is extremely simple. First, a row of poles, from eight to ten feet high, are stuck into the ground ; over these are laid horizontally another row, slightly inclining towards the back of the structure, so as to permit the rain to flow off ; these last are covered with goat or camel-hair cloth of a black or dark brown colour, the sides are of the same material, which is fastened by a series of pegs, driven into the earth. On a few hooks forced into the uprights are suspended horse furniture, and such domestic utensils as wooden basins and skins for holding water. The tents are of various sizes, but invariably oblong in form, and are easily divided internally into apartments, by curtains hung from the roof. The front compartment, which is open, may be regarded as the reception room, as well as the place for cooking and eating, whilst the back is devoted exclusively to the female branches of the family. These dwellings, pre-eminently fragile, are never wind, and scarcely ever water tight, the heavy dews of the East often saturating, during the night, the clothes of the sleepers, and a storm, like that I witnessed at Jericho, either scatters them over the plain or leaves them flat on its surface.

In such structures as these, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob dwelt, men whose flocks were their only wealth, but whose integrity elevated them to the level of kings and princes. Wherever they roamed, they left behind them traces of their piety, by building and consecrating altars to the worship of the living God. The patriarchs of old, seated at the opening of the tent, which serves as a door, sometimes received "angels unawares,"* giving them a hearty welcome ; and hastily preparing food, they set it before them. The Arab does the same in the present day. No stranger is allowed to pass without an invitation to enter, nor permitted to depart without refreshment ; wheaten cakes and goat's milk are placed before him, and sometimes a kid of the flock is caught, killed, and baked. In the back compartment of such a tent as the one now before me, Sarah, Rachel, and Rebecca lived ; their dress, though wives and daughters of patriarchs and princes, was a plain cotton robe ; their bed, a mat ; their food, bread of their own baking, and milk drawn by their own hands from their own flock.

* Gen. xviii. 1-10.

An Arab has few wants, and these are easily supplied. The objects of his ambition are equally limited ; first, the welfare of his wife and little ones, next his steed, a flint-lock gun, and his lance, which serves for defence and amusement. Having these, with water and pasturage for his cattle, he is rich. Nay, though lacking them, he lives, loves, and roams as his fathers did before him, content to retain the primitive customs and habits of his ancestors, and which, to all appearance, his descendants will continue to observe for generations to come. The cloak (*abbah* or *hykê*) he wears is home-made and of ample dimensions ; the material generally a brown and white striped cloth ; this, with the exception of cotton drawers, forms his entire wardrobe, and which, like an Irishman's great-coat, serves for all weathers and all seasons ; it is his garment for city and for village by day, his covering in tent and in the open air by night.

Leaving the encampment, we spur onwards and eventually reach the Nahr-el-Mokattam, or the "brook Kishon" of Scripture, a stream memorable in the annals of Israel. As it appears before me, it is nothing more than an insignificant rivulet ; what appearance it may present after rain in autumn I cannot say. The breadth of the channel is about twelve feet, but the depth of the water is only a few inches ; in some places the bed is almost dry, in others a series of stagnant pools, choke-full of frogs, the creatures having scarcely room enough to sit, consistently with either ease or comfort.

This, then, is the celebrated stream, at which the Lord delivered Jabin, king of Hazor, and his army, with Sisera, its captain, into the hands of Barak ! On the margin of these waters, the northern tribes of Zebulun, Naphtali, and Issachar, aided by their brethren Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin, with a handful of men, gained a great and decisive victory. How vividly and truthfully the sacred penman details the incidents of the narrative ! How Deborah the prophetess deputed Barak to rush down from the heights of Tabor, cross the plain, and fall suddenly on the foe. The scene is before me. The spear and bow-men of the six tribes, quite a phalanx of warriors, speed down like a wolf on the fold, and scatter the army of the invader like chaff before the storm. What avails the mail-clad hosts of the enemy or

their nine hundred chariots of iron? They cannot stand before the courage of Israel, aided, as Israel was, by the presence and power of Jehovah, manifested in this instance in awful storms of hail, sleet, and hurricane; nay, the very "stars in their courses fought against Sisera."*

Upon that eventful day, the now diminutive brook was swollen from bank to brim, engulfing in its waves or entangling in its marches, horse and rider, chariot and warrior. Surely on this occasion the arm of the Lord was made bare, and stretched out in the deliverance of Israel? Sisera and his soldiers could not hold out against Heaven. Seeing fate was opposed to him, he leaped from his chariot, and, like Napoleon the Great at Waterloo, fled, directing his course northward towards Kedesh. There he sought refuge in the midst of the Kenites, a friendly tribe, in whose midst he deemed himself safe. Not only is the shelter sought accorded, but he is led into the harem or female apartment—a sanctuary as sacred as the "horns of the altar," into which neither foe nor stranger, nor even a male intimate, would or dare intrude, without express permission. Weary, thirsty, and spirit-broken, Sisera solicits from his hostess a drink out of the tent *gholeh*, or leathern water-bottle. She, the traitress, to lull his suspicions gives him milk instead—"she brought forth butter in a lordly dish;"† probably *labban*, or sour cream, as it is called in Scotland, is here meant; but whether the dish is designated "lordly" from what it contained, from the material of which it was composed, or from its capacity, are questions of no great importance. Very possibly magnitude may be implied, the comparative and superlative being wanting in the Hebrew language; the terms "grand," "tall," "beautiful" are supplied by the words "Lord," and "God;" thus we read of the "cedars of God," so also "the hills, mountains, or gardens of the Lord." Not unlikely the dish may have been of silver, and was an heirloom in the family, such as is to be found in the tents of the sheikhs of our own time. Be this as it may, Jael had by the semblance of hospitality gained the confidence of her guest, and guaranteed his safety. We know the sequel. While deep sleep clasped the warrior in its embrace, the murderess "put her hand to

* Judges v. 20.

† Judges v. 25.

the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer ; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down ; where he bowed, there he fell down dead."* As Gavin Douglas said, speaking of the assassination of Archbishop Sharpe, "this deed was foully done."

The country is charmingly varied, and the plain beautifully decked in green ; the brinks of the stream fringed with tamarisk and oleander in full bloom, clumps of trees on rounded hills, giving the landscape the aspect of a park or pleasure-ground, whilst shaggy, mighty Carmel, scarred, seamed, and rifted, looms threateningly over us, its declivity and brow a dense jungle of forest trees and tangled brushwood—by day the haunt of the marauding Bedueen, and by night the lair of the wild boar, wolf, hyena, and jackal. We are now at or near the spot which tradition and the majority of modern travelers assert to be the place where Elijah performed the greatest feat and miracle of his life, in challenging Baal's prophets, and daring them to the proof by test of sacrifice, and answer from heaven, whether his or their deity was the living God.

I am aware that monkish legends, especially of the Greek Church, point to a different locality, but no trustworthy evidence is advanced to support the theory. We have just halted near some ruins, known as El-Mukrakah, where the whole scene as it took place may be described in a few words. Let us take Mount Carmel for a background, fill in with trees and the softest verdure, a clear and cloudless sky, the sun in full radiance, bringing out clearly and distinctly every feature in the landscape. In the foreground are ranged nine hundred and fifty priests, clothed in sacerdotal robes ; suspense and doubt dim their eyes and shroud their countenances. Two altars near each other—one built of hewn stone, the other of twelve undressed blocks, surrounded by a deep trench, the latter filled with water. On both are arranged wood and victims in the order of sacrifice, yet to neither has fire been applied. On one side stands a man of mild aspect, but obviously firm of resolve, and strong in the spirit as well as confident in the power of the Lord.

* Judges v. 26, 27.

The plain, which appears to lose itself in the distance, together with the slopes of the adjoining hills, are covered with thousands of anxious spectators awaiting the commencement of the great struggle. Mount Tabor is seen afar off on the left. Jezreel, too, may be descried, with the palace of the king, and the wicked Jezebel, whilst the Kishon meanders like a silver thread through Esdraelon towards the Great Sea. I can almost fancy, in looking at the picture my imagination has drawn, that I behold Elijah step forth, and hear him repeat the words, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." The people making no answer, he turns his glance towards heaven, and utters: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant. . . . Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God." We are told that the fire of the Lord then fell upon the sacrifice offered up by the prophet, and that "the fire licked up the water in the trench," and that "when the people saw it, they fell on their faces, and said, The Lord he is the God."*

How fervent Elijah's zeal for God's honour, and for the national welfare of Israel! What hardships he endured for the one, and what jeopardies he ran for the other! What risk he especially incurred to bring the great challenge to a successful issue, and so destroy the power of the priests of Baal, and minions of the queen. At the close of the eventful day, the man of God again ascended the mountain, where, wrapping his head in his mantle, he poured out his thanks, and once more lifting his voice he besought God to send down rain upon the earth. For three long years no water had fallen from the skies, the streams were dried up, man and beast were perishing with thirst, and famine stalked abroad over the land; the sun had glared like a ball of fire, the heavens had been as brass, and the ground had become as iron. Whilst thus wrapped up in his devotions, his servant went six different times to look towards the sea for signs of coming rain; the information he brings is always the same—

* 1 Kings xviii. 21, 39.

no cloud obscures the blazing sky ; but the seventh time the report is different : "Behold," said the messenger, "there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand . . . and it came to pass in the meanwhile that the heaven was black with clouds and winds, and there was a great rain."* Jezebel had sworn with a terrible oath that she would slay the prophet for the massacre of her priests, and he, dreading the fury of her revenge, fled. When near Beersheba, overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a juniper tree or *retem*, a plant resembling our own yellow broom. Here an angel touched him, and set before him "a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water," and said, "Arise and eat." This was repeated three times, and on the strength of this nourishment he travelled forty days and forty nights, until he arrived at Horeb, the mount of God,†—a type of Him to whom all the prophets and the law pointed, and in whom, blessed be God, they were all fulfilled.

Somewhat weary, we ride on, the cool refreshing breeze from the sea wafting on our faces. The plain bears in some places indications of having been at one time overflowed by the Mediterranean ; the ground is often a mere marsh, and the grass is rank and luxuriant. We are still close under the cliffs of Carmel, but I am too tired to take much notice of either the wildness or the beauties of the scenery. Another hour, and the sea bursts upon our gaze, a ship riding at anchor being clearly recognised. We are now in the vicinity of Haifa, the approach to which is through a sort of canal some thirty or forty yards in length, ten to twelve in breadth, and four in depth. Had ever a town such an entrance ? It is no traveller's tale or rhetorical embellishment to say that the passage is a small lake—our horses in riding through it are up to the saddle girths in stagnant water. When I visited Rotterdam, Utrecht, and other Dutch cities, I expected canals for roads, and boats for carriages, nor was I disappointed ; but here to find a town entered by a deep ditch, through which every visitor must either wade or swim, is a disgrace to both the government and to the civil authorities.

Passing through a battered gateway and some busy streets, we enter a khan, situated in the south-west section of the town.

* 1 Kings xviii. 45. †

† 1 Kings xix. 6-8.

Never did exile long more for home than I do to stretch myself out at full length ; with the exception of walking an hour or so whilst examining the Kishon, I have had thirteen hours, if not of hard riding, at least of hard sitting in the saddle. Whilst I resolve to enjoy myself at "mine inn," my companion proceeds to the convent on the summit of Carmel.

Hotels, however, as we understand the term, are somewhat rare in Palestine. The places set aside for the accommodation of travellers possess but few conveniences and still fewer elegances. An Irish shebeen, an English hedge ale-house, a Highland hostelry—such as that of the clachan of Aberfoyle, in which the Glasgow magistrate had to resort to the red-hot poker in self-defence—a French auberge, or an Italian locanda, are palaces in comparison as regards comfort and cleanliness. In the worst of these there is some kind of apology for a seat, and generally a substitute for a table, consisting of a block of wood or a deal board. But the Syrian khans have only bare walls, sometimes without either roof or windows. When the latter are awanting, a hole is made in the wall to admit light and air ; that is, when the walls themselves are entire. Their only recommendation is the protection they afford from the dews that fall during the night, which are often remarkably heavy—thus the Scriptures tell us, that "Gideon wrung the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water."*

The khan of Haiapha in which I am now located is *sui generis* a model lodging-house. It was pointed out to me as clean and well-appointed, yet the apartment into which I am ushered does not possess a single article of furniture. A board that officiates as a door, has neither lock, bar, nor other fastening ; but that is of no great consequence, the Arab who watches over the place being honest so long as the stranger is under his roof. Propping up my lamp on two stones, I obtain a supply of oil in a jug, and converting my knees into a desk sit down on the floor and begin writing up my journal, though, as worthy Allan Ramsay says, it is no easy matter for one who has passed the five-and-forty to squat himself down *à la Turquie*. Some coffee is brought me in a tin dish,

* Judges vi. 38.

that serves for both cup and saucer, together with three eggs.

The last named comestibles were dyed of a purple colour ; but why this tint, or why dyed at all, I am unable to learn, beyond, as Mehciddin says, that it is a *phantasia*. Purple, nevertheless, seems a favourite hue with the natives in these parts. One day, while in Nazareth, we had for dinner, *inter alia*, boiled rice, rolled up in vine leaves, something in the form of cigars, and tinged with the prevailing dye : this was eaten hot, envelopes and all. I could have wished this evening—epicurean that I am—even in defiance of the laws of Moses, to have supped upon a slice of bacon, or a pork chop, particularly as beef and mutton were unattainable.

There is no good, however, in wishing. I have no option with me now—it is eggs or nothing ; and in choosing the least of two evils, it occurs to me that the Jewish laws regarding food were designed to impose self-restraint on Israel, and keep the people apart from other nations. There might also be some sanitary consideration in imposing them ; for it is indisputable that the various kinds of food prohibited are not suited for these climates, either as regards digestion or wholesomeness. Even eggs, according to the popular notion here, if eaten at breakfast, have a pernicious and sometimes fatal effect ; this, if true, might arise from their continued and exclusive use as an article of diet ; as for myself, though with bread constituting my daily food, I never experienced any inconvenience from eating them, and on this particular evening I enjoy my humble repast. But all pleasure is limited ; in the midst of my enjoyment the lamp drops off its perch, and like Gray's husbandman :—

“Leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

MOUNT CARMEL.

Haiapha, Friday 22d.—I am afoot at 5 A.M., and, removing the board from a hole in the wall, admit into my cell a stream of the pure light of day. Next, I summon the attendant by bawling and clapping my hands, and giving him to understand by signs that a little water would be acceptable; he brings me a modicum in the tin dish that the coffee was in on the preceding evening. Having no basin I am constrained to adopt the Oriental and orthodox mode of washing my face; that is, by pouring out the water with one hand whilst applying it with the other. The attendant I find tolerably attentive, and willing to please; he rejoices in the cognomen of “Hassan,” and is an active supple Arab, such as are attached to this and other khans; his duties, besides looking after the place, are attending to the wants of strangers; his pay, I believe, consists entirely in as much bakhshish as he can extort from the guests.

I am rather amused at the simplicity of my breakfast service. Ordering Hassan to fetch me some “kaweh” and “kubz,” (bread and coffee,) together with a few eggs, the Oriental “boots” brings me in a loaf of bread in the one hand, and in the other he holds three boiled eggs, which he places beside me on the floor; but there is neither plate, spoon, nor anything else. Of course the coffee was served up in the tin dish I had just been using as a wash-hand basin. Never having set a high value on the honours and accessories of the table, I accommodate myself to circumstances, now with some degree of equanimity. Discovering, however, that I could not get on without a knife, Hassan gives me to understand that there is

no such instrument on the premises ; a happy thought, nevertheless, strikes him, and running out of the building he brings me a golden-hilted dagger, which he presents to me with an air of satisfaction on his honest countenance ; evidently having borrowed it from some neighbour for the use of the "kawageh" or Christian.

While busy at my breakfast, a man having all the outward indications of a Syrian beggar presents himself before me. He begins by telling me a long rigmarole story in some tongue of which I know not a single syllable. I try to make him comprehend by signs and shrugs, that I have no money to spare at present. He will take no denial, and still persists. Seeing that no kind of persuasion will induce him to go away, I adopt more energetic means, and take him by the shoulders and forcibly bundle him out of the room. Here, however, a difficulty starts up ; there being virtually no door, the intruder is no sooner out than he is in again. Thus I am finally beaten. I give up the contest, leaving "the man in possession" master of the situation. On quitting the khan, it occurred to me as being just possible that this pertinacious individual might be the actual owner of the place, his object probably being to explain to me some usage of his household that I had unwittingly infringed. Mounting my horse, I traverse a grove of olive trees, and in twenty minutes reach the steep path or staircase leading to the convent.

The slope of Mount Carmel is steep, and though the ascent may be in a great measure performed on horseback, still it will be advisable for the stranger to avoid danger by walking. The summit commands a varied and extensive view, embracing the city of Haiapha, the surrounding country, and the Mediterranean coast. Tying up my steed beside some forty or fifty others, in a large quadrangle, on ringing a bell at the convent gate I am at once admitted. Here I join my friend, and seat myself at breakfast along with upwards of forty individuals, the majority of whom are Roman Catholic pilgrims, natives of France and Italy. All these travellers are to leave the convent to-day for Acca, (St Jean d'Acre,) there to embark for home or other destinations. Right nobly do the holy fathers perform their duty as hosts ; this being a *jour maigre*, our breakfast consists chiefly of bread and eggs, coffee and

claret, but these are abundant in quantity and unexceptionable in quality. The conversation at table takes a wide range, including politics, polemics, the holy places, and literature: it is mostly carried on in French and Italian, and I am pleased to observe the freedom of speech exercised, and the liberty of conscience advocated by both the brethren of the convent and the priests who form a large proportion of the pilgrims. Altogether I am highly delighted with the suavity of the barefooted friars of Carmel, be their religious creed or character what it may.

Carmel is the name given to a range of mountains, as well as to the north-western promontory on which the convent is situated. The length of the chain is eighteen miles, its breadth five, and its height in some parts eighteen hundred feet. The mount, or highest point, juts out into a bay of the Mediterranean, and derives its fame, less from the community of monks who nestle on its summit, than from the prophet Elijah, who made it the scene of his miracles and the place of his abode. This convent is the origin of the term "Carmelite," applied to all the monks and monasteries of this order in Christendom.

The building, according to Stanley, dates from the time of the Crusaders, and was founded by St Louis on his first and last visit to Palestine. It is large and commodious, three stories in height, surmounted by a cupola, which rises from the centre, has an imposing aspect, and is seen from a considerable distance. In the interior are a number of clean, airy, and neatly-furnished bed-rooms, on seeing which, I very much regretted not having come up, and passed the night here, instead of staying at the miserable empty khan of Haiapha. The plan of the interior is modern; there are corridors running from one side to the other, several kitchens, three large dining halls, stabling for a hundred horses, a series of large cisterns containing an abundant supply of water; in truth, it has all the appliances of a large hotel, and is more like the residence of a prince with a large retinue than a monastic institution.

I had an opportunity of inspecting the entire establishment, but more especially the middle and upper floors, and was highly gratified by the neatness and tidiness that reign throughout. The monks possess a good library, chiefly composed of eccle-

siastical works ; they have also a handsome chapel, with a fine altar surmounted by a painting of considerable merit. In front of the northern façade there is a large walled garden, ornamented with a monument to some personage, whose name I did not learn ; another enclosure on the eastern side of the convent seems tended with equal care ; indeed, monks all over the world are known to be fond of horticulture. It would require a couple of days to visit the different objects of interest in this locality. There are so many chapels, oratories, and caves, round the base and brow of the mountain ; indeed, scores of crevices, holes, and corners, either natural or hewn by man's labour out of the living rock, particularly on the two declivities facing the sea. The entire height is honeycombed with natural or artificial perforations, to which monkish legends are attached, but space will not permit me to enter into details regarding them.

There is one, however, that must not be passed over altogether in silence—namely, the cave of Elijah, which is situated at the foot of a zigzag pathway that overhangs the surging waves below, and consequently is not easily reached. It is entered by an opening or doorway on the northern slope of the height ; the interior is about twenty feet square, and is cut out of the solid rock, its walls entirely covered over with the names of pilgrims of all nations, who have “ paid their orisons ” at the prophet's shrine. On ascending the perilous pathway, and taking another glance round the summit of the venerable rock, my mind dwells on the many interesting events recorded in the Old Testament of which this has been the scene. The word “ carmel ” signifies a “ park ” or “ fertile field,”—terms beautifully expressive of the actual fruitfulness of the whole range. No part indeed of Palestine is richer in sylvan beauty, to say nothing of the magnificent sea views the crest commands. If Hermon be the birth-place of dews, Tabor of loveliness, this height excels them both in lordly grandeur ; well might the inspired poet, in scanning its noble outlines, and beholding the luxuriance of the plains below, speak of “ the excellency of Carmel.”*

With much gravity I listened for a brief interval to one of the monks, whilst he endeavoured with great earnestness to

* Isaiah xxxv. 2.

convince me that the Carmelite order had existed since the days of Elijah. He contended that the prophet had not only occupied the cave already described, but bequeathed it, and the mount itself, together with his mantle, to Elisha, to whom succeeded the sons of the prophets, and so on, till the advent of the Redeemer; then from his days down through the Latin Church to the present times. It is scarcely necessary to remark that his arguments, notwithstanding the legendary testimonies he urged to support them, failed to convince me. The chain, like that of the apostolic succession, has too many broken links, besides not a few entirely lost. Granting they were in existence, which is doubtful, and that the worthy monk had made out a much better case, one supported by fact, common sense, and Scripture, still I am heretic enough to ask, *cui bono*!—What benefit could the brotherhood, the world, or the Church expect to derive from proving this mountain to be their inheritance?

Whilst the friar is yet speaking, the announcement is made that the pilgrims are ready to depart. My friend and myself hasten to accompany them, and hand over, as usual, to the treasurer of the convent a sum we deem equivalent to the accommodation received. Then joining the cavalcade of forty or fifty horsemen, we slowly descend the mount in Indian file. The path winds along the ridge of the cliffs, and is exceedingly steep and dangerous, the only fence being a pile of loose stones; a false step on the part of the horse would precipitate both it and his rider down a sheer depth of a thousand feet. We all descend, however, in safety, and re-enter Haiapha.

This little town contains a population of about 2000 souls. Though a seaport of ancient date, and supposed to be the Sycaminopolis of antiquity, (the city of sycamores, or of waving palms,) it is anything but a desirable place of residence. It is surrounded by the ruins of what has probably been once a strong wall, and consists, for the most part, of narrow unpaved streets, with open, pestiferous gutters,—the former never swept, and the latter never flushed. The bazaars look so frowsy and repulsive, that few, except from necessity, would venture within them. There are some workshops of shoemakers, braziers, tin-plate workers, and other artizans,

such as are to be met with amongst a primitive people. In an open space near the khan, five or six houses, recently built, augur somewhat better for the future of the place. With the exception of these, the consular residences, and one or two merchants' dwellings, the habitations are rickety to a degree scarcely conceivable by any one who has not dwelt in the East. Mediævalists and antiquarians, who delight to grub amongst the accumulations of ages, would find themselves here in the midst of their coveted ruins and congenial rubbish.

Fever and ophthalmia, which have their origin generally in dirt or imperfect drainage, are prevalent, and terminate often fatally. Were the water through which we passed on entering the gate, bad as it certainly is, made available for sanitary purposes, the bills of mortality, if any such documents are issued by the authorities, would doubtless show a marked decrease in the death rate. The shore, upon which the town stands, has a beach of fine white sand, forming a pleasant promenade; but it is little used. Young Haiapha has a greater predilection for the green sward of Carmel, where, last evening, numbers of both sexes were disporting themselves on its shady slopes.

At noon we leave Haiapha for St Jean d'Acre. Our route is along the beach, where we enjoy the sea breeze and bracing air. Soon the Kishon is reached, near the point where it pours its sluggish waters into the sea. The river here forms a broad estuary of from sixty to eighty yards in width, and is of considerable depth. Higher up there is a ford, which, owing to the nature of the ground, is reported as dangerous. We are ferried across in a flat-bottomed boat, with our saddles and luggage. Amongst the last there is a camera or two, indicating a brother artist in some one or other of the pilgrims. The horses are forced to make the passage by swimming, a process that affords some amusement, particularly when becoming restive, or breaking from control, they plunge back, helter-skelter, to the gradually receding shore. The Charon of this Syrian Styx has the conscience to demand from my friend and self four francs for our passage. We pay him with one; but he obtains something extra, in the shape of a little salutary castigation, administered by our muleteer, as a *quid*

pro quo for attempting to impose upon his two Englishmen.

Again we are dashing along the beach, making occasional *détours* amongst the sand hills on the one hand, and taking the sea in shallow bays to cut off corners on the other. The shore, with its white sand, totally destitute of shingle, strongly reminds me of the coast line between St Andrews and the river Eden. Before reaching our destination we cross the N'Aman, a broad but shallow stream, said to be the Belus of Pliny, where, that authority states, glass was first accidentally made. The naturalist may be correct in his statement with reference to its discovery in Phœnicia ; but most certainly glass has been found in Egyptian tombs,—suggesting its manufacture long anterior to the time indicated by the learned naturalist. In two hours more we arrive at Acca, the Acco of Scripture,* better known as St Jean d'Acre, which we enter by a gateway now rapidly hastening to decay.

Acco, Acca, or St Jean d'Acre, is a fine old town, built at the extremity of a promontory, forming the north-western side of a noble bay. For many centuries the city, with its fortress, has been regarded as the key to Palestine. Becoming the arena of war, contending powers frequently made it the object of attack and defence ; many a rude hand has grasped and held it in bondage. It was founded originally by the Phœnicians, but fell under the power of the Greeks, who changing its name to Ptolemais, enlarged and beautified it. In the seventh century it yielded, with other Syrian cities, to Mohammedian power and fanaticism. It was retaken by the Crusaders in 1104 ; re-occupied by Saladin, but recovered by Richard Cœur de Lion and the Knights Hospitallers, who designated it St Jean d'Acre. Still the victim of vicissitude, it was erected into a caliphate ; but finally came under the domination of the Turk, in whose hands it still remains.

No modern city, it may be said, has acquired greater celebrity through wars and sieges than Acre. We have all read, and probably many of us exulted, in the affair of 1799, when British valour and the skill of Sir Sidney Smith baffled Napoleon the Great for the first time on land, and checked, at least for a season, the French idea of forming an empire in the

* Judges i. 31.

East. Even so late as 1830, Ibrahim Pasha, eldest son of the Viceroy of Egypt, closely beleaguered the fortress for six months, destroying every building of importance within its limits. In 1840, Admiral Stopford and Sir Charles Napier laid siege to the Pasha, now inside the walls, blew up his magazines, and finally dislodged the Egyptians, but left the town itself a complete wreck.

At one period St Jean d'Acre appears to have been a centre of commerce; but whatever the harbour may have been in former times, it is now shallow, unsafe, choked up, and at the present day almost deserted, the only craft it is capable of admitting being a few boats of the humblest description. Cotton and corn are the only articles of export; Manchester, Sheffield, or Birmingham goods being probably taken in return. The town is evidently—socially, politically, and commercially—*in articulo mortis*. The cause of this decadence may be attributed to its unhealthy situation. During the greater part of the year, it is surrounded by stagnant water, is sadly deficient in drainage, and is tainted with a pestilential malaria, which produce fever, and occasionally the plague. These diseases carry off annually a large per centage of the population, and have proved a serious counterbalance to any advantages the city may possess as either an emporium of traffic or a place of security.

The population is estimated to be from 4000 to 5000, composed of the three great religious sects—Moslem, Druse, and Christian, with a few Jews. The streets are wider than those of most eastern cities; the squares, of which there are a few, serve as lungs for the densely-packed inhabitants, but the walls and ramparts so celebrated in history are fast crumbling away. The bazaars are of the humblest order; there is nothing of either interest or curiosity whatever to induce the traveller to prolong his visit, except to linger over its ruins.

It would seem that my friend and self are likely to be treated to an involuntary stay, which we did not expect. We have only ridden ten miles this morning, and have already visited all that is worth seeing in the place, and the hour is only 2.30 P.M. We are, therefore, anxious to proceed farther on our journey, but our muleteer thinks otherwise, and refuses *point blank* to go another step. Here is a dilemma. We

resolve to call in the aid of the British consul. With some difficulty is discovered the consulate, situated in a back court, at the end of a narrow passage, where the royal arms are suspended ingloriously upon a dead wall. It is humiliating to me, "a Britisher," to observe the Mephistophilean smile of my companion, "a half Yankee," at the sorry figure the traditional lion presents in this dingy corner of the East. Nevertheless we find the representative of England all that could be desired, and although a German, he speaks English tolerably well. We are invited into his residence, and introduced to his daughter-in-law, a young Englishwoman, who with her child have assumed the dress and habits of her adopted country. Having made our complaint, the consul accompanies us to a large square or market-place, where our muleteer, with a gaping, listening crowd of sympathisers around him, is relating that his two Englishmen had visited every strange and out-of-the-way place, slept on the ground, and that they were neither afraid of robbers, nor terrified by wild beasts, winding up his harangue by declaring publicly, by the head of the prophet, that we were both mad. All this nonsense, however, had no practical result; the consul peremptorily orders him to saddle the horses and continue the journey at once. On hearing this decision, the rascal swears again by the prophet, that there is not time before sundown to reach a resting place for the night. We point to the great luminary still high in the heavens. Thus driven to bay, he protests and calls some other muleteers to corroborate his statement that there is no road, that it is "moshtyeb derb," that we shall be certainly plundered, if not murdered. Having heard most of this before, we give him to understand that we pledge the safety of his person as well as our own. This calms him down a little. We are compelled, however, owing to the unsafe state of the country, and the notoriously bad district through which we have to pass, to guarantee the value of his horses in the event of their being either killed, stolen, or injured.

On leaving the town we are accosted by a native, who in very good English informs us, *inter alia*, that he is a merchant, has been twice in England on business, and possesses a considerable amount of landed property; adding, for my

information, that real estate may be purchased here for a mere trifle. None of these arguments were strong enough to induce me to think of either settling or making an investment. Traversing some fine gardens, fenced by gigantic cacti, we are amazed at the quantity and quality of fruit and vegetables produced. The abundance is almost beyond belief. The suburbs of the town are very extensive, spreading beyond the walls, and finally disappearing in isolated cottages far across the plain. At length we are fairly in the country, riding across a section of the plain of Esdraelon. The soil is neither so rich, nor the crops so luxuriant as those in the neighbourhood of Jenin; the farther we proceed the ground becomes more and more marshy, obliging us to make long circuits to avoid being bogged. On our right a large body of Turkish soldiers are encamped. How men contrive to exist in such a place it is hard to say; the marsh malaria is hanging like a veil of mist over the plain—of course, says the world, they are only soldiers. On nearing the hills of Galilee we overtake two or three farmers riding on donkeys, and carrying their ploughs over their shoulders. Our guide immediately shouts out, "Sowie! Sowie!" Riding up, believing them to be Christians like ourselves, we cordially shake hands with them, and of course part heartily *maharbaing* each other. It was only after they left that we learned they were Druses. They are the first individuals of that sect I have yet met to my knowledge. I may possibly have something to say of their religious tenets when I reach Hermon or Lebanon, their headquarters.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GALILEE.

DARKNESS overwhelms us long before we clear the plain of Esdraclon ; the moon rising brightly, however, affords us ample light to guide us in our course. The barking of dogs, a welcome sound, at length announces the proximity of human dwellings. Wearied with such incessant riding, excitement, and anxiety, we thankfully enter Demon, a small Galilean village, situated amongst the hills. We apply at several houses for shelter, but all refuse to admit or entertain us ; at last a peasant-farmer opens his door, and gives us a sort of half welcome to share his roof-tree. To reach this hospitable dwelling we have to ride across a square, a garden, thread two or three narrow goat tracks over broken walls, the ground thickly strewn with large boulders ; next clambering over some large hewn stones, an apparent ruin, we reach an open court redolent with dung heaps and stagnant water ; this is the outside of the steading. On crossing the threshold the first thing that strikes me is, that the same apartment serves for both men and cattle. A large wood fire that I see blazing on the hearth is alone sufficient to tempt me to avail myself once more of a native dwelling for a night's lodging.

Whilst reclining, as they did of old, on the floor at our frugal supper of bread and labban, my friend and I endeavour, by signs, smiles, and broken Arabic, to make ourselves as agreeable to our entertainers as possible—the entire household being, as usual, gathered around us whilst thus engaged. In order to obtain the use of a lamp, and by way of inducing my hostess to hold it whilst posting up my notes, I present her with a small olive-wood and mother-of-pearl crucifix I

had purchased at Jerusalem. This the good dame, being a Roman Catholic, kisses fervently ; and I myself being in her eyes a "hadji," or holy man, only escaped having the same honour, by most energetically protesting against and preventing it. Never, if possible, come into close contact with a native ! Seated now with my back propped against the wall, I am busy in the midst of an interesting group drawing out these observations. Every eye is bent on my pen, my ink-bottle, and the characters I am tracing, so unlike anything they had ever seen before. My European mode of sitting, close-fitting dress, and strange language, afford them quite a fund of interest and amusement. It can easily be seen that both my friend and myself are regarded, if not with veneration, at least with feelings akin to admiration, these uninformed, unread, and unsophisticated peasants doubtless deeming us in many points infinitely superior to themselves.

The houses of the class of inhabitants to which the one I am now in belongs, are built of loose stones,—the interstices being filled up with mud instead of mortar. Each hut, cottage, or farmhouse is detached, but they are generally arranged in clusters constituting a village, surrounded by a common wall of the same material, rarely exceeding six feet in height. In most of these dwellings, as at Reha, and, indeed, all over Galilee, it is the universal custom for both people and cattle to repose at night under the same roof. This was the use and wont in Scotland amongst moorland farmers in the days of my youth, and is continued in the Highlands at the present time,—the only difference being, that among the Arabs the portion of the interior allotted to the bipeds is raised some eighteen inches higher than that assigned to the quadrupeds.

There is neither grate nor stove in the place, the fire being invariably made on the hearth,—the fuel consisting either of charcoal or camels' dung ; the latter chiefly used by the Bedueen, who are far from forests or any place where wood can be obtained. There is little or no furniture ; a few unglazed dishes, a jar or two for carrying and holding water, two or three mats, upon which they stretch themselves at night, without undressing, except in so far as concerns the turban,—that being always laid aside with care, and even solemnity, and a special place assigned to it. An imple-

ment or two may be seen of horse gear suspended on wooden pegs fixed in the walls, which are never white-washed nor swept. The house has a clumsy door, with a bar to match, opened by a singularly constructed wooden key, six or seven inches long, and an inch broad. Light and air are admitted by openings in the walls, which, when necessary, may be shut by a wooden shutter. That, however, is rarely needful, except on the cold or wet nights of winter. Some of the peasants' dwellings contain even less furniture than this, having often nothing more than a *gholeh*, a mat, a hand-mill, and an oven ; upon which they sleep in the cold season.

After finishing my notes, I pay a little more attention to what is passing around me. Amongst other marvels, I am particularly struck, on observing the farmer's young and handsome son, evidently a ploughman—(all the people hereabouts are connected with agriculture)—enter, leading in two asses, a couple of oxen, and a calf ; next follow the grandfather and grandmother, as one would opine, from their hoary locks ; the farmer himself, accompanied by a troop of children of divers ages. The rafters are already peopled with their own peculiar population. "Are all this living multitude," I mentally exclaimed, "to be my companions for the night? Ah, well, so much the better ; we shall be at no loss for society." Observing the fire getting low, my companion and self signify our wish, by sleepy nods, to go to roost. At once all, old and young, take up positions on the floor. We lie down amongst the household, clothed and shod, just as we entered. Soon all is in darkness and silence, no sound heard, except the deep-drawn breath of the heavy sleeper, or the cattle munching their food.

Demon, Saturday, 23d.—This morning I rise at daybreak, but have scarcely words to describe the horrors of the past night. Some fastidious readers, particularly those who have not travelled, may say, Why detail feelings, when they verge on disgust, or speak of scenes that savour of the abominable? To guard against offence on this point, and as a warning to other travellers, I shall record my experience with as delicate a pen as a due representation of the facts themselves will admit. Well, on getting up, at least what remains of me, to run out to the court, and to strip, is the work of a moment. I

discover that my body is a mass of inflammation, excoriated and bitten all over ; moreover, that my clothes are literally alive with vermin.

I have read of the sufferings of the middle passage, of the agonies undergone in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and perused some narratives of certain cruel modes of torture, as practised amongst the Indian Fakeers ; but, I verily believe, all these fall miserably short of the plagues to be encountered, and endured, in passing a night in a native hut at Demon. It may be asked, Are there no means of escape from this species of torment ? My companion carried an insect-killing powder which he used nightly ; but I saw no advantage he gained by its use. I myself have tried all sorts of stratagems to avoid the charges of the diminutive but nimble enemy, and have long since arrived at the conclusion that immunity or escape is impossible. I have lain out of a bed, and in one, slept on a bench, and tried a stable ; betaken myself to an open court, sought refuge on flags, and bivouacked on a roof in the open air—but all in vain, the nocturnal brigade invariably found me out, preying, vampire-like, on my juices. Why, then, it may be asked, did I not sleep in a hotel, like a Christian and a clergyman ? Because, dear reader, even suppose such establishments were to be found on the highways and byways of the Holy Land, the evil could not be avoided,—the hotel, the shop, the bazaar, the khan, and the palace being, in this respect, on a par with the hovel, the hut, and the tent. The plague of Egypt, if not of Moses, is as prevalent now throughout the East, as it was in the days of the Pharaohs. I had in my overweening self-conceit imagined myself flea-proof, owing to an amount of seasoning I had undergone in certain Egyptian cities, but I never was more grievously mistaken. Till now, I had been profoundly ignorant of the instincts, habits, numbers, and miraculous power of reproduction inherent in this class of insects. It is only after last night's experience I begin to comprehend the true nature of this branch of entomology. My present knowledge, like Bacon's philosophy, is founded on a series of experiments, fairly entitling it to be regarded as an inductive conclusion. In these days of philosophic investigation and natural history inquiry, there ought to be a treatise on para-

sitic verminology, a void at present in our literature. Such a work might be of considerable service to future travellers in Egypt and Galilee ; particularly if written *con amore*, of portable size, and treated from a practical point of view, especially by one who has graduated at Demon or some other Eastern village, and survived the *crucis experimentum*.

After sundry personal investigations, a thorough wash, and a drink of warm goat's milk, my friend and I prepare to depart. Our bill is only five piastres. I should willingly have given fifty, never to have crossed the worthy farmer's threshold. I am constantly reminded, by admonitory symptoms, that I have made the acquaintance of a few personal friends, who seem determined to show their attachment by sticking to me. Taking leave of our Galilæan hosts, and mounting our horses, we bid a long, and I devoutly hope, *a lasting adieu* to Demon.

It is not that I boast of possessing superior information, when I affirm that but few travellers visiting Palestine use the best means for becoming acquainted with the in-door usages of the inhabitants, or the customs of the country. This is especially true of those who hamper and burden themselves with tents, cooking and sleeping conveniences, those, in a word, who surrender themselves, body, judgment, and purse, into the hands, or rather the clutches, of a dragoman. One in such circumstances can only see what his dragoman chooses to place before him, take that route, which, for his own interest, not that of his employer, he may suggest. What amount of information, it may be asked, can be collected by one who never once either slept in a native hut, or spent a day in smoking, drinking coffee, or eating out of the same dish with an Arab family ? His whole knowledge is confined to, or extracted from, an occasional stolen glance into a tent in passing, and sometimes not even to that. What can be gathered in this way, of the general modes of Arab cooking, the arrangement of meals, or fireside occupations and amusements ; how and where the inmates dispose themselves at night, the manners of the juveniles under the paternal canvas ? These and many other domesticities, which constitute the interior of a household, must remain, in a great measure, unknown to such travellers, except from hearsay.

If, on the other hand, the traveller or visitor would submit to do, as I am now doing—leave himself unfettered by either baggage, tent, or dragoman, at liberty to follow his own plans, routes, or fancy, and go wherever or whenever it so pleased him—sleep anywhere, or, if need be, nowhere ; his commissariat recruited where and when comeatable—or let him fast until Providence, in the shape of some hospitable Arab, open a door and supply his necessities ;—in other words, let him lay aside Western fastidiousness, and in the expressive language of the day, “rough it,” becoming for the time an Arab, going in and out among them as one of themselves, partaking with them of their meals, smoking from their chibouques—joining with them in all their usages, (except sleeping on their mats.) Thus, if the traveller’s or visitor’s object be not only to see and know the country, but to become thoroughly conversant with the inhabitants, their customs, manners, and modes of in-door life, let him adopt the course I have chalked out. I grant that in following this mode of travel, hardships will have to be endured and privations undergone ; but these will be far more than counterbalanced by the accuracy and fulness, not to speak of the amount, of information acquired, which could not have been obtained except from personal experience. One month’s life thus spent will give the traveller more insight into Arab character than a twelvemonth’s encampment in tent, and dependence on tent equipage.

For a short distance our path lies through beautiful corn fields, the soil either a rich black moss or loam, and a forest of dwarf oak trees, but this does not continue for any length of time ; twenty minutes’ riding brings us to a tract among hills of rugged limestone, over which, to all appearance, neither horse nor rider ever passed before. To augment our embarrassment, we are in a rocky dell, hemmed in on every side. Our muleteer stops short, and informs us that he is as ignorant of the way as we are ourselves. We are, as the Americans say, “in a fix.” Meheiddin’s prophecy, after all, has come to pass, “Mosh-tyeb-derb.” We know not in what direction to proceed. Whilst debating what should be done in the circumstances, a ragged little active urchin, like Wieland Smith’s attendant in “Kennilworth,” suddenly appears, just as if he

had sprung out of the earth. Hailing him, and his advent at the same time, our muleteer, for a consideration of three piastres, bribes him to guide us to the next village on our map. With the day, and under our young guide, our spirits brighten up. The road is certainly "Mosh-tyeb," a climbing and descending, sometimes leading our horses down precipices, at other times dragging them up, or creeping across smooth platforms and picking our steps among boulders. Thus we proceed on our way, not rejoicing, but now and then losing our temper, owing to the difficulty of the path, and the incessant stinging remembrances of our old enemies of Demon, as also occasional twinges from new ones, the mosquitoes. With philosophic calmness, we do not allow these trifling annoyances to disturb our equanimity ; it would be folly to permit such small matters as flea-bites to mar our enjoyment, while travelling in a land we had so long and earnestly desired to visit ; still, being only mortals, these insects do at times assume the form of the disagreeable, and would, anywhere else than amongst the green hills of Galilee, be intolerable, leading to the conclusion that mind or mental enjoyment can rise superior to physical suffering. Small evils, it has been said, like invisible insects, inflict pain ; and a single hair not only spoils a sheet of paper, but may stop a machine. The chief secret and source of comfort is to cultivate an under-growth of heart and mind pleasures, which will not permit cares and annoyances to take root or occupy the ground. Were this rule adopted, great troubles would not only be fewer in number, but less annoying in their consequences.

We have just passed the small village of Tumra, keeping the wady Abilin on our right. Shefa-Omar, another village, is observed crowning a height far to the south. This part of the country is exceedingly picturesque, though almost unknown. It is a pity that it is so little frequented by travellers, or visited by pilgrims. In less than an hour we reach the village of Kaukab, a mere group of rude huts thrown together, with a population of not more than fifty or sixty souls.

Few persons in their sober senses would dream of making a *détour*, purely and simply for the purpose of seeing, far less of sleeping in, Demon ; yet, in the event of any enterprising

sight-seeker going there, or should any wayfarer be compelled, by necessity, to visit the place,—it would be much safer to bivouac in the open ground, or to retrace his steps and return to Nazareth by the way of the plain, than to adopt the course I am now pursuing—that is, crossing rocky ledges, and climbing rugged precipices, interspersed with dwarf forests of prickly thorn-shrubs. The idea of any pilgrim, foolish enough to visit Kaukab for its own sake, may be dismissed as totally out of the question. These circumstances, in connexion with the route, being almost impracticable, and lying out of the way of ordinary travellers, may account for an incident that occurred to myself in this obscure locality.

In emerging from a thicket, near the village where we now are, my rug, upon which I ride, having caught in a prickly bush, is badly torn. Crossing a garden, I bend my steps to the nearest hut, at the door of which a native woman is standing, who glares at me like a she-bear watching her cubs. Dismounting, I address her courteously, simultaneously unfolding my rug and my mishap, making signs that I besought the aid of a friendly hand and a stout needle. No sooner had I done this, than—more like a fury than one of the gentler sex—she launches out into a storm of invective, shouting “*ya Walad*” to a youth, and calling on the male population generally to come and help her to stone and curse the “*kelb*,” (dog,) and “*Nusrany*,” (Christian,) the latter term being the most opprobrious epithet a Moslem can either conjure up or apply to an unbeliever. Bless me! How my ears ring with her shrill notes—

“*Tantæne, animis cœlestibus iræ?*”

I lose no time in remounting and taking myself off, deeming, in such a predicament, discretion to be the better part of valour. In short, I fled precipitately, though menaced only by a woman's tongue and a volley of stones, which latter happily did not reach their aim—with a salutary remembrance of the words of Solomon, (Prov. xxi. 19,) “Better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman.”

It may well be asked, What had excited this Galilæan woman's ire, and what the cause of this awful torrent of abuse? Why should so much dirt be heaped upon my bushy

beard? And wherefore should my poor departed father and an entire generation of my ancestors be consigned to Moham-medan perdition, in such a fashion? No reason, save that it may have arisen from the poor woman's ignorance, tempered by the rabid fanaticism and intolerance of her creed. My mode of address was that usual in the country; saluting the termagant with the word "um," (mother,) next to smooth the asperities of her temper, improving upon that, by using the expression "bint," (daughter,) I finally brought into play the universal and potent shibboleth, "bakhshîsh," known from Alexandria to Aleppo, but all were alike unavailing; hence, there is no other conclusion than this, the old rugged character of the Galilæan for rudeness and boorishness continues unaltered, exhibiting itself now, as it did, when one of themselves—the guileless Nathanael—exclaimed, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" *

This was the district, and such were the people among whom Jesus the Messiah spent His youth and early manhood, the people being then characterised by the same type of barbarism as they are now, after the lapse of 1800 years. It appears singular to us, speaking *more humano*, that the Redeemer, whilst preparing for His great work, should have selected these wild hills for His home, and their equally savage inhabitants for His countrymen. One would have supposed that His training would have been begun, if not perfected in the Stoa of Athens, the Forum of Rome, or at least in Jerusalem at the feet of the chiefs of the Sanhedrim and doctors learned in the law.

But God's thoughts, as before remarked, and ways are not man's; other decisions had been determined in the councils of the Eternal. It was not in the famed schools of the ancients, but in these secluded vales, far from the strife of sects and parties, that the "Lily of the Valley" was to spring up. The Messiah's early years were to be passed in a country, separated by natural barriers and social boundaries, from the contentions and bitterness of political partisanship; amongst a people proverbially devoid of the amenities of civilised life and the polish of cities. Not only was He a Galilæan, but lower still, of Nazareth,† and a Nazarene. Might not this enter into the

* John i. 46.

† Luke ii. 23.

elimination of His deep "humiliation" and reproach?*"Making himself of no reputation, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself."† Perhaps a fulfilling of Isaiah's words: "He hath no form or comeliness; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not."‡

After our hasty retreat from Kaukab, we proceed through a series of glens and knolls, then a forest of large trees and several groves of olives. Whilst entangled in one of the latter we catch a glimpse of a villanous-looking armed Arab, who appears to be watching and following us. We adopt the course, of quietly continuing our journey, without seeming to notice his movements. Riding on towards the famous conical hill of Jefat, that has been some time in view, which, having reached, we immediately ascend, and make our forenoon halt.

* Luke iv. 28.

† Phil. ii. 8.

‡ Isa. liii.

CHAPTER XXX.

CANA OF GALILEE.

THIS mount, the Jotapata of antiquity, though not mentioned in sacred, is well known in secular history, as one of the strongest fortresses in Galilee. Upon this bare mass of rock, in the days of our Lord, there were a city and camp, in which Josephus, the Jewish warrior and historian, with his forces, baffled for some considerable length of time the trained legions of Vespasian. Now, not a stone of either city or stronghold remains, the only indications of their former existence being four very large cisterns, in so dilapidated a condition that cattle find their way into them and make them their lair. The opening or entrance into the largest is completely shrouded by a large tree, and choked up with brushwood. The hill itself, in remote times before the use of artillery, must have been inaccessible and impregnable to all but Roman troops, being isolated from the plain and surrounding hills, except at a narrow neck that connects it with the range. Mr Porter is, I think, correct in supposing the valley at the base, to be the "Jiphthah-el" of Joshua xix. 26-28. The view is shut in on three sides, that only towards Sefurieh being open. The prospect from this point is rich in hill scenery, but richer still in sacred reminiscences. The surrounding country is pastoral, and has somewhat the appearance, I fancy, of that about and near Gatehouse, in Galloway, Scotland. The question often rises in my mind—Shall the Saviour ever revisit this land and make Himself known to this people? The longer I meditate on His word, the more I am of opinion He will, but at His own time, and in His own way—" *Tuum regnum adveniat.*"

Whilst seated on this historic height Meheiddin presents himself, and once more informs us that he has lost his way, and knows not what direction to take; he is moving about, wringing his hands despairingly, either praying, cursing, or raving. Having but little acquaintance with his language, I cannot say which, but am inclined towards the imprecatory hypothesis. Fortunately the suspicious-looking Arab is still within hail, so calling him to our aid, he, instead of shooting us off-hand, as we had half surmised, undertakes for a bakhshish of six piastres to guide us to Battauf, on our route to Nazareth. We lead our horses down the east side of the hill, under the conduct of our new cicerone, and pass through a charming dell, along a stream bordered with oleander and other blooming shrubs—quite a fairy den, in which Naiads and Driads, or other beings who delight in sylvan solitude, might find a home. I cannot help exclaiming—“Lovely Galilee! Thou hast not only fond remembrances, green hills, and pleasant valleys, but also most lovely glens!” We are conducted through a gorge, where the mountains on either side rise to a height of a thousand feet;—after traversing which, we emerge at an outlet scarcely wide enough to allow a horse to pass. A ride of fifteen minutes down the ravine brings us to Kâna-el-Jelil, the “Cana of Galilee” of the New Testament.

A tide of emotions flit through me as I dismount and clamber over the walls of some deserted Arab huts, now converted into sheds to screen the cattle from the noonday heat. I exclaim, “Is this Cana? Where is the village?—where the city I had expected? Or if destroyed, where are its ruins?” There are no remains of antiquity, in the shape of either column or cistern; no memorial to inform the traveller or pilgrim that on this spot stood the dwelling of the Holy Family; no vestige exists of the habitation in which Jesus performed, if not His first miracle, the first great act of His public life. In the course of many journeys through different lands I have visited the sites of many ancient cities, which like this one have passed away; but their situation could always be detected by their ruins and their remains; their fragments either crowning the mountains or filling up the valleys, but alas! here there is not a wreck left to mark either the site or the glory of Cana.

I sit down on a huge slab which forms a portion of an old wall of a goat-pen, and again ask myself, Is it possible that this bare and deserted hill-side can be the site of the Cana of the New Testament? Can this be the spot which in bygone years, and to the present day, fills a large place in my mind's recollection? Am I really and truly on the ground and in the place consecrated by the miracle of water being turned into wine, at the will of the Creator? Is this the place where once stood, not only a city, but the renowned city of Cana? It must be so; history and tradition both point with unerring hand to this locality. I accept it, and look around and endeavour, if possible, to discover among the rank grass, the goat and sheep cots, a position upon which it might be supposed the dwelling stood where the marriage party assembled; where, on that occasion, Mary, a proud, a fond, and believing mother sat; where Jesus first burst forth from obscurity, and manifested Himself with the insignia of His divine character. But in vain; the flowers bloom, the tall grass waves, the balmy air blows gently, the birds twitter and sing, but otherwise there is neither sign nor sound in heaven above or from the earth beneath, that this is the place where the Son of God declared Himself to be the great "I AM." Yet it may be as well. Superstition and ignorance, rife in every age, might have converted such places and ruins into stumbling-blocks, leading to fanaticism and folly, if not to idolatry. Cana is as imperishable as the Word of God itself. Into whatever country the blessed gospel is carried, and in whatever age or language it may be received or proclaimed, the marriage feast of Cana, and the turning water into wine, will ever continue to be remembered.

Well am I aware that His presence now fills this glen as the sun at this moment fills the earth with its radiance; His hands made these gray mountains, moulded these green hills, and levelled these plains; His fingers carved and rounded these lovely flowers, tinted and mingled their hues, and blended them into harmony and beauty; I myself, who sit here gazing as if into vacuity, yet entranced in love and adoring admiration, was formed by His power, and, blessed be His name! have been breathed into by His Spirit. He is just as much present, in and around me at this moment, as He was with those who

reclined with Him, at the same table, and lay upon His bosom on this sacred spot 1800 years ago.

The site of these ever-memorable events is lonely in the extreme, and entirely depopulated. With the exception of the savages of Kaukab and our Arab guides, we have not beheld a human face during the whole day, yet the scenery—embracing plain, mountain, and ravine—is exceedingly full of beauty. It may be remarked that Cana, like many other towns and villages mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, has a sister city of the same name. The last is known as Kefr Kenna, situated a few miles nearer Nazareth; this has been the innocent cause of a large amount of bickering amongst the learned and the travelled. Had a taste for antiquarian controversy been my forte or ambition, here there is a fair field for wrangling, nearly as ample and inexhaustible as that afforded by the site of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Mr Porter states that Kana-el-Jelil was believed to be the real Cana, and remained unquestioned as such, till late in the sixteenth century; since that date, however, a host of travellers and authorities have arranged themselves in antagonistic phalanges, one party contending for this as the site, and the other for the existing or more eastern village. In the course of the contention such terms as “architriclinium,” and the names of the early travellers, Quaresimus, Willibald, and Saewulf, besides legends difficult to believe about “water-pots,” have been so freely bandied about, that an outsider like myself cannot avoid being a little confounded, particularly as the material evidence of pots and pillars brought forward on either side, like the wood of the “true cross,” or the “three black crows,” expand or diminish according to the exigences of the disputants.

After collecting a few *souvenirs*, we remount our horses and depart with a sigh from Kana-el-Jelil, designated by others Khurb-et-Kana, and enter upon the plain of Battauf, where some ploughmen with their small ploughs are preparing the land for seed. To a Western the dress of a Syrian labourer or ploughman, with his mode of guiding his implement, is at first sight rather novel, and such as we would deem unsuited to his occupation and the purpose he has in view. This feeling, like everything new, soon wears off, and the eye becomes reconciled to the anomaly. We would opine, from our habits

and attire that a ploughman's garb should be at least of strong corduroy or home-made woollen ; but he seems to think or feels that the climate demands no such stuff ; his drawers are like his turban, of white calico, pure as the driven snow, the former reaching only to his knees ; if without his abbah, then his vest is also white of the same slim material, or it may be his head is enveloped in a fancy-coloured shawl, his legs bare, and his feet thrust into red morocco slippers, with soles five inches in breadth. His plough, he holds with one hand, and guides or drives the oxen with the other, singing some love ditty as merrily as a ploughboy in England, pursuing his useful and pleasant labour from morn till eve. A weight of deep dejection, which in vain I attempt to throw off, oppresses me, arising from the reflection of Cana's departed greatness, or from feeling that I am travelling over a tract often trodden by Jesus when in the flesh. His mother, and His friends, on their way from Nazareth to Cana. Looking around me, I know that the Redeemer must often have beheld those hills, frequently crossed this plain, clambered up those declivities, and gazed upon the same natural objects that form the landscape, the country then, presenting the same general outline of goat-pastured hills, and "fields white to the harvest," as it does now. But oh, how great the change, and how different the aspect ! There are now no longer villages teeming with an active population, groups of merry children, and wedding parties coming out to meet the bridegroom ; the voice of melody and the song of praise are no longer heard—all is silent, except Nature, and she at this moment seems grave and sombre. The few inhabitants who reside here and till the land are Arabs, followers of the false prophet, to whom the name of Jesus is unknown, or if known, despised ; upon them, though more heavily upon the Jews, fell collaterally the dire consequences of the terrible invocation—"His blood be upon us and our children."*

After another hour's ride across the plain of Battauf, we reach and ascend a green rounded hill, keeping a church-like building on our left. The country is undulating, formed of green hills and olive-cultured dales, with corn-fields, fig-tree plantations, oaks, too, and a kind of tree resembling a willow ; the landscape, to my eye, having much the appearance of that

* Matth. xxvii. 5.

near Bethlehem, or bearing some resemblance to the districts round Beith and Lochwinnoch in Ayrshire,—with this difference, that here the vegetation is characterised by the foliage of the vine and the fig-tree ; there, by that of the fir, the broom, and the hawthorn ; but stop, we have just arrived at Sefurieh, the Dio-Cæsarea or Sepphoris of antiquity.

This ancient city, once the strongest in Palestine, and in the time of Herod second only in this respect to Jerusalem, was situated on or near the hill we have just ascended ; but, like other Syrian towns of antiquity, has now entirely disappeared. On the summit of the height there is a round Greek church, or it may be, as some suppose, a castle ; portions of the wall are still in good preservation. This, with a square tower, a column or two, and the remains of a few houses—which, in some instances, appear to have been constructed of bevelled stones—are all that is left of Sepphoris.

It was here, it is believed, the Jewish Sanhedrim assembled after the destruction of the temple ; and where also Josephus, with a mere handful of men, by an adroit stratagem, gained a decisive victory over the Romans. But the place is chiefly remarkable from a prevalent and ancient belief that it was the birthplace of the Virgin Mary. The old church is supposed to occupy the spot where the angel stood and exclaimed, “Hail, Mary ;” hence it has been termed the “Place of the Salutation.” A house is still pointed out, said to be that of her parents, Joachim and Anna ; the latter, as all are aware, was recently canonised, and declared by a Papal bull to have been like her illustrious daughter, “born without sin.” Had the new saint been alive, she would doubtless have been somewhat astonished by this dogma of the Immaculate Conception, as well as by many very strange things done in her name, and by virtue of her authority. Pilgrims from all parts of Christendom flock here annually to worship at the old Gothic shrine, and perhaps nowhere out of Italy are “the glories of Mary”—it would be verging on blasphemy to repeat them—more implicitly recognised than by the devotees of the Latin Church at Sefurieh.

The existing hamlet, built of the fragments of the ancient city, is a mere cluster of huts, with low doors, the interiors dark, and unprovided with any appliances of domestic comfort.

The people nevertheless seem in easy circumstances, the children well fed, and as happy as if their homes were "marble halls." There are no special trades carried on in the village; the entire population are engaged in field labour. They probably make their own shoes, clothes, and whatever might be necessary at home. I did not even observe a barber's shed, though almost indispensable in the East.

The village stands partially on a heap, or rather heaps of rubbish, which, I have no doubt, would well repay the labour of excavation. Though not a professed antiquarian myself, I have a strong opinion that exploring this *débris* would amply compensate the outlay. Had I time and means to secure the co-operation of a body of navvies, I should not hesitate to return next summer and overhaul these mounds; the result, I am certain, would at the very least enrich our private and public collections. On a partial examination of the hill, slopes, and adjacent valleys, there are, if I mistake not, a number of plants, to me unknown, which, if classified, would considerably augment our botanical knowledge. There is, some two miles off, a fountain, famed in history as marking the trysting-place of the Crusaders before the battle of Hattin, at which the fate of Palestine was decided; but unfortunately I am too busy looking up antiques to think of going to see anything more interesting at a distance. It may be remarked in passing, that the Syrians, generally, not only use their bread fresh from the oven, but animal food is cooked and eaten very soon after it has been killed. They thus suppose the very opposite to us, that meat in this state is more tender, while they affirm with a shudder that we eat food that is *dead*, or that we keep it till it is corrupted. They boil or stew their meat to rags; in roasting, it is cut up into a number of small pieces, and placed on a skewer. In general, only as much food as serves for the day is cooked. This custom explains how it was that in the case of Abraham and other patriarchs, when either stranger or angel were welcomed into their tents, a kid had to be caught, killed, and dressed, and cakes to be baked ere the guests could be entertained.* In one of the huts into which I looked, there was a woman busily engaged making bread for the family. The process may be briefly described thus:—

* Gen. xviii. 6-7.

She took from a bag made of goat's hair two or three handfuls of meal or coarse flour, mixed it with cold water, in an unglazed earthenware dish, kneaded it with her hands, as bannocks are made by housewives in Scotland; it was then rolled out with a piece of wood, and twirled between her hands, to reduce it to a greater degree of thinness; placing it upon a plate of sheet-iron over some glowing wood-embers, the bread was baked almost instanter. There is another mode, differing, however, very little from the last—the cake is placed between two plates, and the whole thrust in among live embers. From hygienic and economic considerations, I never, at home, eat newly-baked bread; but, when one is in Palestine, it alters the case. Never did I eat a sweeter morsel, or with greater relish.

The next stage in our journey is Nazareth; but whilst taking a last glance at the ruins and hovels of Sefurieh, I lose sight of my companion and the muleteer, who have started off before me. I am at a loss to what point of the compass to steer, ignorant of where Nazareth lies, nor how to ask it even although I knew its name. What is to be done? I start at full gallop down the hill, and follow a beaten track for a mile or so. Seeing no signs of my friends, but meeting with three Arab girls, from them I learn that I am in the direct way to Acre. Turning my horse's head, I take at once the opposite direction, and hasten along the margin of a stream, just below the village, but am again baffled; the road leads to the river, and there it seems to terminate. Nevertheless, I push boldly into the current, ride a couple of hundred yards, and descry a path on the opposite bank, which I take; but whether it may lead to Nazareth or not, I have no means of determining. This much, however, I do know, it is neither the way I came, nor the route to Acre, consequently, any track, if it leads to the hills among which Nazareth is said to lie, the city must be ultimately reached. I therefore dash away at full speed.

Arriving at a steep acclivity, I slowly ascend it. This mountainous district is magnificently rugged, stern, and wild; a meet home—as Sir Walter Scott says of Caledonia—for a poet. Here there would be nothing to disturb his reverie, or break in upon his mood, when “his eye is in fine frenzy

rolling," save the bleat of the goat, the song of the lark, or the hush and moan of the wind, as it played in eddies around him. Indeed, I have sometimes marvelled, that Galilee, so rich in natural scenery—mountain, glen, and stream—should not have, in modern times, produced a poet : one who would sing of its green hills, its crystal brooks, and fair daughters ; as also, that no Israelite has restrung the long-silent harp of the royal singer, or taken up and struck the lyre of the heaven-enwrapped Isaiah : thus to arouse his countrymen to arms, to regain possession of their inheritance, or besiege Heaven, in fervid poetic strains, for deliverance and restoration.

I have peered a dozen times through my glass, in an endeavour to descry some human habitation, but except Se furich, which lies behind me, there is no trace of the country being inhabited. At the bend in the pathway, I catch sight in the far distance, upon my right, of a large square building, apparently a convent or a fortress, surrounded with walls, and situated in the midst of vineyards and gardens. I immediately push on towards it, in the hope of obtaining information relative to the position of Nazareth. A twenty minutes' ride brings me to its gateway ; where, after thundering with an iron knocker for some time, arousing every sleeping echo in the valley, at last a person makes his appearance, who to judge from his countenance, is anything but well pleased ; possibly, I may have disturbed him at his devotions, or still more probably, at his dinner ; and few care to be interrupted in either of these cases. I ask my way to Nazareth, using all the languages of which I am master ; he replies, I suppose, in Arabic, but unfortunately neither of us understands the other ; so we mutually shrug our shoulders, and after interchanging smiles and salaams, I leave, and, proceeding onwards, I come to two cross roads, that break off at right angles. Here is another puzzle. Fortunately taking the left hand one, a quarter of an hour's riding through prickly pears and olive gardens, brings me to the brow of a hill overhanging the place of my destination. Here I meet with a youth who speaks a little English—this he informs me he picked up from the travellers at the convent—and under his guidance I enter the far-famed city of Nazareth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NAZARETH.

LEADING my horse down a deep lane at the extremity of the town, the first person I meet is Meheiddin, who weeps in the excess of joy, not because his lost Englishman has appeared, but at recovering his brown mare, which he had given up as irretrievably lost. I am, to speak the truth, no less satisfied to find myself safe from panther and wild Beduee, than he is at recovering his property. It is now more than ever my conviction that there is less danger amongst the hills from either wild beasts or thieves than is supposed. The cry wolf ! wolf ! is often a trick of hotel-keepers, escorts, and drago-men, simply to bring grist to the mill. So far, then, as my own experience goes, there is not so much reason for distrusting the native population, or yet for carrying revolvers and daggers—which almost every traveller wears ; indeed, I have generally found, both at home and abroad, that a due observance of the golden rule, will carry a man farther and safer, than such a display of panoply, which often leads to swaggering and bullying, if not to actual bloodshed.

We find a cordial welcome and a home at the residence of the superintendent of the “ Mission for the diffusion of Christianity among the Jews.” The missionary establishment is large, clean, and commodious. Mr Zillah himself is at present in Europe, but we receive every attention from a young English lady connected with the institution. Although late on the Saturday afternoon, still there is time to make the circuit of the city or town before dark. So out we sally. The lanes, called by way of courtesy, streets, are execrable, encumbered with refuse, the bazaars choked with dirt and

rag's ; in a word, Nazareth may claim the unenviable distinction of being the filthiest town in Palestine. What a contrast to my preconceived ideal of the home of the Lord ! But blessed be God, faith does not rest on things seen and temporal.

The pilgrim's first steps are generally directed to the Church of the Annunciation, and thither my companion and myself also make our way. The route lies down through crooked lanes, in which we have to wade up to the ankles in the soil of men and animals. Threading our path among the filth, we reach the entrance of the basilica, situated in a spacious square ; then crossing a court we enter a small gateway, and stand in the holy fane. Let me confess I experience no devotional feelings, no spiritual throbbings swell in my breast, nor, do I stand with bated breath, as when, for the first time, I entered the Holy Sepulchre, or crossed the threshold of the Grotto of the Nativity. Descending, if I mistake not, the same number of steps as those that lead to the sacred manger at Bethlehem, and also, I fancy, as those leading to the Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross on Calvary, it occurs to me, that the coincidence is, to say the least of it, extremely suspicious-looking. There is so much traffic in religion, and in the feelings it generates, that one is apt, in such an atmosphere, to become incredulous, even as regards what is perfectly true.

The monk who acts as our conductor, points out as we proceed, the marvels of the building. "Here," says he, after the manner of a showman, "the angel stood ;" "there," he adds, "stood Mary ; here, was her pitcher, and there, she did the family washing." So he went on, till I gave him a hint that we were heretics. This information takes the worthy friar completely aback ; he seemingly had no idea, that he was talking to, and had come into contact with, schismatics, and that we had neither faith in his church, nor belief in his legends. Anxious, however, to see the whole affair, we descend some more steps, our conductor carrying a lamp in his hand. Traversing a long dark passage, he opens a door in a corner, and we enter the reputed house of Joseph and Mary. The place appears to be one of those natural caves so common in the district, and in the limestone formation, yet, it

may be the most truthful portion of the whole exhibition. Returning to the vestibule, the monk winds up by laying his hand on a wall, saying, "This is the identical house in which the Virgin lived." Yet, no fact is more notorious in Christendom, or one which the Church of Rome holds, at least in Italy, with greater tenacity than the dogma, that the dwelling of the Virgin was conveyed by angels from Nazareth, first to Dalmatia, and finally to Loretto in Italy, where it is now visited annually by thousands of pilgrims. This myth is no more absurd or improbable, than many others maintained by papal rescripts and edicts. When I questioned the monk how the edifice could be both here and in Italy at one and the same time, he merely shrugged his shoulders, replying, "It is God's doing ; *un miracolo ! un miracolo !*"

It has often occurred to me, more especially of late, how much more satisfactory it would be, were pilgrims permitted, unattended by a guide, to visit these shrines and holy places, and be left by themselves to enjoy alone in silence, their own thoughts, fancies, or communings. The same remark applies to other exhibitions, and even to surveying and studying the beauties of nature. The majority of guides who conduct strangers through the holy places of Palestine, are bigoted, and often ignorant monks—men whose education is often limited, who, from their training, believe, or say they believe, any romance, legend, or pious fraud, however ridiculous, that has received the sanction of their superiors, probably following up the suggestion of Belarmine—"To call black white, and white black, if required to do so for the good of mother church." Such guides, by their incessant ill-timed descriptions and interruptions, would destroy the *genius loci* of bedlam, how much more so the solemnities or silence of a church or sepulchre ?

Before leaving, the monk leads us to, and points out, a pillar at the foot of the great staircase, which he affirms has been for centuries miraculously suspended from the roof, the under plinths, and perhaps two feet of the lower portion of the column being awanting, but which, to ordinary Protestant optics, seems simply to be built into the rock-work overhead. He further informs us, that according to tradition—here he crossed himself—the lower part of the shaft had been re-

moved by the infidels, in an unholy attempt to destroy the Sacred Grotto, but God interposing, caused the superior or upper part to hang as it does now, and so it shall remain, continues he, "*ad æternum.*" This is an exceedingly clumsy attempt at a miracle; simply a travestie of Mohammed's coffin at Mecca—or perhaps an attempt to rival the Moslem on his own ground and principles. Indeed, I fancied the monk felt half-ashamed in "trying it on," knowing that I was English.

Besides these attractions, there are some tolerable paintings and altar-pieces, but so far as I can judge, none of them will bear any very severe criticism. Amongst the Latin inscriptions within the building, the most prominent is:—"Hic verbum caro factum est." (Here the Word was made flesh.) No doubt there is much in the church or cathedral of Nazareth to gratify the taste, and peculiar mental, and religious training of a Romanist; but, taken altogether, I cannot say, though interested, I have been much edified, or my faith strengthened by the visit.

Having completed our inspection of the Latin cathedral, we next proceed to the Greek church, which lies on the other side of the town, where mass, or probably vespers, are being chanted. Under the floor of this very handsome building there is a fountain, said to be that at which the Virgin Mary stood, when first addressed by the angel. On asking one of the priests for a small bottle of the water, he obligingly complies with my request. The Latins have also, it may be remarked, a fountain under their cathedral, for which they claim the same distinction and veneration, asserting of course that theirs is the genuine one, whilst the Greeks, with equal pertinacity, insist that they are the custodiers of the real Simon Pure. There is a third "Fountain of the Virgin" outside the town, which I purpose visiting on Monday, and on which I may then make a few remarks.

Nothing more plainly shows Popery to be a masterpiece of Satan, than its marvellous adaptation to suit the desires of unsanctified humanity. Man's affections are stirred up, and yearn with anxiety concerning the after-death welfare of near and dear ones; the Church gives a viaticum and prayers for the dead. Man naturally seeks a seen mediator, and to enjoy a

present forgiveness ; the Church presents him with both, in the person of a priest, absolution, guaranteeing a present and future indulgence. Man soothes and satisfies his torn and severed affections, by cherishing the relics of departed worth, embracing the mementoes of past loved ones ; the Church supplies the want, and closes up the gap by relics, *i.e.*, bones, rags, and exuviae of saints and martyrs ; the monks taking care that the supply shall be always equal to the demand. Humanity dreams, longs, and desires to visit the scenes where noble, great, or good deeds have been performed, or where holy men have lived ; the Church invents or consecrates holy places, to which she attaches either sanctifying grace or mediatorial merit. In short, anything rather than Jesus Christ and Him crucified ; any work or penance rather than being born again of the Holy Spirit.*

We are next conducted to the suburbs of the town, where there is shown what, by many is believed to be the workshop of Joseph, and the carpenter's bench at which both he and his reputed son, Jesus, pursued their humble calling. Unfortunately for the Latins, to whom this workshop belongs, the Greeks, with laudable zeal, are busy erecting an opposition "carpenter's shop," upon a hill on the other side of the town ; this, when finished, if we may judge *a priori*, will be equally as genuine as its more ancient rival. There is already, both here and at Jerusalem, an apparent necessity for the signboard and warning sometimes observable, both in London and in the provinces, between rival shops or tradesmen, who deal in the same commodity—"No connexion with the shop next door, or over the way," as the case may be.

This bench is also known as the "Mensa Christi," or Dining Table of the Lord, which the monk affirms to be the identical table at which Jesus, both before and after His resurrection, dined with His disciples. A chapel is erected over it, on the walls of which are a number of what may be called first-class certificates, authenticating the genuineness of the article, and its high claims to the veneration of the faithful. Not laying any claim to this high distinction, I could not either bow the knee or kiss the hand before it—unbeliever that I am—while many devotees, Catholics, Greeks,

* John iii. 5.

and even Moslems, it is said, are bending before it. I am even doing worse, if the Latin inscription over it is to be credited, I am denying myself seven years' "plenary indulgence," either to sin for that period here, or be freed from purgatorial fires hereafter; for it says:—"*Traditio continua et nunquam interrupta apud omnes nationes orientales hanc petram dictam mensam Christi, illam ipsam esse supra quam, Dominus noster Jesus Christus, cum suis discipulis, ante et post suam resurrectionem a mortuis, et sancta Romana ecclesia, INDULGENTIAM CONCESSIT SEPTEM ANNORUM et totidem quadragenarum omnibus Christi fidelibus hunc sanctum locum visitantibus, recitando saltem ibi unum Pater et Ave dummodo sint in statu gratiæ.*"

Ecclesiastical history informs us that although Mary lived nearly thirty years in Nazareth, yet no pilgrimage was ever made to these fountains, workshops, or homes of the Virgin; and that for centuries after the Ascension of her Saviour and her Son, the idolatrous worship of Mary was altogether unknown. It need not therefore be a matter of surprise that doubts should exist, as to the exact spots, where the events connected with the Holy Family transpired. A pilgrimage now made by a Roman Catholic to places of reputed sanctity, consecrated by his Church, and sanctioned by his clergy, is regarded as a meritorious act of devotion, securing to him the questionable boon of plenary indulgence. Hence millions of devotees have resorted to these and kindred localities for ages, as an act of faith, and believe not only in their sanctity, but in the miracles said to be wrought at, or near them.

The Greek and Latin churches in Palestine, hate each other very cordially. There never was a time, I believe, in which they were not at feud. No sooner, as we have observed, does the one invent or discover some holy place, fount, or relic, to attract pilgrims, than the other is sure to devise a marvel of the same kind. Apart, however, from local disputes, the varied Christian religionists—composed of Latins, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Druse, and Maronite—draw together harmoniously, in their collective capacity. So it is among sects at home, Churchmen and Dissenters "bite and devour each other;" but when the "High" and the "Broad," the Presbyterian and Independent, Methodist and Baptist, meet on the same plat-

form, a foreigner would be charmed with their apparent harmony and unanimity ; but, as in Syria, so in England, when let loose in pairs, contentions and strifes arise between them. As for myself while in Syria, I have been everywhere welcomed with the right hand of fellowship, by all sects of religionists with whom I have come into contact. I may here remark, that when strangers belonging to different creeds, and sometimes to the same, are brought together, the ceremony of introduction is somewhat curious. The person introduced makes a salaam, which is returned, by the hand being raised to the brow, to signify "honour," the fingers are next placed on the lips to signify "truth," and lastly the hands are pressed against the breast to indicate "affection." Whether all this is the effect of native grace or cultivation, and be really indicative of the sentiments felt, or merely a result of fear generated and kept up from Moslem tyranny, I cannot say.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FOUNTAINS OF THE VIRGIN.

HAVING returned from our tour of inspection, embracing the cathedral, the Greek church, most of the lions, and the town itself, I am now quietly enjoying the comforts of a home and a room, furnished with a well-stocked and choicely selected library of books; a bed stands invitingly opening its curtained arms to receive me, a luxury to which for a week I have been a stranger; a looking-glass, too, were shaving necessary; but, for two reasons, this article of modern civilisation is to me entirely superfluous. I have long acquired the bachelor mode of removing the daily hirsute crop without hot water, or the aid of a mirror—how much more, since I have adopted the beard, that badge of manhood, which should never have been resigned, and follow the comfortable habit of the patriarchs, who were only *barbarians* in this respect, if the pun be allowable.

How trite, yet how true the adage, that home conveniences and even privileges, because near and readily available, are often undervalued, and their worth or want only discovered by their occasional absence! It is when in the wilderness, or among the wild hills of Galilee, that one fully appreciates the advantage of having a roof over one's head, and knows the comforts of a manse, a cosy yielding chair, a coal fire, hearth-rug, and snugly curtained chamber; and feels security in the policeman's measured tread by night; the advantage of a pavement, gaslight, and the 'bus, when business calls to the city; or the boats and railways, when pleasure invites to the country. Ah—

" Sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There 's no place like home."

How delightful when wearied with the everlasting brick walls of the metropolis, continuous shop windows, endless rows of painted shutters, and miles of interminable streets! How spirit-stirring and body-refreshing to one, who for years has been daily bored and amused by the tergiversations, political and social, of the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and other newspapers; the bitterness of our critics and Saturday reviewers; the tiresomeness of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, whose conversation is usually a medley of stocks, shares, or white-bait at Blackwall, with a strong tincture of the coming "event" on the Epsom Downs. How delightful, I say, to break up the tedium of London life, by a fortnight on the sea-coast, or a month amongst the lochs, glens, and mountains of the Highlands! Even the wildernesses and wadies of Syria are not without their charms; new scenes are constantly opening out, and a higher estimate formed of God's works, goodness, and power. But, then, there are drawbacks. One may be eaten up by vermin, a portion of your time spent in the ignoble pursuit of hunting and dislodging them; to which add, the passing a succession of nights on the hill-sides, sleeping, or attempting to do so, in the heavy dew and rain, exposed to wild beasts and the Bedueen lance or bullet. Still, whilst submitting to these discomforts, there is always cropping up the sweet consolation, that one will return to his parish or portion of London, known in the Postal Guide by the letter E., to one's flock, and to friends, with a greater zest for home, a more enlarged view of humanity, a knowledge less or more of the Holy Land and cities of antiquity, and more than ever mindful of the gracious providence of God's unseen, but ever present hand, that keeps and will bring him home in safety and in peace. Indulging in these fond hopes, I retire to rest, and with grateful spirit resign myself to repose.

Nazareth, Sunday, 24th April. — I have slept soundly, and now rise refreshed and in robust health. After family worship it is with extreme regret I hear that Meheid-din, our muleteer, has been taken ill. This is unfortunate,

and will be more so should his malady turn out to be fever. I went to the mission dispensary and obtained some medicine for him, and then officiating as his physician, give him the draught, and order him off to bed ; like many of his countrymen he is subject to chest disease, and though the climate of Syria is pure, dry, and bracing, the air is often too keen for those who have a tendency to consumption. The large amount of pulmonary complaints amongst the Arab population is really astonishing ; the medical gentleman connected with the mission informs me, that though this disease is not so rife as in Great Britain, the number of fatal cases is proportionably as great.

It is scarcely to be expected that the Christian Sabbath would be very closely observed in an Eastern town ; but Nazareth is worse in this respect than I had anticipated. The large proportion of the Latin and Greek community had led me to expect some sign or degree of Sunday observance, but, alas ! as in other towns and cities of Egypt and Palestine, there is little or no difference made between the Lord's-day and that of the other days of the week ; both bazaars and shops are this morning full, the labourers busy in the fields, tailors are on their boards, shoemakers at their lasts, and blacksmiths hammering on their anvils—"There is none that seeketh after God." True, the cathedral and convent bells are calling worshippers to the altars, but oh, how few respond to the call ! Early masses are celebrated in both the Latin and Greek churches, but by 9 o'clock A.M. these are finished, and the Sabbath is considered over. There are some infatuated individuals in Christian Britain, stirring heaven and earth to introduce a similar laxity into our country, instead of the Sabbath rest. God forbid they should ever succeed, or that this hallowed day should cease to be revered in my beloved native land ! Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, are the three places most resorted to by pilgrims on account of their sanctity ; but as regards the observance of the day of rest, I have no hesitation in saying that in each it is grossly profaned, nor anywhere in Christendom are there more unholy cities.

We have public worship in the mission premises at 11 A.M. The Rev. Mr Maury read prayers, and I delivered a short sermon from the texts Gen. i. 15, the promise ; Luke ii. 25,

the promise fulfilled ; and 1 Timothy iii. 16, the final issue. The congregation was small, but according to our Lord's testimony, a church does not consist in numbers nor external form, but simply in two or three meeting "together in His name," to read His word, preach His gospel, exhort one another, or bend the knee in united prayer before Him. Yea, under these conditions, an upper room, the river side, a dungeon, a cellar, a ship's cabin ashore or afloat, is as much a church as St Peter's at Rome, St Paul's in London, or the marble Duomo of Milan. This morning we had no pealing organ or well-trained choir, no fretted roof overhead, no long-drawn aisles around us, no image-bedimmed windows, or priests clothed in sacerdotal garments ; but we had humble and loving hearts, believing in and trusting on Jesus, worshipping and glorifying Him, as God blessed over all. May He hearken to the voice of our prayers, and follow with His enriching blessing the preaching of His holy word, spoken probably on a spot of earth once consecrated by His own feet !

The Rev. M. Zillah, the mission superintendent, a German, is zealous in his ministrations. It is satisfactory to learn that his labours in this place, have not been in vain in the Lord. Thank God, the work of evangelisation prospers. The schools, both as regards the week and Sunday attendance, are flourishing. The medical branch and its dispensary, are highly prized by the inhabitants, who freely avail themselves of their benefits ; indeed, when I visited the little old-fashioned wooden dispensing room, it was crowded with anxious faces. Advice and medicine are given gratuitously, whilst the sick, infirm, and aged are regularly visited at their own homes ; the medical gentleman who manages this department is a Jewish convert, holding a diploma of the University of Edinburgh. There can be only one opinion as to the good effected through the instrumentality of this mission ; if the adult conversions are few, that is not the fault of the missionaries ; they are planting "the seed beside all waters," but God alone can give the increase. May He speed the good work, and endow the mission with His blessing. Amen.

Monday, 25th April.—Last evening we were considerably disturbed by a troop of instrumentalists, who could only by courtesy be termed musicians. On inquiry, it is discovered

that the charivari is the prelude to a marriage ceremony that is now on the *tapis*. It seems that a number of young people on such occasions are accustomed to parade the streets with a band of music, every evening, for some days prior to the event coming off. Marriage in the East, as all Bible readers know, is a *sine qua non*, especially with the gentler sex. Sorry am I to say, that the matrimonial compact in Syria, assumes much the same mercantile complexion, that it often does amongst ourselves, with this difference, that here the bride is openly bought, and the amount of purchase money is neither concealed, denied, nor glossed over; the whole affair is indeed conducted above board, simply as a matter of course, and in a business-like manner.

The whole details and diplomacy of the match are arranged by the bride's father and the bridegroom, without the slightest regard to the lady's feelings, tastes, or affections. The aristocratic course is, for the young man to send some costly presents to the family of the beloved one, as we know was done in the case of Rebecca; indeed this precedent appears to have been the basis of matrimonial negotiations ever since. The more usual mode, however, is for the swain, when his affections, or whatever else may be the designation given to the *primum mobile* in the case, are fixed, to wait upon "papa," explain his prospects and position; he then and there asks him, without further circumlocution, what he expects in exchange for his daughter. Be not shocked, fair readers; the practice is sanctioned both by high authority and venerable antiquity; use and wont in such matters being often the law, while custom and Scripture have for ages set their broad seal upon the usage. Something analogous to this at times obtains even in Christian Britain; but being a moral, a civilised, and a religious people, we have agreed to soften the proceeding, and therefore gild the transaction, by giving it another name. Under the term eligibility there lurks perhaps a title—a rent-roll, an income, a trade, or it may simply be a savings bank book. This is as plain as the story of Sambo and Pompey, being both much alike, especially Sambo.

Such usages are not in themselves deserving of censure say some, but only the clumsy mode of attempting to disguise them; well, be it so. The unlettered and unsophisticated

Arab, in his simplicity, calls a spade a spade, and satisfies the paternal demand in cattle or piastres. The price, of course, depends on his means; a landowner may give a hundred sheep, a camel, and perhaps a brood mare; a peasant farmer from ten to twenty sheep or goats; or if very poor, he may serve his intended father-in-law, for a stipulated number of years at a nominal rate of wages, as in the case of Jacob with Laban,* love the while making labour light, and the years seem short. When the preliminaries are settled, and the day fixed on which the happy twain are to be made one flesh, a series of feastings, visitings, and serenades are set on foot, the latter being the source of the discordant sounds, heard in the streets the preceding evening. A young artist of the gentle craft of shoemaking, is to be joined in the silken bands of wedlock, to the bride of his choice on the morrow. May the married life of the young couple prove more harmonious, than the music that heralded their union!

The maidens of Nazareth have fresh complexions of almost pure red and white; their forms are beautiful, rounded, symmetrical, and graceful; nor are they at all deficient in those nameless attractions of air and manner, that make up female loveliness, which, whilst it pleases the eye, gains and entrances the heart. They are like lovely woman all the world over, as fond of finery and personal adornment, as their fairer sisters of Britain. Ear and finger-rings are commonly worn, but it is upon the head ornament they bestow their grandest efforts. The last is usually made up of a number of silver coins, piastres, and beshlics strung like beads on a ribbon, the smaller ones at the ends and the larger in the middle; this ornament is worn round the head, in the same manner as a cap front, and tied under the chin. I examined one of these in the possession of a young woman containing 340 coins, and was valued at 1300 piastres. Her mother, she tells me, in her younger days wore a string of coins made up of 2500 piastres, consequently worth £250 sterling. These circlets are not only a young lady's dower, but are often preserved as family heirlooms, and transmitted from generation to generation, with as much care, as the cherished jewels of our ancestors are regarded amongst ourselves. One

* Gen. xxix. 18.

of the housemaids attached to the mission wears a pair of solid silver anklets, weighing nearly two pounds, the intrinsic value of which, cannot be less than £8, whilst upon her arms she has bracelets of equal weight and value; these costly ornaments are worn by domestic servants; the Syrians, therefore, cannot be poor.

Our muleteer being somewhat better this morning, we shall be able to continue our journey in the afternoon; meantime I proceed to complete the survey of the town and its environs. Nazareth, though small, and called a city, scarcely rises above the character of an English village, and may contain about four thousand inhabitants, chiefly artisans and peasant farmers. The adult males, if not possessed of the "quatuor jugera," or four acres, have each a piece of ground, or, as they say in Scotland, "a yard," a territorial inheritance that endows them with a certain degree of sturdy independence. The town stands on a height, in a well-sheltered valley, encompassed by twelve or fourteen rounded hills, which led one of the early fathers to compare it, not inaptly, to a rose, the hills constituting the leaves, and the cluster of houses the bud. The basin in which it nestles is a tract of amazing fertility, strewn with luxuriant corn-fields, interspersed with flowery meads, dotted in all directions with citron, mulberry, olive, fig, and pomegranate trees. Though the town lies in a dell or valley, it is nevertheless 1100 feet above the level of the Mediterranean; consequently the climate is temperate, and the air salubrious. About a mile and a half distant beyond the suburbs is pointed out the "Hill of Precipitation," but grave doubts exist as to whether it be necessary to go so far for the scene of the event, from which it derives its name. The sacred narrative suggests, that the circumstance occurred within the town itself, or very close to it,* besides there are precipices all round, any one of which, would be more in accordance with scriptural record than the one in question.

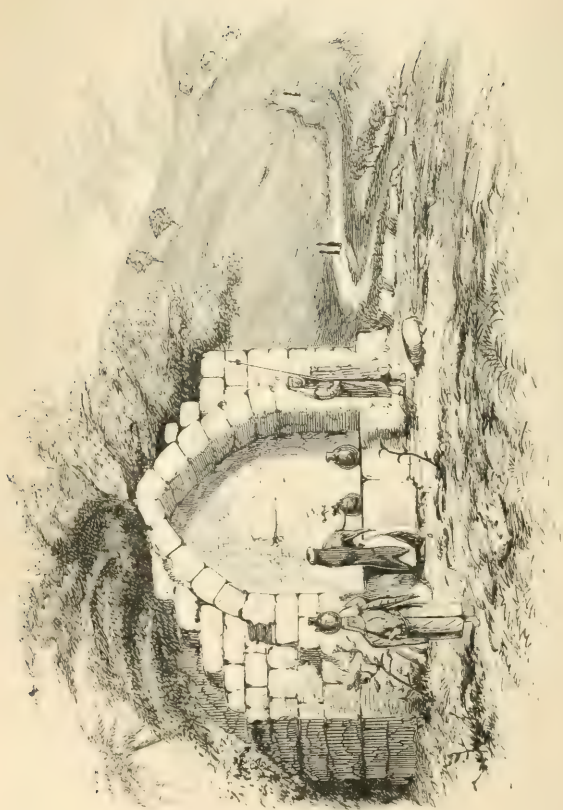
Ascending one of the hills, and posting myself near the "Neby," or tomb of some Arab saint, a scene is spread out before me, that as regards sacred memorials, if not natural grandeur, has no equal in the world. On the north-east, rises in sombre majesty, the venerable "Jebel Tor," the far-famed

* Luke iv. 29.

Mount Tabor, its hirsute crest serrated with shaggy wood, ruined battlements, and the outlines of the convent. More to the north, appears the still more elevated snow-white shoulders of "Jebel-es-Sheikh," the Hermon of Scripture, standing out amongst its compeers like Mont Blanc among the Alps, its summit hidden in the clouds. Turning to the west, the eye traces a long range of hills skirting the plain of Esdraelon, and terminating in the bold headland of Carmel, which seems to lose itself in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Before me are the mountains of Gilboa, whereon Saul and Jonathan, with the flower of Hebrew chivalry and the kingdom of Israel, fell in one day into the "hands of the Philistines." Sepphoris, as we have seen, the reputed birthplace of the Virgin, and the home of her honoured parents, through which I passed on Saturday, rests on an eminence some four miles behind me; while basking in the yellow sunshine below, is Nazareth, the early home of the Holy Family, where Jesus, the world's Redeemer, passed His youthful years. I gaze and keep my enraptured eyes fixed upon the landscape, drinking in its salient features, so that they may be imprinted on my memory, and retained there till the spirit be called from its earthly tabernacle.

Strolling round the town, I enter many of the caves and grottos, the whole surrounding hills being a series of network perforations, fissures, and crevices, such as are found in all limestone rocks; but whether those in the heights of Nazareth are natural, or have been excavated by human labour, is an open question. The purposes to which they have been applied are patent enough, even apart from the sacred records. In time of war they were used as hiding-places, as, for example, the "cave Adullam;" in times of peace they afforded shelter for cattle, as at Bethlehem; in latter ages they have been converted into tombs or catacombs, and not unfrequently adopted as dwelling-places, by the rural classes of the inhabitants. In the course of my ramble I was often kindly saluted by both men and women, even when breaking through their fences and trespassing on their grounds. On two occasions, I was obligingly assisted in descending a precipice, which, for aught I know to the contrary, may be the Hill of Precipitation, already referred to, whence the

THE FOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH.



citizens of Nazareth of old proposed to cast their townsman Jesus.

Having made the circuit of the entire village, city, or town, I bend my steps to the fountain, situated at one of its extremities, near the new Greek church. The footpath winds through a succession of gardens, in a somewhat *délabré* condition, but which, though overgrown with weeds, are redolent with fragrance, and blooming with richly-tinted hues; the lily, the tulip, the marigold, and other denizens of the English *parterre*, being seemingly indigenous to the soil. Reaching the arch, whence the gurgling waters flow, and seating myself directly opposite, I observe about a dozen young women with their water jars or pitchers beside them, busy gossiping, occasionally examining each other's ear-rings and other ornaments, making the welkin ring with their clear merry sonorous laugh, such as we frequently see grouped at a well, or, it may be, at the corner of a street, nearer home. The sex in this respect are pretty much the same everywhere; all dearly love a gossip, and are rather apt to indulge in the propensity at fountain, well, or any other spot where the opposite sex may be met with. There is evidently a considerable amount of flirtation, if not real love-making, carried on at, and under this old arch, but, as Meg Dods of St Ronan's naively remarked, "What for no?"

Little or no change, I believe, has occurred among this primitive, world-excluded people, in either dress, modes of life, or speech, since the days of the patriarchs. Assuming this as a fact, and taking it in connexion with their relation to events recorded in Scripture, it imparts a charm to travelling in Palestine, especially in Judea, not experienced in visiting either Greece or Italy. Nazareth itself is probably the same in general appearance to-day, as when Joseph and Mary dwelt within its limits—the houses similar in construction, viz., square structures, with flat roofs, and are built of limestone quarried from the neighbouring hills: dwellings as rude as the people themselves, but substantial, cozy habitations withal. But granting, as I am afraid we must do, that, with the exception of this dilapidated fountain, with ruined entablature and fallen arch, whether of yesterday or dating three centuries ago, there is not a relic of ancient Nazareth remaining. It may, however, easily be sup-

posed that this pure gushing water now runs in the same channel, and that these are the same pebbles, it rolled over and kissed eighteen centuries ago ; that upon the spot where these maidens are gossiping, the Virgin Mary, highly beloved of God and "blessed among women," often stood ; and afterwards frequently came as a matron, with her first-born astride on her shoulder ; and whilst filling her pitcher, she would allow her young charge to run about, lave His feet in the stream or hunt the butterfly, and pick the wild-flowers that bloomed on its margin.

If all-pervading change or universal decay has laid a rude hand upon everything on earth's surface, still these are the same everlasting hills, the same outline of rocky cliffs and ravines, chalky-like ridges, which formed the landscape, when the Son of man dwelt in Nazareth. Yes, it must be so, nor, even were it otherwise, do I wish to be deceived ; these mountain crags He clomb when a youth—these braes He wandered o'er in riper years—these glades have all been consecrated by His presence, have echoed with His prayers, and re-echoed with His voice of praise. Nor is there anything more certain than, as the time drew near, when He was to reveal Himself, and enter upon His great work and public ministry, that He prepared Himself by setting apart days for meditation, and nights for prayer. Some one of these caverns that gaped on every hand, may have witnessed "His strong cries, prayers, and tears,"* when there arose before His all-seeing mind, the whole series of cruel mockings and sufferings of the cross, aggravated by the knowledge, that His own people and townsmen, whom He came to seek and to save, would, on one of these very cliffs, attempt to deprive Him of life. Here my reverie is interrupted by the arrival of a party of pilgrims from England, who pitch their tent under some trees in the rear of the fountain of Nazareth.

Never was the proverb—that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country—more strikingly verified than here in Nazareth. But is this axiom only true as regards prophecy, and is it peculiar to Syria ? By no means ; it is applicable to all climes and to all classes of genius ;

Heb. v. 7.

poets, philosophers, and mechanicians having alike been less or more under its influence. When a man has reached an eminence in the intellectual scale and soars over the heads of his compeers, his kinsmen are invariably the first to decry his superiority, and the last to appreciate his worth. Let such a man at once abandon his native place; home is not the place for him; amongst strangers he *may* find an open platform, unobstructed by envy, blindness, or prejudice, where he may obtain that degree of respect and honour his acquirements fairly entitle him to claim. Robert Burns, a man of rare genius, sterling honesty, and a sturdy independence, was most harshly treated by his obtuse countrymen; and, even the nation could find no fitter occupation for him, than the degrading task of gauging spirit casks or hunting up smugglers. Tannahill, too, who sung "Gloomy Winter" and "Loudoun's Braes," and whose pure lyrics attuned on a simple Doric reed, have obtained for him a niche in fame's temple, was driven by his townsmen, the "Paisley bodies"—yes, bodies, for soulless and spiritless they were—into a frenzy of madness, that culminated in his seeking an early grave. It is by no means improbable, that had the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" remained in the midst of the same Boeotian community, he might have found an obscure tomb in the "Auld Abbey;" but certainly not in that of Westminster. So with the poet of all time, the immortal Shakespeare; so also with soaring Milton; and the religious Cowper—these great men, if not altogether neglected, were certainly not sufficiently recognised or honoured by their contemporaries. The same may be said of the inspired author of the "Divina Commedia," the illustrious Dante, and likewise of Tasso, of the "Gerusalemme Liberata," a hair of whose heads would now be enshrined in gold, and almost adored; yet, during their lifetime, they were abused, imprisoned, exiled, and, like Homer, had to sing for their daily bread. May not others be experiencing similar hardships in our own time?

The poets are not, however, the only victims of this kind of social ostracism. Dr Chalmers, even in his palmiest days, was regarded by his unimaginative townsmen as a sort of harmless lunatic, and the fishermen of Anstruther would not have sacrificed an hour's crab-fishing had both he and Tennant,

gone down to lecture on their favourite themes in their native town. How much esteem did Annan display for her eloquent son, Edward Irving, in his lifetime? How is it now treating the author of "Frederick the Great?" If, as his townsmen are exhibiting much the same spirit as the Nazarenes evinced towards Him, who threw around their village and country an undying renown. Doubtless there is no rule without exception. Greece, Italy, and Great Britain, have raised monuments to, and conferred gifts upon, living heroes, statesmen, and even poets, but few such honours have been paid to the purely wise and good. The men who have made England great in commerce, arts, and science, and second to none in that "righteousness which alone exalteth a nation," have not been deemed worthy of either a ribbon or of rank.

Since ordinary men with like passions with ourselves feel so poignantly the withering blast of scorn, and the consumings of taunt and reproach, what pangs these must have inflicted on One who was endowed with an infinitely more sensitive organisation! Ah, ye Nazarenes, ye cruelly taunted the carpenter's son, ye, His townsmen, thus "evil entreated" Him, who, winged with love, came on an errand of mercy to save you from eternal ruin. Well might Jesus exclaim "that He was wounded through the sides of His friends."

How His affectionate nature must have yearned towards the home of His youth, and even to excuse the failings of His infatuated townsmen. He may not have wept over them, as He did over Jerusalem, but it is more than probable, that in departing, He blended with His prayers the entreaty, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NAIN AND ENDOR.

So bidding farewell to our kind entertainers of the mission, we start from Nazareth at 2 P.M. Slowly we descend, cautiously picking our steps through the narrow filthy lanes of the town, and emerge among the luxuriant but sluggardly-kept gardens, which lie in the hollow near the fountain ; there are some remarkably large caeti, or prickly pear, utilised as fences, the largest I have seen anywhere, many of them forty-six to fifty-nine inches in circumference, and from fourteen to sixteen feet in height, the individual fronds being from two to three feet long, and an inch and a half in thickness, now in full bloom, throwing out beautifully red and yellow blossoms. But woe betide the ungloved hand that attempts to pluck them ! We soon crest the opposite hill, on which there are corn fields, and some excellent plots of clover mixed with rye grass ; the soil is thin, and so covered with stones, that it might serve for the scene of the parable of the "Sower."

Another forty minutes bring us to one of the steepest descents we have yet encountered ; it is altogether, a succession of dangerous precipices, or a gigantic staircase, occupying us thirty minutes in accomplishing its perilous descent. We are obliged to dismount, and lead our poor horses down a zigzag path ; to lose a footstep here, or make a stumble, would result in our inevitable destruction. We halt at various points, not less from necessity than to admire the wide and beautiful prospect. Just opposite us stands Nain, where our Lord recalled to life the widow's son ; and also Shunem, where another widow in similar circumstances had her child restored

by the prophet Elisha ; Endor, too, where the witch, with Samuel, and Saul had their solemn midnight meeting. On our left, Tabor, the supposed scene of the transfiguration ; on our right, the ancient city of Jezreel, little Hermon, and the far-spreading plain of Esdraelon, stretching to the south and south-west.

Moreover, down below on the mountain there are three several parties descending with laden donkeys at different altitudes, the latter presenting a diverting scene were it not attended with some danger. The drivers are pushing the stubborn animals *à posteriori*, and others driving the unwilling, and at times carrying the unable or the restive—the whooping and shouting of the muleteers, the loud laugh of the travellers, awakening the eagles and echoes of old Jebel-Tor. After some little danger and no small amount of fatigue, mingled with a certain amount of pleasure, we reach, thank God, the plain in safety. Many prophets, priests, and great ones of the earth, whose names, sayings, and deeds fill a large portion of Old Testament history, have climbed this mountain. Often, too, has Jesus of Nazareth, His virgin mother, dear disciples and followers, ascended and descended this mountain pathway, and by the same time-worn rocky steps, over which we have just passed. Our muleteer, this morning, although partially recovered from his illness, is not altogether A 1. In order, therefore, that he may have a little more rest, we permit him to hasten on to Debourieh, some four miles off, there to await our arrival ; and arrange with him that we will, in the evening, make the ascent together, and lodge in the convent of Tabor.

Starting off by ourselves, keeping right ahead, we cross the plain a little above Shunem, and make for the base of the opposite mountain ; the land is a deep rich loam, washed down from the hills, and accumulated to a great depth, but the whole is only partially in cultivation, large molehills are numerous, and thistles as plentiful as they are luxuriant. Forty minutes' farther riding brings us to the ever-famous Nain, alas ! a scene of unmitigated desolation. The place is simply a few rudely-constructed huts, if worthy the name, huddled together, amidst heaps of ruins, nettles, thistles, and dung-heaps, the whole locality bearing the stamp of a waste, or the abode of abject sterility and poverty. Alighting at a small fountain,

or rather well, I drink with satisfactory gusto of its beautifully pure water ; and sitting down on a stone, my mind is carried back, while reading the mournful scene so pathetically described by the evangelist.*

Giving my fancy a free wing, I imagine that heap of stones, or cairn, to be the ancient gate of the city, out of which at this moment a funeral procession is emerging ; behind the shoulder-borne coffin I perceive the broken-hearted and bereaved mother and widow following ; though closely muffled up, I observe her tears fall fast, her bosom heaves with heavy sobs, as she draws closer to the bier containing the beloved remains of her dear and only son. Her heart seems bursting, but is again relieved by the copious showers which fall from her eyes. God will help thee, wretched mother ! He who knows thy anguish is nigh : "And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." Without the usual preliminaries of solicitation, the compassionate Jesus "came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still, and He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak ; and He delivered him to his mother." What were the throbbings of her grateful heart, and what the thanks that fell from her lips, the evangelist saith not. She felt a mother's grief ; she now tastes a mother's joy ; let that suffice. My own tears began to flow, and I cannot finish the picture ; so closing the book, I remount my horse and join my companion among the ruins. We ride in and out among the huts. Every living creature able to walk is out of doors staring at us ; the children scream at our approach, the dogs bark, and the chickens scamper off terrified, as much with our appearance as if we had been evil spirits. No one, however, accosts us, no, not even with a nod of respect, or smile of welcome.

Nain, though once a city, has now neither streets nor lanes. The rickety stone huts and yards present to my mind a strong resemblance to a Highland clachan, such as may be seen in the glens of Arran or Cantyre. We leave no spot of the site unvisited. The whole place is poor, bleak, and to the eye uninteresting. A short dis-

* Luke vii. 12.

tance above the hamlet, on the slope of the hill, there are a number of caves, both natural and artificial; these we may presume to have been the ancient cemetery of the city, in one of which the ashes of the widow and those of her *twice dead* son may now repose, no more to rise until the morning of the resurrection. There is little doubt but that the hill presents the same scaured and serrated summit-line, the plain the same sinuosities they have done at any time these thousand years. But where the smiling towns and hamlets? where the population, the Israel of God, who once inhabited Nain and her villages? Gone, with other past generations who lived before the flood, their descendants now wanderers and exiles throughout the world, the present inhabitants either Heathens or Osmanli. Bidding adieu to Nain, its rude and barbarous people, and bearing with us the remembrance that this city, like Capernaum, was once highly privileged, not only with having the gospel preached within its streets and at its gates, but that the Lord of life and glory Himself manifested within its precincts His tenderness to poor sorrowing humanity, at least to one when stricken under a severe and heavy bereavement. Blessed Jesus! Thou art still a Husband of the widow, a Father of the fatherless, and the Friend of the stranger!

We hasten along a barren hill-side, the sparse herbage affording pasture for only a few goats and broad-tailed sheep; still keeping the plain on our left, on which there is growing a magnificent crop of dhoura, thirty-five minutes brings us to Endor. A suspicious-looking Arab, armed with musket, lance, and pistols, has for the last twenty minutes ridden at about thirty yards' distance, keeping parallel with us and stopping when we stop, and galloping when we gallop, but what his object is we cannot discover; stopping short he takes to the right, and much to our relief skedaddles over the hill. Dashing up the height, we are amongst the huts and odd-looking clay biggings that form the present Endor, but which no one would ever dream of calling dwellings; the doorways are scarcely high enough to admit a person of five feet in stature to enter without stooping, and the habitations have neither chimney nor window. We are here, as much as we were at Nain, gazing-stocks; the entire population are out of doors;

and we are half-inclined to suspect that the suspicious-looking horseman may have communicated with the villagers, and informed them of the approach of two travellers, unarmed and unescorted. In Nazareth we were advised against this journey, at this critical season, without guide or armed attendant, as being little else than madness, or at least a tempting of Providence. Few pilgrims, I am aware, would thus risk themselves, as we are doing, among the lawless plunderers of Esdraelon, a set of robbers, it is said, who have attacked and despoiled entire caravans ; and in whose district no single traveller is safe ; and who bear the character of being infamous amongst the infamous.

Ah, poor Arab, thou standest much in the same predicament as the dog that acquired from some defamer a bad name, which, being frequently applied by those who had a motive, or, it may be, by those who had none, it became popular, and was ultimately believed ; so, thy character and honesty are sadly impeached, thy good name filched away, which, though it enriches them not, makes thee poor indeed ; by those, too, who are as ignorant of thy true character as they are themselves of true charity. Let me do the Arab we saw justice by stating that our suspicions and fears are groundless. We observe nothing except the ordinary amount of staring, or an extra officiousness, in order to secure a handsome bakhshish. We ride through and among their wigwams, dung-heaps, and gardens, and at last, just at the back of the houses, we discover some caves, in one of which is situated what seems to be the village fountain ; here, tying our horses to a cactus, and thoroughly examining the recess, we fail, as I had half suspected, to identify it with the dwelling of the witch, whose abode we have been endeavouring to hunt up for the last half-hour. There are witches still in Endor, but only such as we may see in our own land every day ; for wherever there are health and youth there will be feminine beauty to bewitch us.

One maiden, however, the belle of Endor, tall and graceful as a palm tree, with deep, dark fascinating lustrous eyes, in the liquid depths of which one might look, until he lost both heart and self-control. This village beauty of seventeen summers has regular features, her chin is beautifully moulded, nose aquiline ; her lips like two scarlet threads, her

teeth "are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, and there is not one barren one among them;" her complexion pure red and white, blended in delicate proportions. She resembles in complexion and mould those waxen figures often seen in the windows of perruquiers; nor could I help repeating those apposite lines of Gray—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Never did I wish more than on this summer afternoon that I were able to speak the language of the country, so as to learn whether this maiden's voice was as soft and pleasing as her form was lovely, and further ascertain whether her intellect was in consonance with her prepossessing exterior. She was wholly unconscious of my admiration; and while busily engaged in twirling her distaff, obligingly permits me to examine the texture of the thread she was twisting, thus affording me an opportunity of more closely observing herself.

At this moment we are surrounded by thirty-seven individuals, that being about every man, woman, and child in the place. I pay some little attention to a dear little infant in its mother's arms, which, singularly enough she does not resent, for no people are more superstitious, or bear a greater dread of the evil-eye, than the population of this country. If a traveller look steadfastly or admiringly on a child, it will be snatched away from his gaze; indeed, they are often kept in dirt and rags, lest they should attract too much attention, and thus be injured by a malign influence.

A case of this kind came under my observation. A Mohammedan mother at the railway station of Alexandria, because I admired and offered her baby sweets, screamed and glared at me with the eyes of a tigress. In Europe, it is quite the reverse; attention to a child often wins the mother's esteem, corroborating the proverb—"Many a one kisses the child for the sake of the nurse." No one here presumes to speak to, or takes up a baby in his or her arms, without saying, "Bissmillah," or some such invocation. Similar superstitions once existed in our own land, but have passed away with ghosts and fairies. Wherever there is a printing press, schools, and a free Bible, neither ghost, fay,

nor brownie will long remain either in the country, or the minds of the people. May the time soon come when Egypt and Syria shall be rescued from those delusions by similar agencies! Having, as above mentioned, secured the esteem of one mother, thus breaking down the barrier between myself and the community, other mothers unhesitatingly press upon my attention their little brown babies, to whom I chirrup, and the little darlings crow, to the delight of their parents. O woman! O mother! endearing names; your nature and character are identical under every clime: no matter what be your complexion or creed, God has planted within you an affection that many waters cannot quench, a sympathy for helplessness and affliction which, with Mungo Park, I can testify, from experience, is never appealed to in vain.

It seems as if the females of Endor paid more attention to the toilet than those in other places of Syria. To heighten their beauty and attraction, they dye their eyelashes artificially, and even young men resort to a similar practice. One of the village beaux standing near me has his eyes *kohled*. This same youth has no doubt caused many a sleepless night to some of the belles, and has probably been the—shall I say innocent—cause of no end of heart affections to the fair Endorites. The use of the cosmetic in question is general throughout Egypt, and to a small extent in Galilee. It is used by females of every grade, in the vain endeavour either to enhance, or to prolong their natural charms, by intensifying and enlarging their brilliant, flashing orbs.

The pigment or kohl used, is either produced from lamp black, or by burning an aromatic resin—a species of frankincense; sometimes also from the smoke emitted by burning almond shells, or by the cheaper process of extracting it from lead ore. In applying the dye so obtained, a small tapering bodkin of wood or ivory is moistened with rose water, and dipped in the powder, then drawn along the margin of the eyelid. The custom is of very ancient date, vessels containing the preparation having been found in ancient tombs. The palms of the hands, the nails, and occasionally the feet are dyed with *henna*; this imparts to them an orange or light brown tint. The lower Arab women often have also their chins and the backs of their hands stained by being punctured with a blue

dye, while either the wrists or the fore-arm of Christians have a Maltese cross imprinted on them ; in short, this kind of tatooing is almost universal. The operator is generally a kind of gipsy, or travelling woman, and the process is termed by them *dakk*.

Endor is a ruinous, filthy hamlet, situated among caverns and rugged limestone rocks, the whole village containing only some twenty or thirty huts ; but the view it commands of the plain is extensive, and is within an hour's journey of Tabor. Moreover, like Nain, it is intimately associated with several passages of Holy Scripture. It was here, as already mentioned, Saul, Samuel, and the witch had their interview the night before the fatal battle fought in the neighbouring mountains of Gilboa.* Here also, according to the psalmist, Jabin, King of Hazor, with his soldiery, were defeated, "becoming like dung upon the earth." This city, for at one time it was entitled to this distinction, together with her dependent towns, belonged to Manasseh.† Having finished our exploration of the village, gardens, and caves, and become, I may say, rather popular with the people—my fleeting popularity based on the distribution of a few piastres among the children—collecting a few smooth pebbles as souvenirs, we mount our horses, and bidding good-bye to caverns, babies, and witches, resume our journey. Our route lies diagonally across the plain, through crops of wheat and millet.

* 1 Sam. xxviii. 29.

† Joshua xxii. 11.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MOUNT TABOR.

IN an hour and a quarter we reach Debourieh, a mere cluster of huts at the base of Tabor, just as the sun's oblique rays are throwing the shadow of Tabor to the spurs of the opposite mountains. But, alas! there are no tidings of our muleteer, who ought, by previous arrangement, to have awaited our coming. We hold a consultation. Shall we make the ascent, or bivouac for the night where we are? Darkness is just setting in, there is not much time for hesitation, so we resolve to proceed. The first part of the mountain is steep and rocky, we take the south-western side, and pass through a grove of trees; but judging from appearances, that we are too far down the slope, turn to the right, scanning and examining everywhere the rocky surface in search of a path, but find only goat or wild beast tracks, leading us to scrubby precipices. It is now quite dark, and we are in the midst of a dense jungle, the mountain becomes steeper, the scrub and brambles denser, or at least they appear so. Again we hold a consultation, and debate whether we ought to proceed or turn back,—but deem that the latter course would be more impracticable than going forward.

On we toil, stumble, and climb, sometimes on foot, at other times mounted; our poor horses exhausted with leaping and scrambling up crags—crushing branches of trees, and leaping chasms which, under ordinary circumstances, would be almost impossible. The night is now as dark as pitch, every step forward has to be cautiously examined—the horses are trembling, while we ourselves, with pushing, driving, and dragging, are drenched with perspiration, although the night

is chilly ; yet we struggle on, still, if possible, tending upwards. The horses seem to be aware of the difficulty and dangerous nature of our position, apparently feeling at times their way, in some places having scarcely room to stand together. In an attempt to climb a rugged precipice, my brown mare falls back and rolls over me. Down, down, we both go, until our downward course is, in God's good providence, arrested by a tree, else both my horse and myself would have been dashed to pieces on the crags below. On picking myself up, and the horse regaining once more its legs, I am happy to say, the only injuries I suffered, were a few bruises and a kick under the knee, which swelled in an instant to the size of an orange. The height before us continues as steep almost as a wall ; but how far we are from the summit, or where the path may be, we know not.

Again we renew our painful efforts ; the moon now rises, shedding around us her pale light, but that only reveals to us that our further progress is impeded by a wall of rock in front, with brambles and trees on either side ; behind us precipices hundreds of feet in depth ; in short, we are fairly hemmed in, bewildered, and *hors de combat*. It is now thought advisable that one of us should set out in search of the convent, and endeavour by all means to obtain assistance, while the other was to remain with the horses. I, a cripple, agree to take the latter charge, and am left standing, and shivering on a shelf or ledge of rock on the mountain side, for three quarters of an hour. While waiting thus the return of my companion, many strange thoughts pass through my mind, and I feel there is cause to fear danger. Lights are flitting amongst Beduee tents far below me in the plain—the cry of wild beasts seeking their prey around startles me. Possibly the night may have to be passed in this chilly, cold, exposed situation, on the flanks of the Tabor ; the thought drenched me with perspiration. I believe I possess about the average amount of pluck or moral courage of ordinary men ; but nevertheless each howl of the prowling brutes down on the crags below, sends a chill through me that is anything but comfortable. While in this state of suspense, a welcome shout reaches my ear, to which I thankfully respond.

Help arrives in the person of my companion, bringing a

lantern and accompanied by the delinquent muleteer ; who no sooner discerns the position of his horses, than he begins first to cry, next to pray, and finally to swear, that being the order in which he usually expressed his strong emotions and passions. He asserts that it will be impossible to get the horses alive either up or down, an opinion that I myself have entertained for the last two hours. The light shows us the danger and awkwardness of our position. We had somehow reached a small plateau, having a rock seven feet high in front and a deep chasm immediately behind us. Further aid reaches us from the convent ; then, by cutting down branches, whipping, dragging, and pushing our poor horses, at 11 P.M. we attain the summit and reach the convent. I feel grateful for this eminent deliverance, and for being once more under a roof ; swallowing a cup of hastily-prepared coffee, and rolling myself in my rug, I lie down on a pallet, exhausted with struggling and toiling, to say nothing of the excitement and anxiety undergone the preceding five consecutive hours. Never shall I forget my first acquaintance with, and a night's experience on, Jebel Tor.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that Greek convents are not palaces ; neither are the sleeping places beds of roses. My chamber is unique in its way, and deserves a brief description. First, suppose a dark, damp arch, twelve feet by eight, the walls three to four feet thick, a damp earthen floor, a truckle bedstead in a corner, with a straw mattress, but neither blanket nor rug, the pallet having borne the carcasses of unwashed, savoury pilgrims, for years. The furniture *nil*,—not even a stone or block of wood to sit upon ; a rude earthenware lamp, suspended from a peg driven into the wall, a wooden cross for its companion, constitute the whole appliances and garniture of the dog-hole ; nevertheless, I believe I shall sleep soundly.

Tuesday, 26th.—I rise, blessed be God, not much the worse of the fatigue and excitement of the past night ; but unfortunately the rain prevents our going out till after breakfast. This, however, affords me a better opportunity of studying the convent and its inmates.

I wish much I had my camera and wet process to photograph the kitchen, and the five singular individuals forming its present

occupants. It may be assumed that some of us are not clean—that is, sufficiently so to appear on the shady side of Pall Mall, or among fastidious lady friends. The priest and lay brother are pre-eminently dirty. This they seem to regard as a normal condition, nay, rather to like it; but, this being a matter of taste, *nil disputandum*. The priest, with his high cap, long bushy beard, locks unkempt, bare legs, and dirty feet, sitting on his divan or bed, Turkish fashion, with his chebouque. Personally he is a noble specimen of the *genus homo*; but his attire looks as though he had lived and lain in it unchanged for years,—of which, from the frowsy smell his clothes emit, I have no doubt whatever. Johannes, the lay brother, is almost as dirty as his master; and why not? He is on his knees, busy in a corner of the large hearth, which forms one side of the kitchen, his face within two inches of the embers, upon which he has placed a few dried sticks;—these he is endeavouring, by the natural process of blowing, to coax into a flame, at which he is evidently, from long practice, an adept. My companion is paying attention to some newly-baked bread, while I myself, squatting on a small box, am busy with pen and ink in sketching the group.

The morning meal is being prepared, and the coffee roasting, in which process I render considerable assistance, by occasionally stirring the beans held by Johannes over a small fire, to prevent them from burning. After sufficient roasting, they are pounded in a wooden mortar. A portion of the powder is put into a brass pannikin, holding less than half a pint. This, when at the boiling point, is removed from the fire, and partaken of by all, each receiving a cup somewhat less than a mouthful, which, with sweet, home-made bread, and a couple of eggs, constitute a breakfast fit for an emperor. By means of a bucket of spring water that I drew from a cistern opposite the church door, and with the aid of my pocket appliances, I manage, if not to admiration, at least to my satisfaction, an *al fresco* toilet, there being no washing apparatus in the sleeping vault. There is, I ascertain this morning, at least one comfortable sleeping apartment in the convent, which my companion was lucky enough to obtain; but last night, owing to excess of fatigue, I took possession of the first and readiest bed that lay in my

way. The rain having now cleared off, under the guidance of the priest we proceed to survey the summit.

To visit and pass a night in the Greek convent of Mount Tabor, and not examine the ruins on its crest, would be to evince a great disrespect for antiquity, a deficiency in taste, or a lack of appreciation of natural beauty ; so we sally forth. The mountain, it may be remembered, stands isolated on the plain of Esdraelon, towards the south-east of Galilee, and has the appearance of a truncated cone, its height nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and 1400 feet from base to summit. The plateau, or summit level, is an oblong area, nearly half a mile in length by two furlongs in breadth, overgrown with shrubs and oak-trees. The centre is a field of grass, on which the priest's horse and goats pasture. There are two points to which the traveller's attention will naturally be directed : first, the extensive ruins already mentioned ; then, the magnificent views visible from this commanding position.

The entire circuit of the platform has been enclosed by a wall, built of huge stones, with turrets, buttresses, and apparently gateways—all now in ruins. It is no easy matter for me this morning to climb and scramble over these remains, owing to the bruises of the preceding night, and wearing only a pair of canvas shoes. There are large blocks of masonry almost entire, bevelled stones, portions of towers, bastions, vaults, wickets, and rickety portals, that one would imagine a passing breeze would topple over, but which have continued in this state for ages. One of these is called the "gate of the winds." Whether the buildings that these ruins represent were overthrown by the violence of man—Greek, Crusader, or Turk—or by the upheaving of an earthquake, I have not learned. Two hours were, however, spent in traversing and climbing them, and visiting, among other wrecks, an old chapel where the Latin monks from Nazareth annually perform mass in honour of the Transfiguration, though the structure would scarcely form an ordinary coal cellar to a third-class house in the English metropolis ; adjoining, there is a large apartment entering from the left ; but being dark as a wolf's throat, I did not penetrate its recesses.

The views are magnificent : *imprimis*, the plain of Esdraelon,

with the whole range of Carmel and a glimpse of the Mediterranean, on the west ; the mountains of Gilboa, Little Hermon, Nain, Endor, Jezreel, and Shunem on the south ; looking eastward, the prospect embraces the valley of the Jordan, the hills above the Sea of Tiberias ; whilst lordly Hermon with its snowy crest, Saphed, and portions of the range of Lebanon, fill the north and north-east. Let any one imagine the historic interest of the places now named, each with its scriptural connexion, and a faint conception may be formed of the beauty, variety, and associations of the landscape seen from Mount Tabor. It might be affirmed that from no other spot on God's earth, with the exception of Olivet, could such a number of sacred places be seen from one point of view. Before we left, the priest conducts us to the Church of the Convent, built and consecrated on the supposed site and scene of the "Transfiguration." We are led by a private passage leading from the kitchen ; no one without traversing it could have an idea of the extent of the building, and massiveness of the walls of this conventual establishment. On entering, one is struck with the magnificence of this beautiful place of worship ; probably the effect may be heightened by the consideration, that the priest and Johannes are the only two individuals on the mountain, as well as the sole permanent inmates of the convent, or possibly from contrasting the rudeness of the apartments with the grandeur of the edifice, and the want of attention to personal cleanliness on the part of the priest.

The church, though small, is not only gaudily, but richly ornamented, draped with crimson, green and gold-coloured curtains, with a few commonplace paintings of saints and the Madonna. The paintings are only mediocre ; the artist unquestionably did not copy nature. But it may be asked—What is nature ? The reply is, Everything. No, it is only the beautiful that the painter should depict or poet describe. But what is beauty ? It may be the unity of the manifold, in the abstract ; according to others the coalescence of the diverse ; or, in the words of Coleridge, the concrete, or the union of the fair with the vital, whilst in the inanimate it is a regularity of form, the blending line of the curve ; or by some, the disruption of association, or the mingling and making harmony of the dissimilar. But who can define or describe

that which depends so much on individual taste? Probably after all, beauty, whether in the living form or the inanimate creation, is the harmony between the soul of man and the external world, not acquired but innate, and appreciated more or less by all.

Two or three chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, a few crosses, three large, elegantly bound liturgies, an equal number of reading-desks; the roof high, and the whole expensively fitted up, form a singular contrast to the slovenly habits of the priest and his dark dingy domicile. Though there is much sameness in the decorations and details of the few Greek churches I have had the privilege of visiting, I could not but admire this one, and I notice a smile of pleasure, denoting inward satisfaction, pass over the handsome features of the priest, showing how much he is gratified with the praise I have bestowed, not grudgingly, on this bijou of a temple. The interior as a place of worship, though to a Protestant, seemingly overloaded with ornament—doubtless in accordance with the Greek usage and ritual—is a handsome structure, and tended with praiseworthy assiduity.

There are three or four large cisterns between the convent kitchen and the church door, which are generally designated "wells" by travellers. The Arabs, in their euphonious and rich language, make as marked a distinction, as the Hebrews did, between a well and a fountain. Our authorised version of the Scriptures often confounds the two terms, and these philological discrepancies have enveloped the sacred narrative in an obscurity, and apparent contradiction, not observable in the original. A well in the Hebrew is invariably written "Beer" or "Bir," and signifies "to dig," or "a place dug;" therefore, either a pit or a cistern. Many places, and even cities, have the origin of their names in this root, or from having been built at or near a well; as "Beer-sheba," "Beeroth," "Beer-lahai-roi," and "Beer-elim." Again, a fountain or spring is almost always expressed by the substantive "Ain," literally *an eye*, probably from its appearance, as it sparkles and glances in the distance, and bursts forth in the sunshine. There are, as in the case of "beer," many towns and places that have their names from a spring or fountain, near which they are situated, as En-mish-

pat (Spring of Judgment); En-dor (Spring of Dor); En-gedi (the Spring of the Kid); En-hazor (Spring of Hazor). The same word in the New Testament takes the Greek form of "Ænon."

Throughout the East, wells or fountains are highly valued, especially in wild and arid regions; they are made the resting-places of travellers and cattle, also of public resort, where markets are held, and news communicated. Twice a day, at least, they are visited by shepherds that their flocks may be watered; often in the evening, around the fountain, as we have seen at Nazareth, Siloam, and Bethlehem, the youth of both sexes meet for song and dance. I have myself frequently forgotten my toil and fatigue on reaching the well's mouth, or when reclining at the gushing fountain; and have observed many little courtesies, performed with delicacy and tact, by the young shepherds to the maidens; but they are sometimes as rudely used now as they were in the days of Moses. Wells in the East are generally dug and lined with coarse rubble work, such as I described at Bir-mousa, on the shore of the Red Sea, and are usually covered over with a flat stone, having a perforation of from fourteen to eighteen inches in diameter, which forms the mouth; this is covered with a large stone, requiring the united strength of two men to "roll it away."*

Mount Tabor, for the last few centuries, has been regarded as sacred, from a belief that it was the scene of our Saviour's Transfiguration; this has thrown around it a holy interest, to which otherwise it could have had no claim. Of late, Scripture topography has been more closely examined, and the doubts of Tabor's being entitled to this distinction have increased. This adventitious importance has arisen, in all probability, from a misapprehension; but before entering upon this question, a few remarks may be made as to Tabor's earlier history. When Israel first took possession of the land, *circa* B.C. 1444, this mount was, we have little doubt, secured and made available as a place of defence and aggression. In accordance with the usage of those unsettled times, the Phœnicians and Canaanites used this mount as a fortress. It is supposed, by some writers, to be the place alluded to by Moses when bless-

* Gen. xxix. 3; Exod. ii. 15, 18.

ing Zebulun: "They shall call the people unto the mountain."* A few details of its history as a fortress have already been given in the passages of Sisera's defeat by Barak; these may be read again with interest and advantage.†

Still further, Tabor is mentioned by Hosea in connexion with Mizpeh, and again compared, as a stronghold or a place of beauty, with Hermon and Carmel.‡ Indeed, from its position and natural strength it must always have been an object worth contending for. It fell into the hands of Antiochus, B.C. 214: and, again, when half in ruins, was rebuilt by the Jewish historian Josephus. In his days it was both a fortress and the site of a city, and therefore could scarcely, if at all, be the place where the Transfiguration took place. Were we to take into consideration where our Lord and His disciples were located at the time of the event, an almost insuperable objection would arise *in limine*, that the distance is too great, and there was a higher mountain much nearer, and better adapted for the divine manifestation than this, owing to its solitude. My own impression coincides with that of those who affirm Hermon to have been "the high mountain," because upon its summit there was never either fortress or town. Be this, however, as it may, from very early times, even anterior to the Crusaders, pilgrims visited Tabor, believing it to have been the scene of that event. The Crusaders themselves, we have little doubt, aided in strengthening this belief, although they were as uninformed in religion as they were brave in arms. It, indeed, was under their sanction that a Benedictine monastery was erected on the summit of the mount: and although after this it fell into the hands of the Turks, its convents and churches overthrown, still old traditions float, and the Greek Church keeps alive the legend, so that Tabor has to this day the honour, among the masses, of being regarded as the scene of the Transfiguration.

Having visited and examined all the lions of the mount—convent, garden, ruins, and church—we prepare for departure; and after handing over to the priest sixteen piastres, for which we receive as many thanks, we resume our journey. Taking the narrow defile, resembling more a sheep-walk among the Lammermuir hills than a road, we are delighted, at various points in the descent, with the fine views that constantly open up.

* Deut. xxxiii. 19. † Judg. iv. *passim*. ‡ Jer. xlvi. 18.

The rain has refreshed the herbage, the flowers are lifting their drooping heads, and the daisies opening their eyelids ; the sun is shining in golden radiance, the trees are clothed with variegated foliage, from which issue the voice of song ; the campaign country, dotted with clumps of trees, over which masses of vapour are floating, forms a panorama of gorgeous splendour and almost indescribable beauty. It is singular how small a matter may forge a connecting link, and draw forth from the depths of recollection, scenes and circumstances long forgotten. A sudden glimpse of the vale below vividly recalls a morning spent many years ago on " the lofty Ben-Lomond," to which in some respects, keeping the loch out of view, there are here many points of resemblance. The path is as steep, down which we are leading our horses, as that from the summit of the " Ben " to the inn at Rowardenan ; for though riding may be practicable, it would be next to cruelty to use our horses, especially after the toils of last night. The descent in broad daylight is a very different affair from an ascent in the dark, the more so if a wrong path be taken. We perceive that in our wanderings last evening we had at different points approached to within thirty yards of the proper track ; but thirty yards in the dark is not much nearer the mark than as many hundreds.

The first hour's ride after quitting Tabor is through a country well wooded with oak, lubbak, blooming hawthorn, and apple, acacia, (the *shittim* of Scripture,) white poplar, yellow broom, olive trees, among which our muleteer again manages to lose his way ; but by a series of shouts he attracts a herd-boy, who informs him how to reach the route for Tiberias, our next point of destination. We are riding through a gently rolling country, devoid of either trees or shrubs, but dotted with patches of corn and millet, where there is no sign of human habitation. Another hour's travelling brings us to a more pastoral district ; and, incontinent, we are in the midst of a Bedueen encampment, consisting of no less than thirty-four tents. Numbers of children, and half-grown men and women, are scattered about in groups, the former healthy, naked, and as brown as berries, rollicking on the green sward, if I do not mistake, acting the part of Remus and Romulus, only in this instance, drawing their nourishment from the goat. Every tent, like the dark arches in Jerusalem, has its

own pack of yelping dogs, which keep up an incessant barking till the casual passenger is far out of sight. The male members of the encampment are seemingly engaged either in breaking horses, by scouring the plain, or enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, on the shady side of their tents.

Riding up to the largest, or sheikh's tent, I shout "Haleb," (sweet milk ;) the reply is, "Iwah," (yes.) It is brought, and handed to me, not in a "lordly dish," but in an unglazed pannikin, not particularly clean. Closing my eyes, and using my beard as a sieve, I quaff about a pint of the pure, rich beverage; it may have been dirty, but of one thing I am certain, it had never seen either chalk, calf's brains, or water. The bleary-eyed Hebe received a piastre, for which there was no end of thanks, and a sweet smile, worth all the piastres in my purse. On our left, we pass a large building—a khan, I believe—which stands on a gentle eminence; portions of the walls being almost entire. It is known to the natives by the term "Tujjar," (the Merchant's Lodge,) around which there are many ruins. Our route now runs along a well-beaten path, over a moorland district, with small plots of corn and wheat; in the afternoon we reach a stream, where we halt, have some refreshment, and where we also wash our linen, and dry it in the sun. Starting, we cross a plain, where thistles, the blossom of a beautiful purple colour, are not only plentiful in quantity, but of enormous size, averaging from six to eight feet in height. Ascending a gentle eminence, the soil of which is exceedingly rich, with a splendid crop of what appeared to me to be tobacco, a ridge of reddish coloured hills, indented with deep scaurs and ravines, now appears before us. A few paces onward, in a deep hollow, there bursts upon our delighted gaze the sparkling waters of the Sea of Tiberias, Lake of Gennesareth, or Sea of Galilee, reflecting the radiance of the evening sun.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

I SHALL not attempt to depict my feelings on first catching a glimpse of these hallowed waters. Being in the van of the party, again and again, like the Greeks in their retreat, I shout, "The sea, the sea!" The descent to the lake is by a bridle-path, long, steep, and tortuous. Many travellers are coming and going, a few riding on camels, more on asses, but scarcely any pedestrians; there is also a party of soldiers from the garrison or castle at the northern entrance to the town, visible from this point; a little farther on there is a posse of the same corps reclining on the beetling cliff, having their long spears stuck in the ground. The descent becomes steeper and more abrupt, the pathway running to the very edge of a deep ravine, that increases in width until it terminates on the shore, which renders riding not only difficult but dangerous, especially to those who like myself use no stirrups. Necessity obliges us, in order to save our necks and spare the cattle, to dismount and follow them down the hill. How beautifully the lake gleams and shines, and reveals every rift and fissure on the opposite shore of Gadara, distinctly bringing out and showing every house, garden, and minaret of the city lying below.

We enter Tiberias through a gateway in the ruined walls—for that matter, a coach and six might enter at almost any point—a few bastions alone being now erect. Houses, mosques, synagogues, in short every building in the place, is either fallen or shattered, from the effect of a terrible earthquake that occurred in 1837. The gateway through which we have just passed introduces us into the world-renowned city. It has

neither gate nor sentinel, nor is there a single living creature to receive or welcome us, save a few goats and calves, lying sheltered beneath the shadow of the dilapidated wall. Turning sharply to the right, we ride over rubbish and veritable dung-heaps, there being no street. Passing through some ill-paved narrow lanes, we arrive at the dwelling of a Jew named Weismann, the proprietor of the only *locanda* in the place. Dismounting at his friendly door, and crossing a small outer court, we enter his dome-roofed dwelling. The reception room on the ground floor contains two beds and a long wooden bench or divan, that fills one side of the apartment; the place is floored with brick, and tolerably clean.

The landlord, a bustling, active German, with his no less clever little better-half, agree to give us a night's lodging for a consideration. This being passover season, some apologies are tendered, because only unleavened bread, with fish fresh caught from the lake, or others from the Jordan, fried or boiled, comprise the entire commissariat of their establishment. I have great reverence for the Sea of Tiberias, and an equal amount for the sacred Jordan, yet I must avow that the fish produced for supper were dry, coarse, and "fashionless." Whilst engaged at our evening meal, Meheiddin comes in with a face of deep concern and much gesticulation, and endeavours to make us understand by words, looks, and signs, that the black mare which my companion rides has "non mangia." Little attention is paid to this exordium, under the impression that it is a case got up for a purpose, probably to obtain a day's rest or an extra bakhshish as compensation for the fatigue of the night passed at Tabor.

Now for a ramble through the town, and a short account of the place. The bazaar—small, shabby, and badly supplied—consists of a few stalls made up of boards, rags, and mats; the articles exposed for sale being of the sorriest description, such as Turkish knives at a piastre each, circular mirrors from Birmingham of the same value; cigars, pipes, tobacco, salted eels, cheese, and rice. These commodities form the staple of the merchandise. The whole stock of goods on any one of the stalls would be dear at half-a-crown.

Tiberias is unconnected with Old Testament history, not

being even named. It is altogether a New Testament locality. Founded by Herod early in the first century, and called after his friend and patron the Emperor Tiberius, it was subsequently enriched and endowed with peculiar privileges, and became the capital of Galilee. It is supposed that the present city is built on the ruins of an older one, as in laying its foundation many tombs were removed, so that the Jews could scarcely be induced to inhabit the houses, because, according to their laws, they were regarded as unclean. Andri Chomius supposes this to be the ancient Cimmeroth, captured by Benhadad, king of Syria, and that Herod merely rebuilt it. Very likely it owed its existence as much to lake traffic as to either Herod or the emperor.

Tabareeah or Tabariyeh, as the ancient Galilæan capital is called by the natives, is in form an irregular crescent, and lies on the south margin of the lake by which it is washed. The town has been protected by a fosse as well as a wall, the former filled up and converted into gardens; it still contains two or three mosques, three Jewish synagogues, and a small Latin convent. A building is still pointed out, said to be "Peter's house," in which he dwelt before being called from his boats and nets to become a fisher of men. Fain would I believe the plausible story, but it is impossible. Besides these public buildings, there is the "Aga's house," and the coffee sheds. The population may be about 2000, consisting of Mohammedans and Jews—the latter gathered from every country in Europe, especially Germany, Poland, and Russia. There are also a few Christians of the Latin Church, seemingly to live in the same harmony as the "happy family" at Charing Cross. The landscape from the hill above the town is really beautiful; there is first, of course, the sea, opposite the city, with its gray and blue waters, set in alternate green and red hills, a chalky coloured soil, and Jebel-es-Sheikh in the distance; the town with its broken walls fills up the foreground; the citadel, minarets, the steep braes dotted with patches of corn, form altogether a beautiful picture, though in a great measure destitute of the accessories of landscape beauty, viz., wood and verdure.

It is an easy matter for a stranger, in attempting to reach the lake, to lose himself in the mazes of these tortuous lanes,

two of which, like Gray's celebrated passages, evidently "lead to nothing" or rather land one in a *cul de sac*, or court-yard of a private dwelling. With the aid of some piloting I reach the extremity or southern end of the town, leap the enclosure, and wend my way along the beach. The breadth of the sea, to judge by the eye, is some six or seven miles, the length probably from twelve to sixteen.

In a conversation this evening with our host, I obtained the following information regarding the Jews, and reasons generally assigned for this being called a holy city. There are, it seems, four different places in Palestine which rank as holy, viz., Jerusalem, Hebron, Saphed, and Tiberias. It is historically true, that when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans, the high priest, rulers, rabbis, and a great portion of the Sanhedrim, after much wandering and sundry removals, were permitted to settle down here, where they established their worship, schools, and a university, and filled the chairs with learned professors. To this seat of learning flocked the Jewish youth from different parts of Europe. In this university flourished, among other distinguished literati and commentators, the celebrated Judah Hakodesh, the compiler of the Mishna, and the composer of the Gemara, which is better known as the Jerusalem Talmud; and also the illustrious Rabbi Jochanan, author of the Masora or Tradition, a work of equal magnitude. I am not sure but these two are held by the Jews equal to Moses, and their writings to the Pentateuch in authority. The former work not only gives the text, but the *points* or pronunciation, upon which the meaning so much depends.

These Hebrew luminaries not only lived and taught in Tiberias, but when they died, their sacred ashes were laid in these caves and tombs which honeycomb the hill sides above the city. Among these sepulchres lie not only the remains of the author of the Gemara, but those of Rabbi Akiba, with, I dare not say, how many thousands of his disciples. And, as if these were not sufficient to constitute this a holy city, my host adds to these names one still greater—that of the thrice-illustrious Maimonides, whose ashes and tomb are in the environs; but there is still more to increase and intensify the sanctity of Tiberias. The Jews believe that when the Messiah shall come, he shall rise from the waters of this Sea of Cimmeroth, go up thence to Saphed,

there to establish his throne, and rule the world ; with much more to the same effect. With regard to the present condition of the Jewish population, they form nearly a third of the inhabitants of the place. Like their brethren of Jerusalem, they are poor, though largely subsidised by their richer co-religionists of Europe. They have their own quarter of the town assigned them, (their Minories or Duke Street,) and are composed of the two great sects, the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim, and speak a mongrel language of Spanish-Hebrew. At present they have three synagogues, and an equal number of schools, where a few sickly boys are being taught their prayers, and a small amount of rabbinical knowledge. Jews still come, as they did sixteen centuries ago, here to live, but more especially to die, that their bones may lie near their great and illustrious dead. It is my conviction from what I see and hear, that this city is held as sacred by the Jews as Jerusalem itself. Thickly strewn and paved though Olivet be, from Kedron to the summit of the hill, with tombs, and the ashes of millions of Jews, who have come from every clime, yet Tiberias, if it do not equal it, in the estimation of the sons of Israel, is second to none in sacredness as a place of sepulture, and is preferred by many to the Holy City itself. The ashes, they believe, of Maimonides and Rabbi Akiba have in themselves sanctity enough to consecrate a territory.

It is saddening to contrast the present condition of these few uninformed, I might say ignorant, men with the people who were the depositary of the world's knowledge, and into whose hands were committed the oracles of the living God—of whom were the patriarchs, the covenants of promise, and of whom, according to the flesh, Christ came. They are despised, “a nation scattered and peeled,” in a land once their own and that of their fathers; now poverty-stricken and simply tolerated where they once ruled and reigned; crawling like shadows, and flitting like spectres through the streets. My heart feels for them. This surely cannot be their destiny—the promises must stand and be ultimately fulfilled, but God's good time for Zion is worth waiting for. “It shall come and not tarry.” Still the Jews are not more sickly-like and stunted than are the other inhabitants : all have a sickly hue, except my host and his family, who are as sleek and well-coloured as Euro-

peans. The very cattle are small, with an aspect of semi-starvation. The question has more than once presented itself to me, Can this fever-ward-like appearance of the population be produced and propagated by exhalations from the inland sea, the waters of which are not of that limpid blue of Geneva's lake, though sweet and transparent? The true cause of their sickliness may more reasonably be traced to the low level of the whole "ghor" or valley, which is enclosed on both sides, and, according to Dean Stanley, lies at a depth of 652 feet; the air is stagnant, the sun like a ball of white hot brass, glaring for many hours above the horizon, burning up the grass, calcining the rocks and stones, and even the very atmosphere, until it tastes almost powdery in the mouth; in short, the air is deoxidised, the vital powers being burned out of it. From this cause also probably arises the prevalence of affections of the chest and the large amount of pulmonary disease existing among the inhabitants.

There is a strong resemblance between this deep chasm and that in which the Dead Sea lies sweltering. This similarity may be easily explained. Both seas occupy different parts of the same great depression, or basin of the Jordan; both *termini*, so to speak, of the valley, are enclosed within the same ranges of hills, but the dip of the southern is considerably the lowest, sinking gradually from Lake Merom to Bahr Lut. Yet there is a vast difference in their external appearance. The one sea, the northern, is surrounded with life and vegetation; the other, the southern, with silence, sterility, and death. The Sea of Naphtali, it is true, is but a pond in comparison with that of Zebulon, the Great Sea, or Mediterranean, yet the former and smaller is richer and dearer than all others, from its sacred associations. Nay, it is even smaller and less lovely than our own Loch Lomond and our Highland lakes, approaching nearer the Cumberland type, or that of Kilburnie in Ayrshire, which, though less, bears in some of its features a striking resemblance to its *confère* in the East. Gemesareth is less beautiful from being destitute of wood to crown and hide its bare declivities, villages on its margin, or a factory to give it signs of life; but it has higher mountains, that lie closer: this, however, only renders it more gulf-like in appearance. The fish caught in the lake are not for a moment to be compared with

our trout, perch, or pike. Some change may have taken place in their quality as well as quantity, since the days of our Lord; then they were plentiful, affording material for a large trade to fishermen, net-makers, boat-builders, mast, and sail-cloth manufacturers. Now, there are only one or two kinds, and that scarcely edible, while one boat and two fishermen suffice for the whole trade of the lake. *Tempora mutantur.*

On the way back to my lodgings I observe a boat on the beach, around which there is a crowd of noisy men and women, who are haggling over the fish caught by a net which two boatmen have just landed. On examination, they prove to be the same kind as those I had at supper: they are a bright and broad scaled fish, the size of a Yarmouth bloater, but broader across the shoulder, resembling what is called a "braze" in some parts of Scotland. An old writer mentions, as a curious circumstance, that the fish caught in this lake are of the same species as those found in the Nile, such as the charmuth, silurus, bæmi, mulsil. Sparus Galilæus, and particularly a fish named the Coracinus. If this were really so, then it explains a phenomenon, mentioned by Josephus, to the effect that there existed a communication between the Nile and this lake.* With all due deference to the historian, although ignorant of ichthyology as a science—not knowing much more than the difference between a skate and a flounder, or a baddock and a herring, I must say it would be difficult to identify the tenants of the Nile with those in the creel before me. As regards the underground channel, between Gennesareth and the fertiliser of Egypt, if the assertion of the illustrious Jew be based solely on the fact of the same species of fish being found in both, his statement can only be viewed in the light of an Eastern legend; and though we admire Josephus as a patriotic historian, we need not repose absolute faith in his speculations regarding physics or natural history.

The appearance of the lake-sea this evening is really grand; yet, the aspect is bare, the mountains on each side being destitute of wood. This throws over the landscape an effect of dulness and monotony. The calmness of the surface, and the deep stillness that prevails around, impart to

* Josephus, lib. iii. De Bel. Jud.

the picture an air of deadness, which hangs about like an oppressive atmosphere, enveloping me in a cloud of melancholy.

I sauntered along the beach as far as the baths, that stand close upon the shore, which are landmarks of ancient Tiberias. They comprise a large structure, divided into two portions; one modern, the other of an earlier date, but both falling into ruins. The thermal springs have a temperature of about 144° Fahrenheit, the water acrid and sulphurous, emitting a smell similar to the mineral well of "Bloak," in Ayrshire, and have a taste resembling that of a well at "Seed Hills," in Paisley. There is little or no doubt but that drinking the water of these spas may be useful in skin diseases, as well as in rheumatic or dyspeptic complaints. Like the springs at Leamington or Bath, they attract in the season numbers of lame, halt, and diseased from the surrounding country, who come probably now for the same purpose, and almost to the same place, as the crowds of afflicted came, eighteen centuries ago, to the Great Healer, Jesus of Nazareth.

The curative efficacy of the water is as much a result of His blessing to-day as the laying on of His own hand, or speaking the powerful word was, when He performed His miracles in person,—the only difference in this instance being, that the one is mediate, and the other direct; but both flow from the same power and benevolence. These springs are mentioned by Pliny the naturalist, who speaks of them as being west of Tiberias, and as a specific for certain diseases. Other writers seem to suppose them to be the "Hammath" of Scripture,* the Greek form of the word being "Ammaus," or "Emmaus," (our "Hummuus.") Nearer the town is an ancient-looking building, shattered and almost toppling over; but whether a palace, a fortress, or a place of worship, no one can inform me. The stones of which it is built are large square blocks of black basalt. There are numerous underground vaults, having flagged pavements, the foundation and walls of which stretch far out, until lost in the waters of the lake.

Many ruins similar to this are observable in the locality,

* Josh. xix. 35.

but no attempt has seemingly ever been made to repair, rebuild, or prop up either walls or buttresses ; they all remain *in statu quo*, just as the earthquake left them on the evening of that awful calamity. Indeed, it would be strange if either a Turk or an Arab were to patch even the roof of his own dwelling ; for it is easier, he says, to shift the position of his mat for the night than to do so. Traces of volcanic disturbance are rarely met with in Palestine, except about the Ghor, or Valley of the Dead Sea. These convulsions of nature have been chiefly confined to the upper, or northern end of the Jordan ; nor has any locality suffered more in this respect than Saphed and Tiberias, a fact evident enough in and around the latter city. The hill from which the spa springs is a black, brittle, sulphur-like stone, plentifully scattered over the whole neighbourhood. The sediment of the water is not unlike glue in colour and consistency, smelling as abominably as some pieces of mineral I picked up on the island in the Dead Sea.

On examining this mineral, it seems foliated or laminated, and appears to be covered with a double cuticle—the outer one dark, the inner a lightish brown, as if coated with sulphate of iron. The boulders, sand, and gravel, of which I also collected specimens, are a dark green and a black basalt, mixed with quartz. It may be fancy, but certainly some of the specimens seemed to smell as strongly of sulphurate of ammonia as that which is used for photographic purposes. I cannot but believe, as well as hope, that when one or other of the European powers, or two of them united, take Syria under their joint protectorate, or assume sovereignty over it, that Tiberias, its shore, and ruins, will be explored, and that these mountains, in which doubtless there are many valuable products, will be examined and eventually utilised. Though not much skilled in geology, yet in my humble judgment, ores of iron, lead, and it may be of the precious metals, lie under these formations. It was emphatically to this country that the words of inspiration applied : —“ A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.”*

The lake or sea upon the margin of which I am now sitting derives its chief interest from New Testament association. It

Deut. viii. 9.

is the scene upon which the Lord wrought many of His miracles ; and upon its margin He had for a time His abode. In the Old Testament it is spoken of as the Sea of Chinneroth,* a name supposed to be derived from a town on the shore. In ancient times it may have been a highway for traffic, as it lies in the direct route, like Loch Ness in Scotland, between the southern and northern extremities of the kingdom. Whatever may have been its character then, it is now nearly destitute of external beauty—its shores deserted, the mountains bare, scarred, and devoid of villages or trees to please the eye, though rich indeed in scriptural associations and endearing recollections.

When compared with the lake of Como, in northern Italy, it presents a singular contrast. The sheet of water before me is, in a measure, without accessories—its surroundings brown and barren earth, the adjoining hills present a hard, stiff, monotonous outline ; the Italian is fertile as a garden, its mountains jagged, shaggy with wood, and picturesque. This, a picture set in an oaken frame, solid, lasting, but unadorned : that enshrined and bejewelled in a *cadre* of cunning workmanship, with the highest ornamentation. This, deserted, desolate, and fringed with ruins ; that, teeming with beautiful villages and busy populations ;—the one tame, and to the eye unattractive ; the other, lovely, grand, sublime, completely eclipsing its Syrian sister in physical advantages. Here, this calm, lovely evening, tiny wavelets are rippling the surface, kissing the dark pebbles, and covering the shingly strand. There are also here, as on Como's banks, wild birds singing, and wild flowers blowing, the level beams of the bright sun reflected on the surface of the water ; while silvery-sided fish, though neither salmon nor trout, are disporting themselves in exuberant gaiety. Though no forests clothe thy declivities, fair Gennesareth, nor ring of woodman's axe awaken the slumbering echoes—though thy deserted shore be strewn with fragments of ruined cities, still thy name is embalmed and consecrated in imperishable record, and will always be uttered with an accent of veneration.

Full of these musings, I rise from my seat and visit the small Latin convent, situated a short distance eastwards. The

* Num. xxxiv. 11 ; Jos. xii. 3, xix. 35.

church is dedicated to St Peter, and said to be erected on the spot where the miraculous draught of fishes was hauled ashore after our Lord's resurrection.* There are two modes in which places may become, or be accounted sacred—the one consecrated by a priesthood, the other by public or private prayer. The former has often neither reason nor Scripture to recommend it, but, in the language of a celebrated writer, “insults our understanding, deludes the ignorant, and clothes the priesthood with a dangerous power.” How much stronger would his language have been had he visited the Holy Land, and witnessed, as I have done, the deceptions sanctioned by the Greek and Roman churches, as well as the superstition of the people! Any place may be consecrated and made holy by prayer. Wherever the good man bends his knees, whether in glen, mountain, or seashore, that place is a “mount of God.” The convent is inhabited by only one solitary monk, who is presumed to spend his time at his beads or in meditation—the latter commendable in its place, but better when intermingled with the duties and activities of everyday life; *qui laborat, orat*, or work is religion.

On my return towards Herr Weisman's *locanda*, proprietor, and doctor of philosophy, or medicine—though as regards his claim to the title of either I have some misgivings—I met the two boatmen disengaged, and with some difficulty make them understand that I wished to hire their boat. The small vessel in their possession is, I believe, the only one now on the lake. How changed from the time when at least five out of the twelve disciples were fishermen—when there were numerous craft belonging to Capernaum, Magdala, and Bethsaida, (literally the “house of fish;”) or subsequently, when Titus and Vespasian fought a naval battle with the admiral of the Jewish fleet on these waters! The boatmen demand twenty-five francs for an hour's cruise, a sum equal to a fortnight's wages of ordinary watermen or other operatives in Syria. I offered them five, merely that I might have a row on the waters over which Jesus had sailed, and whose turbulent waves with a word He had calmed. My offer was declined; after a pause, however, they came and informed me they would accept my terms. But it being now near

* John xxi. 11.

sunset, I was reluctantly obliged to forego the gratification, and returned to my lodging. Later in the evening, the moon having risen, I directed my steps to the shore, that I might resume my reveries in the quiet silence of the moonlight. There can be no lack of material for reflection to one seated on the margin of the Sea of Galilee, who is either acquainted with, or interested in, New Testament history. It may have been at or near this point He launched forth and sat in a boat, and taught the multitudes who stood in crowds to hear Him on the shingly beach.* Here were enunciated those sublime truths of which philosophy had never dreamt, and the wise men of Egypt, India, or Greece could never have discovered. Well may it be said, "The world by wisdom knew not God."†

From this outlying corner, a place scarcely known to the great outside world, precepts and doctrines were first promulgated which have filled nations with religion, men with knowledge and liberty. From among owners of boats, and fishermen of the lake, He chose twelve to be His companions and scholars, men humble and lowly like Himself, whom He commissioned, though destitute of learning, wealth, or status, to go into all the world and preach the gospel. From these shores, in the strength of God, these men went forth, triumphing over the opposition of kings and priests, yea, powers mightier still, the prejudice and corruption of the human heart. Mighty in the truth, and the Spirit of God, they shook by their simple eloquence the kingdom of sin, the empire of ignorance, and the reign of superstition. Heathen religions and temples crumbled before them, priest and priestcraft, that had enthralled the nations for untold ages, though propped up and supported by ancient laws, and universal authority, succumbed before the power and progress of the gospel; until the tyranny of opinion, and man's second nature of inborn enmity to God and truth, fell, like Dagon of old before the ark. The learned Greek, bigoted Jew, and ignorant Heathen, alike yielded and bent low before the cross. The "marvellous works of God!" Wondrous lake! The stoa of Athens, the forum of Rome, the temples of Memphis, the banks of the Ganges, and the locality where the Zenda of Zoroaster was penned, must all yield and bow their heads before thee, Sea of Galilee.

* Matt. xiii. 2.

† 1 Cor. i. 21.

In that little skiff rocking on the ripples in the moonlit track, I see in fancy His figure half enveloped, whilst addressing the crowd, who hang upon his lips with unbroken attention ; the changes that pass over the countenance are visible as the subject-matter reaches their hearts or pricks their consciences : are not those falling tears that bedew so many countenances the sweet showers that well forth unto repentance ? There are among the crowd blind, lame, and diseased, some carried by friends, others elbowing their way to reach the place of His landing, if only to touch the hem of His garment, or hear the healing word, "Take up thy bed and walk." Thousands, of whom the sacred Scriptures give no account, were healed ; none were left uncured or disappointed ; His invitation was universal, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;"* "and him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."† Again, a boat is just visible ploughing her way through the waves in mid-channel ; the wind rises and comes down in sudden gusts from the openings between the mountains. Ah ! she is fairly caught in the storm, and is labouring in the trough of the sea : "the waves beat into the ship, so that it is now full." There is great consternation on board ; they are surely ignorant of the presence of One among them mighty to save ; "but he was in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow ; and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish ?" He rises in calm majesty, His gentle rebuke mingled with pity, "Why are ye so fearful ? how is it that ye have so little faith ? And he said unto the sea, Peace, be still." The boisterous winds are lulled, the turbulent winds, like a whipped child, are stilled, or scarcely seem to chafe the shore ; fear, mingled with admiration, prompt all on board to exclaim, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him ?"‡

Two boats now appear before my fancy, with crews of hardy fishermen, just returning from an unsuccessful trip, "having toiled the whole night, and caught nothing." They have drawn up their boats high and dry upon the beach, and are now washing their nets ; Jesus comes down from the town, steps up into one of the boats and says, "Simon, launch out

* Matt. xi. 28.

† John vi. 37.

‡ Mark iv. 37-41.

into the deep, and let down your net for a draught." Peter answers, "Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing;" but, correcting himself, adds, "nevertheless at thy word, I will let down the net." This is no sooner effected, than a multitude of fish are enclosed, and their net breaks; assistance is at hand, and two boat-loads are the result of the obedience to the divine command. Strange words reach and ring in my ears, addressed by the Master to Simon, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."* This promise was wonderfully verified in the subsequent career and preaching of Peter.†

Again the scene changes; it is now eventide, dark masses of cloud pall the sky, the winds are hushed, and all nature is at rest; a mighty miracle had this day been performed on the adjoining hill, where five thousand men, besides women and children, had been fed on a few loaves and fishes. The last lingerer has left, the disciples have been reluctantly compelled to embark and leave their Master alone on land, the boat is now between this point and the shore of Gadara; when in the fourth watch of the night a storm rises, the sea rages and hisses around the prow, as if anxious for her destruction; she makes no speed. It is now blowing almost a gale, both crew and passengers are on deck, when one of the disciples sees, or fancies he sees, a strange object at a distance in the gray mist; he looks, and again looking, calls another disciple. Finally the whole crew collect, and exclaim, "It is a spirit!" and they are filled with fear; but in a moment is heard the loving voice and well-known accents, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." Peter, whom we may call the impulsive, or the headstrong Simon, the first to boast, whatever others might do, he would never leave his Master, the first to draw a sword in His defence, and also to deny and say he never knew Him, yet of all the disciples the most ardent, and as a preacher the most successful, cries out, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water," and He said, "Come." Peter steps from the side, and appears with timid foot to press the yielding but supporting surface, when seeing a huge wave rolling towards him, his faith fails, and he begins to sink, and cries for help, "Lord, save me." With the hand of help is the rebuke, "O

* Luke v. 1-10.

† Acts ii. 14-41.

thou of little faith!"* Poor Peter, thou didst not know thy weakness; like many others thou wert strong until tried; it is good for thee and me that an all-powerful Arm is ever near, that an Ear which hears the cry of the perishing is ever open; and that a Heart and bowels of compassion are ever yearning to compassionate the miserable and erring. A cloud obscures the moon, and a cry from the neighbouring garrison arouses me from my reverie; leaping from my seat I approach the sea, and standing in the lake, lave its hallowed waters, handle its dark pebbles, and thus form with them a mysterious union or connecting link that neither time nor space shall ever dissolve or banish from my memory. I return somewhat late to my quarters, crossing the ruined wall, and passing through deserted streets, reach my lodgings, and lie down, thanking God, who hath brought me thus far on my pilgrimage in safety.

* Luke xiv. 22-31.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CAPERNAUM, BETHSAIDA, AND CHORAZIN.

TIBERIAS, *Wednesday, 27th.*—Rising at five A.M., and hastening through the mucky lanes, picking my steps cautiously, on reaching the sea walls, walk along its summit, and leap to the ground at the back of the military barrack, on the beach; where, undressing, I am soon breasting the waves, probably at or near the spot where Peter “girt his fisher’s coat unto him, (for he was naked,) and did cast himself into the sea.”* Afterwards I made a thorough examination of the city. It is built, apparently, upon a strip of land, at a point where the hills recede from the shore, and seems to huddle itself up in a corner, not unlike a dwarf in giant’s garments; indeed, the town is more like an Arab village than a *quondam* city. Fewer demands are made for bakhshish here than in other Syrian towns, it having only once been named to-day, and in that instance by the daughter of our host, a fine-looking and showily-dressed Jewess, of about fourteen years of age. I endeavoured to shame her out of the practice, and was successful, by calling it begging.

There is no word that the traveller more frequently hears, nor one with which he becomes sooner acquainted, or causes him greater annoyance, than that of bakhshish. It is the first word he hears on landing in Egypt, and is uttered by almost every individual he meets in Syria; in short, from Jaffa to Aleppo, or from Dan to Beersheba. It is the same in hamlet and hut, in the crowded city, and by the solitary individual in the desert; nor is it exacted or wheedled, demanded or begged by the poor only, but by all—the pasha, the emir, and

* John xxi. 7.

the agha, the proprietor, and the peasant. If there be an exception, it is the merchant, let this be said to his credit. All expect a present, the amount generally increasing with the rank of the exacter or receiver, whilst the respect for the giver rises or falls *pari passu*. The reader will observe that this custom is not much dissimilar to usages at home. There is, however, something to be said in the Arab's favour anent present-giving and receiving. The custom is an ancient one, and would almost seem indigenous, like the palm and olive tree, to this land,—indeed, it can be traced to the most remote antiquity. It is, however, worthy of remark, that with the great masses a small gift is acceptable; if given with readiness and grace, it pleases. The Syrian appreciates the adage, *Bis dat qui cito dat*; the good intention or will of the giver being as much regarded as the value of the bakhshish. I have observed the smallest coin satisfy, a few piastres please; nay, I have seen a flower, picked and presented, suffice, or even being permitted to look at, examine, and handle my watch, knife, or pencil-case; a few figs or an egg were also regarded as bakhshish, and accounted as presents.

The antiquity of presenting gifts is beyond all dispute. Jacob, after a long separation from Esau, sent on before him gifts to propitiate his brother.* When the sons of Jacob went down the second time to Egypt, they carried with them a present to the governor, unaware that this personage was their own brother. Also Ehud, the patriot, sent a present to Eglon, king of Moab, ere he himself followed and plunged the fatal dagger to the hilt in the bowels of the tyrant.† Ere a man of God or seer was consulted, he was first addressed through the channel of a present.‡ What was the present of Abigail, the wife of Nabal, but a bakhshish?—the bracelets of Isaac's servant to Rebecca? But the Old Testament is full of such instances. The variety of the gifts presented were similar to those of the present day, consisting of corn, wine, oil, figs, and loaves of bread, silver and gold ornaments, and changes of raiment, which were given and accepted by patriarchs, priests, holy prophets, and anointed kings, and are prophetically spoken of under the reign and kingdom of the Messiah—"Kings shall bring pre-

* Gen. xxxiii. 8.

† Judges iii. 15.

‡ 1 Sam. ix. 7.

sents unto thee.”* “The kings of Tarshish and the isles shall bring presents.”† Nor would any one think of approaching a superior in years or rank without a present; as in the case of the Magi, presenting their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, to the infant Saviour at Bethlehem.

The fair sex of Tiberias, especially Jewesses, are well dressed, or, more correctly speaking, richly ornamented, in jewellery, wearing ear-rings, bracelets, and gold chains round their necks and arms, whilst their dress, if I may speak of the matter, discloses too much of the bosom; indeed, it seems to me to be the fashion to leave the upper part of the person uncovered as indelicately as a full-dressed Christian lady in ball *tenue*. But what is to be expected, it will be said, of Galilean women and Jewesses? The young females are beautiful, having regular features, dark, fascinating eyes, and their complexions are as pure and fresh as those of English girls. The young men are generally handsome; but appear sickly, their bodies thin, as if of a consumptive constitution. I took out my camera this morning, and tried a view, first, from the old ruins already mentioned, then from the roof of a private dwelling, the housewife of which, on my descending, kindly invited me to come in; for in ascending to or descending from the flat roofs, there is no necessity to pass through the interior,—a peculiarity referred to by our Lord when, in prophesying the destruction of Jerusalem, He said, “Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take any thing out of his house.”‡ This Galilean, a set-off to the scold at Kaukab, prepares coffee, and brings it to me whilst I am sitting on a mat she has kindly spread for me. The whole of our intercourse is carried on in smiles, and the much abused “tyeb” and “sowie, sowie,” which have to serve all purposes. She refused to accept of any remuneration, seeming to regard the proffer of it as an insult. No reason can be assigned for this gush of unsolicited hospitality other than that, like herself, I am a Christian. This I infer, from a Maltese cross tattooed on her fore-arm. She probably drew the same inference as regards myself, from the general belief that all Franks are Christians.

* Ps. lxxviii. 29.

† Ps. lxxii. 10.

‡ Matt. xxiv. 17.

The surrounding country, as already mentioned, is destitute of woodland, with the exception of four or five palms in a garden near a mosque that stands on the west side of the city ; these are all that now remain of the former groves which gave beauty and variety to the scene. Were it not for the scanty green crops on the neighbouring declivities, and a few gardens scattered amongst the houses, the landscape would be bare in the extreme. The inhabitants generally evince a greater degree of sociability towards strangers, and a greater desire to oblige, than any I have yet come in contact with in Palestine. My companion and self are frequently, in the streets and by the shore, overwhelmed with their attentions and kindnesses. Whilst coming along the public road with my camera on my shoulder, and with what I believe will be four failures of Hill Norris's dry plates in my pocket, I called at the stable where our horses are put up, and was pleased to learn the black mare had recovered. The place seems to have been the kitchen, or ground floor of the dwelling of some nobleman or emir, judging from its size, position, and architecture ; now, however, it is dilapidated, but it is still arched, groined, and pilastered, having also Gothic-looking openings in the walls and doorways ; but, oh, the filth ! In wading through the puddles, I wished much to have had a bottle of smelling-salts, and was as near "swarfing" as Dr Aiton on his safe descent of the Pyramids.

Our bill on settling with our host, for supper, lodging, and breakfast, is sixty piastres, a sum just five times the amount an Arab would have the conscience to exact. On demurring at the overcharge, he answered, almost in the words of the monk at Ramleh, that many Englishmen paid him a couple of sovereigns for the same meals ; *sotto voce*, I wished that the Englishmen in question had remained in England, or that Herr Weisman had never left his native fatherland. We part, however, very good friends, he wishing us all sorts of good things on our journey. Mounting our horses in the narrow lane at his door, we again traverse the town and pass through the ruined gateway, where a few soldiers are lounging at the door of the guard-house ; we jog at an easy pace along the pathway fringing the shore. The lake is gleaming on our right like molten silver and burnished gold, birds are singing around us, and

beautiful oleanders twelve feet high are in full blossom, not only lining the shore but descending into the water. The morning is truly lovely, one in which the clouds themselves are beautiful, softening the light and casting their noiseless shadows like spirits over the waters, or flitting in light and shade over the waving corn, while the air is filled with fragrance from innumerable wild-flowers. My heart thrills with delight. The glorious morning, the rippling waters, the beauteous landscape, the deep interest and associations connected with the ground I am traversing, fill me with an ecstasy too intense for utterance. On this same pathway, He whose feet were pierced, must often have stepped; often, too, His mild eyes must have gazed upon those red scaurs, which form the coast line of the Gadarenes on the opposite side; many a time and oft has He made weary journeys along this rugged path and wave-beaten shore. His miracles, His fervent preaching, His loving-mercy, crowd upon my recollection, and fill me with melancholy joy.

An hour's riding along a bridle path, narrowed by the vicinity of the mountain range—which here advances to within a few feet of the lake—brings us to the hamlet of Mejel, or Magdala, the city of Mary Magdalene, which contains some twenty rude huts, all that now remains, except heaps of rubbish and ruins, of the once celebrated birthplace of the penitent Magdalene, whose sins Christ forgave, and to whom He appeared after His resurrection. The villagers are to all appearance both slovenly and lazy; no busy life, no crowded shore, no fishing boats on the lake, neither trade nor occupation can be traced. I have not seen an individual, except two or three squalid women, and a few naked, squaling children; these, and ever-present barking curs, seem to be the only inhabitants. In the days of our Lord both village and environs were densely peopled. Then, according to profane history, the soil was rich, producing grain in sufficient abundance for the support of a hardy and flourishing population. High limestone rocks rise at the back of the village, and partly overhang it; these are perforated by a number of caves or tombs, whilst a limpid stream runs babbling towards the sea. This is indeed a land of springs, and also, if half the rumours of a hundred tongues be true, of robbers—few dis-

tricts being more infamous in this respect than the shores of Gennesareth.

This ancient site occupies a corner of what is known as "Little Ghore." The stream we have just crossed flows through a valley, a few minutes' ride west of the Kurim Hattin, or the platform of the Horned Mount, which has for ages been believed to be the spot where the "Sermon on the Mount" was delivered. I have neither time nor at this moment opportunity to ascertain whether this tradition had its origin amongst the Crusaders, or existed previous to that era; although I believe it is of the older date. The mountain is not only accessible, but is near the lake, whilst the summit is sufficiently broad to accommodate a multitude of people. It is, besides, so centrally situated, that shepherds from the hills, fishermen on the shore, and the inhabitants of "Decapolis, Jerusalem, and beyond Jordan," who all lie in a ring fence, might easily reach it. Within the whole region there is not a more suitable elevation to meet the exigencies required in Matt. v. 1. To me it is no small matter of satisfaction to have stood near, and to have read a portion of the sermon delivered by the Lord upon the Mount of Beatitudes. This is also the locality, according to tradition, where Jesus fed the five thousand. Traces proving the miracle to have taken place here, are said still to exist among the Arab population, the names they assign to places having a scriptural meaning. A straw, it is said, may inform us how the wind blows; so argue the supporters of this theory, the Arab term "Hajer-en-Nusrany," applied to some rocks in the neighbourhood, must signify the "Mensa Christi" of the early Church. My own conviction from reading the passage is, that the miracle was wrought on the eastern side of the sea, somewhere opposite Capernaum. *Vide* Matt. xiv. 13 *ad ult.*

Most vividly I realise this morning, both in riding along the shore, now near Magdala, and at this Mount of Beatitudes, the presence of my Lord, and feel the great principles and truths of the blessed gospel kindling my affections with an overwhelming impulse, stirring up my soul and "all that is within me to magnify and bless His holy name."* All nature is shouting His praise, how can I refrain? The lake lifts its

* Ps. ciii. 1.

waves, the hills smile in joy, and "the trees clap their hands;" in unison with these, I burst out into a song of praise, and repeat the 64th Paraphrase, beginning—

"To Him that loved the souls of men."

My heart is full of gratitude. I feel as if it would even be pleasant to die here; and satisfactory to know, that my body would rest at the base of this holy mount. It is said the demoniac who burst his chains, and "whom no man could bind," lived on this shore. Any of those caverns on my left hand (which seem to be ancient sepulchres) may have been the tombs which formed his dwelling. The precipice that overhangs the point where I now am, may have been that over which the swine ran, and were "choked in the sea."* These, and other passages in the life and miracles of Jesus, occupy my mind whilst on the way to Capernaum.

Half an hour from Magdala, we pass on our left the far-famed battle-field of Hattin, on which Crusader and Moslem met for the last time in deadly strife, and where victory gave the latter a triumph that placed Palestine, in common with the rest of Syria, in the power of the Mohammedan. Other thirty minutes' riding, and we are at the supposed site of the renowned and highly-privileged Capernaum, now known to the natives as Ain-el-Tin, or "Fig-Tree Fountain."

Let any Bible student who, it may be for years, has longed to visit the scenes of the events recorded in the New Testament, be permitted, in the dispensations of Providence, to have his desires gratified, ere he leaves home, he will have mentally pictured out the scenes, and filled the cities and villages with a population and bustling activity. He arrives, we shall suppose, at Capernaum. Instead of a flourishing city, or fishing village, he discovers, let us say, only ruins, but ruins, it may be, noble and majestic in their decay. In these circumstances, he might imagine that under this half-ruined arch, or under that broken colonnade, or perhaps on this fragment of masonry, the Redeemer sat; there He may have healed, and upon that spot He may have stood and taught; or here again, at the ruined jetty, Peter and John hauled their boats on shore;

* Matt. viii. 32.

or upon this sandy beach, in the midst of boats, fishing gear, and frolicsome childhood, old Zebedee, with his sons James and John, and partners, may have mended their nets.

But, alas ! when he arrives, as I do this day, and discovers neither ruin nor rubbish, scarcely even a mound of earth, to tell that a city ever stood on the spot, and that the very site of Capernaum is disputed almost as much as that of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem,—could he feel otherwise than sad, from bitter disappointment ? Dismounting, I sit down, and gather a few pebbles from the shore, take a bottle of water out of the lake, and wander melancholily among the tamarisks, lubbak, and oleander bushes, which form a shrubbery a mile in extent. I was under the impression that ruins of buildings might be discovered near or below the fountain, and where the terrace is cut out of the rock at the back of the hill ; but finding none, I exclaim, again and again, “ And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell ; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.”* There are a few mounds that scarcely rise above the level surface, and extend from the plain to the shore : “ Can these,” I ejaculate, “ be all that is left of the home and city of Jesus ? ” How fearfully and truthfully has the woe which He pronounced been fulfilled : “ It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for thee ! ” and again, “ It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment than for you ! ”† The sites of Tyre and Sidon are at least known, and their ruins extant, whilst of thy former dwelling-place not a monument remains to tell the story of thy bygone greatness !

There may have been design in this utter obliteration, and wiping out the last trace of His dwelling-place upon earth ; for man is ever prone to attach a superstitious reverence to holy places, and God may have in mercy seen fit to conceal or to throw the shadow of oblivion over the home of the Saviour, as He did over the burial-place of Moses, thus preventing in future the worshipping of the creature more than the Creator, who is God blessed over all. Here is another rich relic field “ waiting the explorer and excavator.” I hope I

* Matt. xi. 23.

† Luke x. 14, 15.

shall not only live to see this great work of scientific exploration begun, but to see it carried successfully through, and yet examine the treasures of knowledge and art, which I have no doubt, though now lying concealed, will soon be in our hands. And willingly would I assist to the utmost of my abilities in promoting this desire of my heart.

The land, from the lake inland, as far as the eye can reach, is comparatively fertile, comprising luxuriant vegetation, gigantic thistles, willows, and a complete forest of blooming oleanders. I experience a singular feeling, for I even envy those naked wandering shepherds the possession of this interesting country. Yet this land and shore, and these ruin-covered plains, will I hope at no distant day be repeopled and converted, and that gospel which was here proclaimed from the lips of its Divine Author in the days of His flesh, shall be again preached to believing hearers. Here were most of His mighty works wrought, for neither at Jerusalem, though the metropolis, nor in Nazareth, his home for years, did He perform so many miracles as He did at Capernaum. Amongst others, the cure of Peter's wife's mother of a burning fever, the capture of the fish, the payment of the tribute-money, the healing of the demoniac, and the centurion's servant.

Here also were many of those discourses delivered, which are so comprehensive yet withal so simple, that a child might understand them, whilst a philosopher might strive in vain to fathom their depths, embracing at once ethics, the most sublime ever conceived or written, and principles of action suitable for all time. Many of the Redeemer's most beautiful and striking parables were delivered upon this beach, either in boats on the waters, or upon the face of those hills that enclosed the once flourishing Capernaum. Now, mounting my horse, I leave this ever memorable locality, in all probability never to behold it more. Recollection leads me to contrast this once exalted but now deserted strand with the city that formerly existed upon it. Where are thy busy streets and crowded marts?—thy beach thronged with stalwart fishermen?—thy numerous and well-filled synagogues, learned Rabbis, sceptical Sadducees, and sanctimonious Pharisees?—where thy schools and rival sects? All have passed away, and

“ Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaves not a wrack behind.”

Who could restrain the tear that falls unbidden o'er the remembrance of thy perished glory ? Thy doom points a moral, to which flourishing nations and cities would do well to give heed ; thy desolation supplies another proof that neglected privileges, or the rejection of the gospel, will ultimately entail destruction, if not endless perdition, upon the most highly exalted.

Keeping close in shore, often bathing our horses' feet in the water, thirty-five minutes brings us to the supposed site of ancient Bethsaida, “ the city of Philip, Peter, and Andrew,” which is situated on a little bay, and has happily some signs of life. There may have been two towns of this name, one on the eastern side of the embouchure of the Jordan, and this on the western. By some writers this is supposed to be the place where Jesus entered into the boat of Peter and Andrew, and also where the miraculous draught of fishes was landed. But I leave these, and other questions, open to be solved by future travellers. Everywhere there are immense masses of ruins strewn about, and a mill at work, driven by a gushing stream, through which we ride, and draw bridle near the ruins of the old khan of Minyeh, where we take our *siesta* under the shade of a dwarf oak. This spot is supposed by many to be the true site of Bethsaida, and is called by the natives El-Tabbighah. The mill belongs to one whose name is well known in modern Syrian history, the rebel Beduee, Dhaher Omer. It might be asked, as it was of old, can any good be expected of an Arab ? The answer, like that of Philip, is, “ Come and see.” To the left there is a large fountain called Ain-Eyub, (the fountain of Job,) the same designation as that at Enrogel, in the valley of Kedron, a coincidence for which I cannot account.

On the strip of land between us and the reeds of the lake there is a copse of trees and brushwood, much frequented by wild beasts, the terror of shepherds and solitary travellers. The ruins, a short distance off, the fragments of arches and standing walls, with the mill, I have photographed, but whether successfully or not remains to be seen. At a spring of beautiful clear water, under a crag, I

discover the loss of my binocular, which usually hung in a case at my saddle-bow. By retracing my steps to a point beyond the old khan, I am fortunate enough to regain it, although two young Arabs had passed on donkeys. Very likely the boys rode side-saddle fashion, with their backs to my instrument, and thus, happily for me, missed it. The land here is fair in quality, these fields of growing oats would fetch in England from six to seven pounds an acre. We sat for an hour contemplating the scene of sea, rock, and ruin; the shore on the opposite side is the land of Gadara,* whose infatuated citizens besought the Lord who came to save them "to depart out of their coasts." Though some three miles across, it is sharply and distinctly marked, but sterile and bare; neither tree nor bush, even with the aid of my glass, is discernible.

O Bethsaida! like thy sister Capernaum, how utter is thy desolation! "Thou knewest not the day of thy peace." Thy candlestick was removed, and at last thou wast brought to desolation. The whole population of Bethsaida to-day, as far as appearances go, are the miller and his man, together with a solitary shepherd, almost naked, who is skulking among the reeds. Indeed, it is said that many of the males, on both sides of the sea, go about as lightly costumed as our own forefathers, the ancient Britons, did, only minus the paint with which the latter decorated their persons.

Once more in our saddles, we climb the crag by a road cut through the rock, above the fig-tree fountain already mentioned, thence we ride down to the supposed site of Chorazin, on the shore. To leap the fence and gallop through an enclosure of thistles, nearly as high as ourselves on horseback, is soon accomplished. Making first for some rude huts, but finding them uninhabited, we dismount amidst a quarry of ruins, the ground for some distance being literally strewn with broken columns, architraves, plinths, and deeply-cut cornices, upon one of which is carved a full face representing the sun. But, oh, the depth of silence and awful solitude! Not a human being is to be seen save a ragged Arab boy dodging amongst the brushwood; yet the locality, in wild fertility and savage beauty, is a perfect Eden; purling streams, a rich loamy soil, acres of oleanders, acacias, oaks, and birch

* Luke viii. 37; Mark v. 1-17.

trees, the sky clear as in Italy, but, as it was said of Paradise, so we may say of this, "there was no man to till the ground."* We are within two or three gun-shots of the point where the Jordan empties itself into the lake. I still feel mentally depressed, although the air is clear, the sun in full radiance, and thousands of songsters in bush and brake, the larks soaring in the lift, grasshoppers chirping, and bees humming—all nature, in a word, in her gayest mood. I cannot account for this sense of depression, otherwise than supposing that it proceeds from witnessing the scenes and sights of the land thus deserted and desolate; or it may partly arise from the doubt I entertain as to whether these be the true sites of Bethsaida and Chorazin. The former of these cities we know was converted by Herod from a small village into a great city which he named Julias, and which he presented as a compliment to the emperor's daughter; but the position of both this and Chorazin is alike disputed. We may regretfully say of them, in the words of an old writer, *Quae urbes, quod ipse Salvator iis predixerat, hodie in ruinis jacent.*†

Having now travelled six hours along the shores of the sea, I leave them, praying that God may keep His Church and people, and more especially my native land, from either neglecting or despising the precious privileges of the gospel, lest it be overtaken by judgments equal in severity to those that have befallen the once famous cities of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin. With inexpressible regret, not untempered by tears, I turn my horse's head westward, God knows it may be never to see them again.

* Gen. ii. 5.

† Cluverius, lib. 6.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SAPHED.

CROSSING some fields of standing corn, we begin the ascent of the mountain range that forms the western boundary of the lake. It is steep, and strewn with stones of every conceivable shape and size. Had the Alps or the Rocky Mountains been broken up, ground down, and the riddlings scattered over this district, it could not have presented a more rugged appearance. There is neither road nor pathway, nothing but sky above and shattered hills, composed of black basalt below. Another half hour, still picking our way amongst boulders, as thick as if showered from heaven, forward we stumble and climb, our horses twisting their feet and legs, endeavouring to find a footing among the stones of this trackless mountain side. Our guide stops short and seems bewildered; once more to all appearance he has lost his way, through failing to discover the *sultana* that runs between Magdala and Saphed. While holding a consultation, we fortunately desery some Bedueen tents, about a mile off on our right, which, except from necessity, we generally avoid. In this instance we are glad to ride up and ask their assistance. A long-legged Arab offers to act as guide, and starts with us at once, but immediately returns to the encampment, reappearing, however, instanter, with a long musket slung over his shoulder. It is amazing to see how nimbly he leaps afoot over and among the confounded stones.

After some half-hour's riding, we reach what may be called the "one-tree hill," where he points out a brown track in the distance, that he dignifies with the name of *sultana*. We reward him with five piastres, for which he thanks us, and

departs. We are now happily beyond the stony tract, and ride onward more comfortably, though wearily, through a pastoral country, the soil barely covering the limestone rock. We are still ascending, though more gradually, the mountains of Naphtali, and soon pass within three hundred yards of Khan Yusuf, (Joseph.) This is supposed to be the place where the patriarch of that name lived; for, although he died in Egypt, his remains, says tradition, were brought to and lie near Saphed. This may be a reason why the city is regarded as holy; but the whole story of this being his burial-place is a mere figment. During two long hours more we continue to ascend, and at last reach a ravine, that, had I been less fatigued, and the day not so far spent, I should have wished to explore. From this point, on looking back, the Sea of Galilee is seen flashing in its whole extent, if not in length, in breadth, with its bays and curved outline in clear detail. The Jordan is also visible, pouring its flood into the placid bosom of the lake. Much did I wish that time had permitted me to make its entire circuit, and to have made myself more intimate with its varied points of interest. The landscape is brightened by corn-fields and vegetation; but apparently as destitute and void of habitations as the plain of Esdraelon.

We are now travelling through the deep, rugged ravine of "Wady Limon," which is sterile as a bare rock; the air chilly, the evening setting in upon us. This is the avowed home and stronghold of the Beduce and the robber. The hills are full of caves and deep glens, the whole shut in by cliffs, and strewn with huge detached rocks or boulders. Of this district and ravine Mr Porter naïvely says:—"The plunderer does not need to lie in wait for his prey; it comes into his hands." Meheiddin, from the time we entered, has been constantly exclaiming, "Mosh tyeb" and "Beducen." If ever he prayed in his life, he does so this evening: his horses and his purse seem to come between him and his judgment. Nevertheless, I feel all the security of Horace's traveller, who "*vacuus, cantat coram latrone*." Being, in the classic language of the east end, "cleaned out," I have been for three days actually living upon credit, borrowing from my muleteer. The Jerusalem thief has thus saved me from all fear on the score of being either robbed

or plundered. How true the adage, "There never was a great evil in which there was not some good!"

Another hour's climbing this bare treeless mountain, and the dark hill, on which Saphed is situated, towers before us. Having reached its base, we draw bridle at a clear running stream, where there are some large troughs, at which flocks of goats and sheep, and a few milch cows, are being watered, the latter the first I have noticed out of doors in Palestine. The ascent is made slowly, our horses being jaded; a deep valley or ravine lies on our left, down which we hear—for it is now dark—a stream brawling; while, on the right, we are overhung by high abrupt cliffs; thirty minutes' climbing on a good road, lands us safely in Saphed, which stands, perched like an eagle's nest, on the very summit of the mountain. Threading our way in the dark, through a narrow unpaved lane or two, we arrive at the house of the Austrian consul, where we dismount, enter an outer court, and, thanks be to God, are kindly received. Refreshments, in the shape of tea, the first we have had since leaving Jerusalem, and some bacon, both rarities in Syria, are soon set before us; the latter, indeed, having been smuggled into this Jewish town, and kept hidden from the keen nose of Mohammed, the Moslem servant. This delicacy we eat, therefore, as if by stealth.

Our host informs us that he is appointed by his government solely to look after the interests of the German Jews, Saphed being the third of the four holy cities of the Talmud. The poor Israelite is everywhere despised in this country, oppressed, jostled, and spit upon. Were he not protected by some Christian power, there is little doubt but that active persecution, if not extermination, would be his fate; he is regarded as an *upstart* in his own land, and treated as an *intruder* in the inheritance of his fathers. Nor is this incorrect view and absurd prejudice confined to Syria, but is entertained by many who ought to know better among ourselves. The citizens of London are often praised for their merits, and twitted for their peculiarities; the latter, designated "Cockneyism," a vague term, dividing itself into a number of branches. Without going into details, one of these alone is worth mentioning, because pertinent to the present subject.

A pure Londoner invariably compares, values, and adjusts

almost everything in nature, art, or science, or even the social or political world, with something he has seen in, or belonging to, his native city ; assigning as his reason, that since London is the largest and richest city in the world, it must therefore be the finest and oldest in the world. To this last prejudice I wish to draw a moment's attention. Granting that it was a city before Julius Cæsar landed ; that he built the Tower, and founded St Paul's ; established the Horse Guards, and nationalised boating and the Derby ;—suppose all this to be true, and that Boadicea was an Englishwoman, and gave us the British constitution, what are these or London, in point of antiquity, to Jaffa, Damascus, or Jerusalem ? These places being mentioned in the Bible, our Cockney friend acknowledges they may have been cities anterior to the metropolis ; but, adds he, England has by far the oldest families of any nation in the universe !

Yet, who are the Howards, Nevilles, Tomkineses, or Johnsons, although they came in with William, or settled on our shores under Hardicanute ? They are only *novi homines* ; *parvenus* of yesterday ; the first old Jew clothesman you meet, with his bag in his hand, and two or three old hats stuck on his own “chimney pot,” is able to trace his unbroken genealogical descent, if not in families, at least in tolerable family connecting links, to ages before England was inhabited. The despised Jew had a country, and prophets, priests, kings, and a government, thousands of years before either the Angles or the Saxons existed as nations. When Brown or Jones is reminded of these facts, he only stares, or perhaps mutters something about Dr Latham, the occidental Japheditæ, after Noah ; the Teutons ; English pluck ; sun never setting on the British empire ; our glorious constitution, church, and throne. These, no doubt, are grounds for boasting, and proofs that we, who were last, are now, in the providence of God, first ; and the first, because they forgot God, are last. But all this does not alter the fact, that there is no family in Great Britain, however ancient, titled, or wealthy, that can be compared with Jew Moses in point of ancestry, or scarcely a ruined city in Palestine but is higher than London in antiquity.

The Turk too, it is said, is rather apt to presume on his

being master of the position and proprietor of the soil—vaunting not a little of his prowess and the antiquity of his nation. Upon this point I am not so well-informed, nor is it easy to find one who is, or if he be, is willing to afford the information. Who are the Turks? Every schoolboy knows the period when they issued from Asia, entered and obtained possession of the fair and holy provinces of Turkey in Europe. But whence from, and who were they, prior to that epoch? Most decidedly, Asiatic; probably—for there is a deficiency of data—they are of Slavonic origin, and, like the Magyars, were aggressive in their habits and nature. They poured their hordes into Siberia, and drove the less warlike inhabitants to the wall, as the strong overpowers the weak, and will continue to do so, as long as might is regarded as right. None of these peoples or nations, whether they derive their origin from the far East, or the shores of the Caspian, in the north, however successful by the sword, can show their charter of right to the soil, beyond the claim of possession and the title of force; while the Jew has still the charter of God's promise, that Palestine and Moab, in a word, all Syria, is the lapsed inheritance of his fathers, and, though his claims are in abeyance, it shall yet be his, being inalienably the property of his posterity. Such reveries and musings flash across my recollection in coming in contact with my elder brethren of Israel and their agent and protector in the holy city of Saphed.

Like their brethren of Tiberias and Jerusalem, the Jews here are supported by the contributions of the charitable amongst their richer co-religionists in foreign countries, and are easily distinguishable from the other inhabitants, by their round English-shaped hats, by invariably wearing their hair long, dangling from their temples in elf-locks, and by their complexion being of a sickly hue, while all have the well-known stereotyped physiognomy. Having spent two hours conversing in broken and blundering Italian, German, and French, we at last retire to rest, in the same room with our host, the gentlemanly M. Miklasiewicz, "I. R., Agente Consolar d'Austria per Safad-e-Tiberia," as he is officially styled.

SAPHED, *Thursday, 28th.*—After a luxurious sleep, in a clean bed, I rise in health, and stroll out to inspect the town. This is seemingly a market-day, for the squares are thronged

with people, and the stalls weighed down with fruit and vegetables ; the meat market is amply supplied with lamb and mutton, which sell at the rate of from two to two and a half piastres (from 4d. to 5d.) a pound. The mode here of slaughtering animals is open to the same objection as that at Jerusalem, the *abattoir* being the bare ground, without board, stool, or a hole for refuse, in the open street, where the blood is allowed to form puddles and coagulate, while the offal is left to stagnate and putrefy in the sun, becoming, or, at least, calculated to become, a fruitful source of fevers and other epidemics. Though Saphed is three thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is reported to be most unhealthy ; this arises, there is little doubt, alike from a deficiency of water and from imperfect drainage. The city being situated on the summit of a rock, may account for the scarcity of the first necessary of life, which is certainly a fearful deprivation in a town with such a large and dense population. Every lane, street, court, and passage, reeks with filth, and is redolent with smells. We talk of Cologne and its thousand scents ; I spent a week there some few years ago ; its “ stench ” were, I had almost said, sweet and salubrious in comparison with the exhalations of Saphed. No marvel, then, if there be disease, and that fevers scarcely ever leave the place.

Immediately after breakfast, we sally out to visit the ruined castle which crowns the topmost peak of the mountain on which the city is built. On the eastern and western sides there are deep ravines, which rendered this fortress inaccessible, and therefore impregnable, from these points. The view from the walls is magnificent, embracing not only the town, but the surrounding country for miles. The houses appear to rise, terrace over terrace, like bee cells, or the buildings of the old town of Edinburgh. This old ruin, from whence I am making these jottings, together with the city, were laid in ruins by an earthquake in 1837, when nearly 5000 of the inhabitants were, without a moment's warning, hurled into eternity. Who can form a conception of the horrors which that first morning of January ushered into Saphed ! There was no warning in the heavens—no token in the sky—no preliminary tremor to awaken suspicion ; the sun shone brightly ; nature was, as usual, calm ; trade and business were

going on ; men were “ eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage.” In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the earth appeared to shake from its centre to its boundaries ; it gaped, and heaved, and moaned, like a creature in pain. The houses crumbled, the upper terraces fell upon and crushed in the lower.

The castle, this mighty fabric of solid masonry, toppled over with a crash, which, mingling with the shrieks of women, the cries of children, and the groans of dying men, added, if that were possible, to the terror inspired by the heaving of the earth, and rumbling sound of the earthquake. Oh, what a scene of horror ! Men who a few minutes ago were in life and health, are now maimed, or writhing in agony, dying or dead ; the old and the young, the helpless and the strong, the innocent and the guilty, the prepared and the impenitent, were alike swallowed up, in a moment, in one common grave. Heart-rending must have been the scene of digging out the living and burying the dead. Some, less fortunate than the latter, after five or six days' confinement, were rescued from a living tomb of beams and masses of masonry, whence, for days, their groans for water, or cries for food, were heard, piercing the hearts of the survivors. It was indeed a day long to be remembered. The whole of this district, together with the cities of Saphed and Tiberias, are still as liable to a similar catastrophe as they were twenty-seven years ago. Were such again to recur, we can only pray, in the words of Richard Cameron the Covenanter, “ Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe !”

From this point of view, the Sea of Galilee is seen sparkling in the valley below, though distant some five hours' journey. The country from the Hauran mountains to Samaria lies before us, while as if to complete the picture, Mount Tabor, rises proudly in the background, and a part of the range of Bashan comes into view. This mountainous and magnificent scene, I fancy, bears a close resemblance, in its outline, to that round Comrie, in Perthshire. The castle must have been a place of great strength antecedent to the invention of Armstrong and Whitworth guns. It is strongly fortified by nature, being steep, isolated, and craggy ; a mere handful of men might have held it against large odds. Indeed we know that Sala-

din, with a large army, lay before and closely besieged it for weeks, ere it yielded to his assaults.

There is no appearance of either trade or manufacture in the place, except what is required to meet the ordinary wants of the inhabitants. The few shops in the square at the base of the castle are on a par with the stalls, and these are beggarly; nevertheless the grain market is largely supplied with barley, wheat, rice, and Indian corn, while salt fish is abundant; the cost of living for a labouring man being from three to four piastres a-day. Almost every inhabitant of the male sex, from youth to old age, uses tobacco, many of the aged taking it in the form of snuff. The question sometimes recurs to me, How do all these poor people obtain a living, and on what kind of labour are they engaged? But to this query I could obtain no satisfactory answer. Saphed, like other Eastern cities, has its Jewish, Christian, and Moslem quarters. We are located in the former. Though not worse than other portions of the town, I am compelled to say it is both dirty and squalid, the streets little better than common sewers. In the centre of the lane, as at Nablous, our horses are wading nearly up to the knees in sludge, the stench all the while overwhelming.

Saphed, or Safed, cannot boast of hoar antiquity, being, in comparison to many Syrian cities, quite modern. It is first mentioned by this name in the apocryphal writings of Tobit. Mr Porter seems to suppose that it was founded by the Crusaders to protect their Eastern possessions. It did not remain long in the hands of the Christians. Having been taken by the renowned Bibars, every soul was put to the sword, and the chiefs flayed alive. When the Jews first came, and constituted this their home and a holy city, is not known with any certainty. They had not arrived in the twelfth century, and therefore it must have been considerably later ere they erected their school, or Saphed became a seat of Jewish learning. Some, however, of the most distinguished ornaments of Israelitish literature were trained in these seminaries, or exercised the office of professor. The Rabbis of this city were esteemed equally learned with those of any age or race, whilst at a very early epoch they had even a printing press, from which works well known to Oriental scholars were issued.

The females, like their sisters of Tiberias, are elegantly formed, have beautiful flashing eyes, and betray a like fondness of finery and jewellery; though living amongst the Moslem, and, like the Christian, unveiled, their reputation as regards maidenly modesty and chastity is unblemished throughout Syria. Our kind host with whom we have supped, slept, and breakfasted, firmly refuses to accept any remuneration. Thanking him for his friendship and hospitable entertainment, we depart from under his roof-tree with regret. God reward him; for "we were strangers, and he took us in."

I cannot help remarking that in Jerusalem, Tiberias, and here at Saphed, the Jews have shown me, in the words of Paul, "no little kindness." This, I am aware, may to some extent be accounted for. The proprietor of the hotel in which I took up quarters in Jerusalem, and Mr Bergheim, banker there, were both originally Jews. Herr Weismann of Tiberias was an Israelite, and our being the guests of the consul, and he the agent for their protection, may in each case have had an influence; still I am under the impression there must have been a deeper feeling than mere respect. I may be wrong, but I believe their kindness arises from two causes:—Their appreciation of Britain's sympathy, and in many instances aid, when either oppressed by external national policy or crushed by private misfortune and, what may to many appear strange, affection to us as Christians. Be the producing cause, however, what it may, the fact exists, and I gladly, to their credit, record it. The Saphedians—that is, the Moslem part of the population—differ in no respect from their countrymen in other cities. Presenting, of course, a little more activity and cunning than the dwellers in the plains, they indulge in dress and finery to an extent unknown to the peasantry of Mais-el-Jebel, and also affect habits of town life unfavourable to their health, morals, and pocket, to which the agriculturist is happily a stranger. The male Saphedians, from their slim forms, delicate hands, and pale countenances, present a strong and marked resemblance to the silk-weavers of Bethnal Green or of Lyons.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HAZOR AND KEDESH.

MOUNTING our horses at the gate, we trot through the muck-and-stagnant-water lane that forms the street, numbers of Jewish matrons and maidens coming to their doors to witness the departure of the Nusrany, or Franks. Many a kind smile and wave of the hand were given us, which we returned by nodding like mandarins to both sides of the street. This friendly recognition arises probably, as above hinted, from a sympathy existing between Jew and Christian, in a country where both are persecuted, and live only by sufferance. Making our exit by the city gate, which appears modern, we prepare to descend, the steepness of the incline obliging us to dismount and lead down our horses. Looking back to the city that crowns the hill, I am more than ever convinced of the correctness of the supposition that this is the place referred to by our Lord in the text :—"A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."* Numbers of young women are met carrying pitchers of water on their heads, which they are fetching from a stream flowing from a neighbouring hill. Indeed, all water for domestic or other purposes, except the rain caught in the cisterns, must be carried a considerable distance. Generally speaking, throughout the East, woman is not regarded as the equal of man, but as his slave, or at least his inferior. However much the individual may be beloved, or however great her sway in the household, still she continues the domestic drudge ; everywhere she must fetch the daily supply of water required for the family use, no matter how much toil the task may involve. This duty,

* Matt. v. 14.

heavy at all times, but especially at Saphed, where the distance is so great, is particularly fatiguing and laborious—the stream from which the town is supplied being at least a mile distant. A steep declivity has to be descended, a valley to be crossed, and the opposite hill to be climbed. Again the same process is to be repeated on returning with the laden pitcher; so that going for or returning with one jar of water is work enough for a morning. It is true that the better classes employ public water-carriers, who either carry it in a skin slung over the back, or in an earthen jar upon the shoulder.

Crossing the valley at the bottom of the hill, I stopped and examined a plough and goad of a farmer who was busy at work. The latter is a formidable instrument; and if wielded by a strong arm, is an ugly weapon. This one measures ten feet in length, and five to seven inches in circumference. One end is sharpened for pricking the oxen, and it is spatula-shaped at the other, to clean the ploughshare. Occasionally, too, it is used as a spade, to rectify the drill, or to break the clods. We read in Scripture that Shangar, the son of Anath, a sturdy ploughman, so successfully plied his Syrian goad as to place six hundred men *hors de combat*.* The share of the plough is of iron, and is occasionally taken by the ploughman in the evening to be sharpened at the blacksmith's forge, reminding me of home life and village scenes; for, although there were no blacksmiths permitted by the Philistines in the time of Saul, lest the Hebrews should convert their pruning hooks and ploughshares into swords and spears,† there are now no lack of "smithies" in Naphtali. It may be almost affirmed, that the same kind of plough-share, coulter, and goad are used to-day as those employed in the times of Anath.

In the outskirts of the first village we reach, there are a number of women busy at a spring washing clothes, using, I perceive, Nablous soap. The mode of procedure is conducted much in the same way as at home. There is a surprising amount of onions and lettuce grown in the gardens of this neighbourhood—the former vegetable being indispensable amongst an Eastern people; indeed, seemingly as much used as in the days when Israel served in Egypt.‡ The sun is shining in

* Judges iii. 31.

† 1 Sam. xiii. 19.

‡ Numb. xi. 5.

cloudless majesty ; birds twitter in the air ; the sand-larks burrow in the path, till almost under the horses' feet ; whilst little lizards run nimbly from hole to hole, scampering over the rocks or peeping from under the stones. These little creatures, if I mistake not, assume, like the chameleon, the prevailing colour of the medium around them. Near a small hamlet, our first glimpse of Jebel-es-Sheikh, better known as Mount Hermon, is obtained. On seeing its snowy peaks sparkling in the rays of the morning sun, I joyfully repeat the 133d Psalm. The country over which we are travelling is hilly and the land poor. Occasionally it is cultivated with barley ; but the greatest portion is only fit for pasture.

At noon we descend into the renowned Wady Hendaj, a magnificently steep and abrupt glen, hemmed in on all sides, but as lovely a nook as ever human foot trod or human eye rested upon. We dismount on the green sward under a large spreading terabinth—the “butm” of the natives, the **אלון** of the Hebrews, and the “oak” of the vernacular—where we lunch in company with a party of travellers whom we had met encamped at the fountain of Nazareth. In looking up the mountain side we have just descended, the path would seem wholly impracticable for a horse ; but after the experience of Mount Tabor, I am disposed to think that an Arab horse can traverse any ground that a man can scramble over. While reclining thus in the midst of a large party, our horses cropping the grass or eating their provender, some of the party stretched at full length, others at their chibouques, whilst myself and companion are enjoying our repast, the group, varied in costume and pursuit, forms a strange but agreeable picture. I wished much to have had my camera, dark tent, and chemicals, in working order ; for here is a scene worthy the manipulation of Wilson of Aberdeen, or England of London, besides which, I should wish much to possess a souvenir of this alpine-like scenery.

Was there ever a more lovely spot, so secluded and shut in by hills ? A gem enclosed, a picture enframed, or a Highland glen, transported to Syria, redolent with nature and beauty ; whilst the Nahr Hendaj, a burn of the purest water, is running over the limestone shelving rocks ; and in the name of all that is mechanical, here is a mill—the clatter of which

gives life and humanity to the whole scene. For whom can the miller grind? The inhabitants must be like angels, not that they live upon "ambrosia," but their visits "few and far between;" the goat and the eagle, the lizard and the lark, being pretty well all the animated life that meets the eye. Yet who can feel alone with nature! The rugged slopes and river banks are in a blaze with wild flowers, asters, poppies, anemones, oleanders, and gnarled olive-trees; the blue cloudless sky above, the air laden with fragrance and filled with melody. Long shall I remember that forenoon halt in "Wady Hendaj." Upon the height stands the modern "Khunaibeh," supposed to be the long lost *Hazor* of Scripture. It is perched, like a Rhine ruin, on a "tell" or rocky ridge, a place well suited for defence or security. It is too celebrated a spot to be passed without examination, or a few words concerning its ancient history. I confess I have serious doubts, notwithstanding all that Dr Robinson has advanced, whether indeed this can be the site of the ancient capital of Jabin. The nature of the country being hill and dale, rugged rock and deep ravine, is ill adapted, to say the least, for chariots, in which consisted the main strength of Jabin's army.* But supposing this not to be the exact site, it must have been near this locality. Both Josephus and the Scriptures affirm it to have stood on a hill near Kedesh. "*Hazor*," what a name! How many associations it awakens! Here reigned a powerful king of the Canaanites, anterior to Israel crossing the Jordan, a planning, plotting, far-seeing monarch. We learn from Scripture he organised a powerful army, with a thousand war-chariots, besides horsemen, and arranged such a phalanx as was deemed sufficient to check the invasion of the strangers, of whose God he had heard, and of whose invincibility rumour, with her many tongues, had already filled the inhabitants of Canaan with fear.

There must have been a dash of the politician as well as the warrior, something of our old "iron Duke," in the composition of Jabin. Apparently doubtful of the issue with his own forces, he quickly despatches messages to the surrounding sheikhs—by the sacred penmen called "kings"—to unite their forces with his in the valley of Hulah, or near the lake

* Judges iv. 3.

Merom, and there try the fortune of war.* O Jabin and thy confederates, no more fortunate than the Confederates of our own day in America, ye had neither God nor right on your side! The hosts of Israel, under God's servant, Joshua, scattered your forces as thistledown before the breeze. This ground shook under the thunder of your retreating and discomfited squadrons, riderless horses, and empty chariots; this stream, as well as the tributaries of the Jordan, may have been tinged that day with the blood of the uncircumcised Canaanites. But now all is desolate; not a stone nor a cistern is left to tell where Hazor stood.

We pass close to a few houses with peaked roofs, a strange sight in Syria, where houses, if roofed at all, are flat; the dwellings in question are said to be inhabited by some French Zouaves, who, after the late Syrian trouble with the Druses, preferred remaining in Syria to returning to La Belle France. We hasten through glades and open fields, and gallop up to Kedesh-Naph-tali, (the ancient royal city,) which fills so large a space in Old Testament history; it is now a mere hamlet, scarcely deserving the name of a village, or rather a few huts, built of ancient hewn stones, mud, and brambles. It is beautifully situated on a "tell," and surrounded with magnificent trees, in the midst of glades, lawns, and rounded green knolls; the landscape is as fine as that round Samaria or Shechem. Not only is the landscape beautiful, but the district is agriculturally rich—wheat, maize, olives, figs, and a luxuriant vegetation—presenting the aspect of "the garden of the Lord."

Dismounting among the demi-savage population of half-dressed women, squalid, thievish-looking men, and a perfect menagerie of undraped juvenility, who glared at us with ill-disguised covetousness, or it might be hate. Without ceremony, we examined the whole place, in which, with the exception of the square stones already mentioned, a broken granite or porphyry shaft, there are no remains of the city of Kedesh. In remounting, I lost my white head-gear, which I have worn since leaving Egypt. I saw the young thief scamper off with it, but although offering a reward of ten piastres for its restoration, I failed to regain my lost property. We descend the slope of the "tell" to the fountain, a square structure, built

* Josh. xi. 1-14.

with large hewn stones of black basalt, where we startle some of the nymphs, in a state of nature, bathing, who scuttle off to conceal themselves among the bushes. It is pleasing to record this trait of cleanliness, and secondly, of modesty—the latter, at least judging from the appearance of the bathers, might have been scarcely expected. Around this large and well supplied fountain there are three or four sarcophagi lying, in which the villagers wash, when they perform that domestic operation, or use as drinking troughs for their cattle, *tanta est mutatio rerum!* It was with difficulty I refrained from falling into a train of moralising on the vicissitudes and purposes to which sacred places and things may be put; still it is no more extraordinary to see the coffin of a monarch utilised as a trough, than the holy city of Samuel converted into a den of thieves.

At the distance of about a hundred yards, in a field of grain, stands a remarkable assemblage of splendid ruins, which may be thus briefly described. First, there is a large square building, almost entire, measuring twenty-six feet on the side, with a noble portal richly carved and ornamented; within are a variety of chambers, vault-roofed, springing from groins, crossing each other at right angles. The stones are large, square, and carefully dressed, the edifice partaking something of the appearance of the tower at Hibbaryeh. I am inclined to believe that these ruins are of the Roman period, although Dr Robinson gives them a Jewish origin. Some two hundred yards east stands another building, but larger, and in some particulars a finer structure, though as a whole less perfect, and seemingly of the same period. It is now in vain to ask for what purposes they were erected—whether temples, synagogues, or mansions. They may have, from their suitableness, been applied to either. The workmanship is exquisitely finished, the material of both the same, that is, large squared blocks of solid masonry; the door-posts, lintels, and other salient features, beautifully cut and wreathed, the columns having Corinthian capitals. These remnants of a former age and past generation afford evidence not only of wealth and power, but educated taste and skill.

Situated now in the midst of solitude, ignorance, and poverty, the entire scene produces melancholy thoughts. Who, the

question may be asked, after the age of Barak and Deborah, inhabited this lovely valley? Again, who reared these fabrics, dwelt in these chambers, and called themselves owners of the soil? Many nations at different periods have occupied this ground; and if not the earthquake, it must have been the hand of violence that shattered these ruins. Ages ago, horsemen and chariots, the spearmen of Canaan and Israel, the legions of Greece and Rome, the squadrons of Moslem and Crusader, fought and fell, their dust enriching the soil of the valley. Since history upon these points is so uncertain, if not altogether silent, let us turn to Scripture, which is full of detail connected with this locality. Kadesh-Naphtali, the holy city, or place of Naphtali, carries us back to the dark ages of antiquity—the era of Joshua dividing the land, the appointment of this, at that early day, as one of the cities of refuge for the manslayer in the northern portion of Israel.

Moses was commanded to set apart six cities as “places of refuge” for the murderer or manslayer, in a case of misadventure.* In these early ages, among a rude and uncivilised people, the laws and customs were regulated, less by humanity, than *lex talionis*, or blow for blow and blood for blood, which has ever been the law of nature, and therefore of immemorial usage. The same savage custom still prevails among Asiatics, North American Indians, and until lately, among our own Highland clans. The nearest blood relation to the deceased was bound, by this law, to hunt the murderer, and to strike him to the heart anywhere, in public or private, in city or village, except at the horns of the altar, the communion table, or in a “city of refuge.” Nor were even these places safe—Joab was struck down grasping the altar.† The story of “Red-Handed Comyn” and “Kirkpatrick,” the origin of the motto “I’ll mak siccar,” and also of the Highland chieftain or “laird,” who, at a communion table in the north, struck down his enemy, as Benaiah did Joab, must be fresh in the memory of my readers.

Feuds among tribes, or private revenge, so natural to man, and so universal in practice, Moses, it may be supposed, could not altogether repress, much less eradicate; but to mitigate the evil, he sanctioned and constituted, as commanded, six

* Num. xxxv. 11, *passim*.

† 1 Kings ii. 28–34.

cities of refuge, three on the east side of Jordan—namely, Bezer in the wilderness; Ramoth in Gilead; Golan in Bashan;* and three on the west, which were Hebron in the south, Shechem in the centre, and Kedesh in the north; each within a day's journey of the other. In order that the pursued might be able to shelter himself from the Goel, or avenger, the gates of these cities, like those of heaven, stood open day and night. The roads leading to them were also straight as an arrow, that there might be neither let nor hindrance to impede the terrified unfortunate from reaching a sanctuary, which he generally did, from having the start of his pursuers. Still there were many sacrifices to make: without a moment's warning, he had to abandon his home, his distracted family, and his business affairs. How wise the arrangements of God, and how much of His goodness is seen in the ceremonial and other laws of Moses, which many, who never studied them, regard as effete and obsolete restrictions!

I can almost fancy I perceive the manslayer with eager eye and straining nerve, fainting with fatigue and fear, hurrying along this pathway, his eyes bloodshot, while heavy drops of perspiration are pouring from his body. Ah! there is in the distance the avenger of blood, like a "sleuth-hound" following hard, and gaining upon his victim. The hunted one hears the cry for blood as well as the footfalls behind him. I can see the ready lance poised, then thrown, but excitement has rendered the hand unsteady: it errs. The cry of vengeance rings in the ears of the terrified slayer. He gains the gate! crosses the portal! He is safe! Oh, the scowl of baffled rage and bitter disappointment, that darken the countenance of the murdered one's brother, or it may be kinsman. Blessed be God, not only for the institution of "Cities of Refuge" for the inadvertent manslayer, but for Him, who is the City of Refuge for the sinner, of whom Kedesh is only a type. The former might be violated, and the murderer dragged from the horns of the altar, if upon examination he was found guilty, then he suffered the penalty of death; but the true City of Refuge, the covert from the tempest, and the hiding-place from the storm of God's wrath, is the Lord Jesus Christ, from under whose wings no hand

* Josh. xx. 7, 8.

can drag the penitent sinner, no justice demand his surrender or execution : "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth, or who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?" *

Having satisfied our curiosity, and made a thorough examination of the village and the adjoining ruins, we mount and leave the holy city of Kedesh-Naphtali. Our party now numbers seventeen persons,—some of whom, having brought their guns with them from England, are aspiring to the distinction of being modern Nimrods, or "mighty hunters." They make frequent *détours* among the woods, for we are now in a woodland country ; but thus far nothing is killed except—time : occasionally an eagle is descried soaring in the sky, cleaving its way through the air to its eyrie, or now and then a covey of wild ducks crosses the horizon, but all are beyond reach of shot. At six P.M. we reach Mais-el-Jebel, a village finely and indeed romantically situated, on a height surrounded with well-wooded glens. Our new companions pitch their tents at the entrance of the town, while we go direct to the sheikh's house, who recommends us to a small farmer, residing next door to his highness, where we obtain lodgings. The people of the farm, as well as the inhabitants of the village, are seemingly in easy, if not in comfortable circumstances, possessing gardens, asses, and even milch cows.

The dwelling in which we are to pass the night, it need scarcely be remarked, has neither table, stool, nor chair within its walls. A small box, containing relics and souvenirs picked up during my journey, does duty as a seat, as it had formerly done as a pillow. Coffee is prepared, the same process being gone through as at Tabor—the berries roasted, pounded, and infused in a similar way. This, with plenty of sugar, is served out to each by turns in a small cup, which, however, is frequently refilled ; indeed, one of the two individuals, who seem proprietors of the house, occupies his whole time preparing the beverage. The room or kitchen, in which we sit, has only one aperture for entrance and light, and that is always open. The villagers, who assemble from curi-

* Rom. viii. 31, *ad ult.*

osity, or some other impulse, seemingly suppose that our meal, or at least the coffee, should be shared in common. We know that Arab hospitality proffers whatever is on the board to all who may pass or enter during meal-time; but not being Arabs, we prefer dining and supping, if not alone, with fewer spectators. Yet the place continues like a fair, and does not empty till late in the evening. Had we been a caravan of wild beasts, seen only at feeding-time, greater anxiety or numbers could scarcely have rushed to witness the exhibition.

During the evening I am pretty much occupied with my journal. I have no correct idea of what a "Bashaw with two Tails" signifies, but if it implies a potentate in the East, with a large suite of servants, I may lay some small claim to the distinction. Our two hosts, who seem to be brothers, with their two boys, alternately hold the lamp, and with the crowd gape with admiration at every stroke of my pen, and every dip into the ink. Although curious, they are not forward, being most attentive, anticipating our every want. My companion and the members of the household betake themselves to cigarettes of mild Turkish tobacco, and my journal being posted up, I cheerfully join them. The evening is spent in a genuine bacchanalian style; if we are not *pleni Bacchi*, we are at least merrier than if we were so, smoking and drinking "the cup that inebriates not"—i.e., coffee. One of the Arabs volunteers a song, and I tell a story; but the best of the whole affair is, that not one understands a word the other says. At length the fire on the hearth burns low, we manifest sleepiness, visitors are dismissed, the door is shut, and grass mats are spread on the floor, one for us and two for the other inmates. On these, after committing ourselves to Divine keeping, we lie down to sleep.

Mais-el-Jebel, Friday 29.—Although somewhat fatigued with the long ride of the preceding day, we are astir and up at 4.30 A.M. While coffee is being prepared, I saunter out among the huts, and visit freely some of the dwellings; none of the women are veiled; the whole of the inhabitants are reputed to belong to the religious sect of the "Metiwilieh." The land adjoining the village and down towards the ravine seems well adapted for wheat and barley, but the mode of culture and implements in use are very defective. The bread this morning at breakfast, though sweet, is darker-coloured

than that we usually have ; possibly this may arise from the flour being mixed with barley or some other cereal, and not from any inferiority in soil or crop. The village, if it be entitled to the name, consists of twenty or twenty-four cottages, superior in most respects to habitations farther south ; the doors being high enough to admit a tall man without stooping. In none of them, as far as I observed, were men and cattle inhabiting the same apartment. Indeed, it may be affirmed, the people are not only better off, but altogether more civilised than the villagers round Nazareth.

Our bill for board and lodging amounts to twelve piastres, (one shilling each,) which our worthy hosts accept with a multitude of blessings, wishing us, as we suppose, a prosperous journey. It was here my last tooth-brush and I unwillingly parted company, nor is there anything of the kind used, known, or to be obtained, nearer than Damascus, a small matter not worth mentioning in Europe or near a city, but important in an Asiatic village, at least to one who regards such an instrument as a necessary rather than a luxury ; nor can I help wondering what the finder will think of it, or to what use he can put it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DAN, AND THE SPRINGS OF JORDAN.

AT 6 A.M. we are again fairly *en route* ; the morning is superb, our spirits are high. Dashing across the plain, and up the opposite hill, through forests and glens, we reach the mountain crest overhanging Hulah, which commands a full and uninterrupted view of Mount Hermon, with its huge shoulders standing out clear and sharply before us, as if only half a mile distant, although in reality the nearest spur of the range must be four miles off. But here we are at Hunin, a large, noble, copper-coloured ruin on the wayside, supposed to be a remnant of Hazor, and said to comprise in its structure a specimen of every order of ancient architecture. Were my companions, this morning, Pugin, Scott, or Ruskin, and I privileged to listen to their learned comparisons between ancient and modern styles of architecture—or their information as to when and by whom this castle was built—I should have hearkened to their remarks with profound reverence ; but having no one to aid me, I can only ignorantly admire, without being much wiser with regard to the points of interest, the proportion and design of this magnificent building, which is of great extent, and in a state of wonderful preservation. The surrounding fosse has been cut out of the living rock, and there are still eight bastions almost entire overhanging the valley. I leave this noble, ruined pile with reluctance, grieving that want of time and a knowledge of architectural details prevent me from giving it a more thorough examination. It dates from the era of the Phœnicians—this, of course, only refers to the site, or original structure ; it was used as a fortress during the middle ages, and was regarded as one of the most

important strongholds in the country. Proceeding onward, we make a halt at the beginning of the descent, or brow of the mountain, where the eye embraces in one view the whole plain of Hulah, with its shades of light and dark green verdure, the silvery disparted streams of the Jordan meandering through it, until they are lost in the Lake Merom, lying like a molten sea of silver to the right.

Probably Hulah is one of the least disputed localities in the East. Presenting the appearance of a wide, marshy plain, sixteen miles by six in extent, it is intersected by a number of streams. The springs of Banias, issuing from Hermon, here fall into the lake, thence, flowing for the first time as a united river, form the ever-memorable Jordan. Somewhere near where I am riding, the confederacy of the five kings assembled, and in vain endeavoured to stem the Hebrew invasion. The enemies of Israel, on this occasion, were scattered and discomfited before the Lord. Within the precincts of this plain stood the Ijon of Scripture and Abel-beth-maachah, cities taken by Benhadad of Damascus.* Again, this same territory became a prey to Tiglathpileser, king of Assyria.† The soil is a deep clay and loam; and were the streams kept within banks, the land well drained, skill and capital being properly applied, it might be made to yield grain sufficient to sustain a large population. At present it is almost a waste; neither village, hamlet, nor even a wild beast, are to be met with; yet multitudes of wild flowers scatter their sweetness in the desert air; oleanders, oaks, sycamores, and acacias stud the hill slopes; wild thyme, in tufts, sends forth its fragrance; whilst singing birds fill the valley with a gush of song.

Many battle-fields have I visited in my own dear country, especially those of Covenanting history, including Bannockburn, Culloden; and, in England, the well-contested Marston, where Royalist and Ironside met in deadly conflict. I have wandered to, lingered in, and wept over far-famed Waterloo, and now, in the East, have traversed ground consecrated and baptized with the blood of Moslem and Christian; yet none of these can be compared, in antiquity or interest, with that which hangs over these rugged declivities, and the banks of the Merom. In the former battle-fields

* 1 Kings xv. 16-20.

† 2 Kings xv. 29.

the opposing hosts were men, commanded by man ; but here the Lord of hosts fought and conquered for His chosen people.* This collection of water, or loch, was in ancient times called Samachonitis, (high lakes.) At the point whence the Jordan issues ; it is four and a half by three and a half miles in extent, bounded by Bashan and the southern spurs of Hermon. There is little doubt but that this land always had the same marshy and reedy character ; possibly it may be the “meadow of waters,”† near the site of one of the “store cities of Naphtali,”‡ or the ancient Abel-Maim. To-day it is not unlike our Scottish muirland sheets of water, as Loch Doon or Lochwinnoch, the haunt of herons, snipes, and wild-ducks.

In ancient times the “bulls of Bashan” may have come to the margin of Merom in the heat of the day to cool their panting sides and quench their burning thirst. Fish, I believe, are abundant both in the streams and lake, sufficient to tempt one of the gentle art to leave England and enjoy a month’s fishing on its banks. Though neither village nor hut, as already said, meet the eye, still the locality seems a favourite ground for the roaming Bedueen, whose black tents, in lines and dots, appear like cattle in the far distance. There is a floating tradition that Joshua, the successor of Moses and conqueror of Hazor, lies entombed near Mellahah, at the north-west corner of the plain. The place is still known by the Arabic name of “Wely-Yusah.” The whole basin or dale, with its streams and lakes, is called Ard-el-hulah, or the south district of the valley of Jordan. Gradually from this point the ground descends towards Gennesareth, until reaching the northern end of the Dead Sea, where, as already mentioned, it dips 1300 feet lower than the level of the Mediterranean.

Here, at this season of the year, spring reigns in all its youthful vigour ; the trees are in full bloom, and the fields in a blush of colour ; sweet odours hang in the air, while the whole mountain side rings with a concert of melody. Whether it be the clear atmosphere, the loveliness of the scene, the wide plain, the streams, the oaks of Bashan, the mountains of Moab and Hermon, that fill my mind with delight, and my eye with pleasure, I do not care to know—sufficient it is that I am

* Judges iv. 15.

† 2 Chron. xvi. 4.

‡ 2 Kings xv. 29.

not only pleased, but my mind is flooded with satisfaction.

The descent of the mountain from the ruined fortress is steep, if not dangerous; so that we are obliged to dismount and lead our horses amongst rugged rocks, trees, and shrubs to the base, where we rest and refresh ourselves. We again mount and cross the plain, a scene of silence and awful solitude. About three-fourths of the distance the ground becomes dangerously marshy. After riding through two streams, and reaching some cultivated land, we next skirt the banks of the rapid, Nahr-Has-Bany, a tributary of the Jordan, and travel parallel with it, during an hour and a half, through groves of oleander, now in their finest bloom, and in height from twelve to sixteen feet. The sound of a cascade is heard in the distance, and, judging from the noise, the volume of water must be considerable. At length we cross another branch of the stream, and dismount at the site of the far-famed Dan, the "Tell-Kady" of the natives, (Hill of the Judge.)

We rest at the root of a noble oak where two streams unite, and here I strip and bathe, for the second time, in Jordan's sacred waters. While sitting and enjoying myself, I am aroused by the call of an Arab, who beckons me. Rising and advancing towards him, he points to an adder, measuring upwards of four feet in length, that he had just killed. I flay the reptile, intending to bring home the skin to England; but being disgusted with the operation, leave it hanging on a tree. The incident appears to me somewhat singular, this being the first adder I had seen in Palestine. Jacob on his death-bed, in the spirit of prophecy, had said, with regard to the portion of each of his sons, that "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, *an adder* in the path."* The coincidence, to say the least of it, is therefore remarkable, and somewhat curious that I should witness, so to speak, the prophecy illustrated in so pertinent a manner. Mount Hermon, like our Scottish mountains, is at this moment veiled in mist; whilst Lake Hulah, from the "tell," glitters like a molten mirror. The country is richly wooded, with oak, hawthorn, and oleander; the ruins of Hunin, cresting

* Gen. xlix. 17.

the opposite mountain, appearing from this point to great advantage.

It has been supposed that the "Hill of the Judge," is the extinct crater of a volcano—nothing, judging from its appearance, could be more probable: first, there are terraces and a stage, then a broad cone-like mound, terminating in a plateau, the latter forming the site of ancient Dan. How oft, from child to manhood, has the phrase rung in my ears, from Dan to Beersheba! I now stand on the ruins of the former, and can scarcely believe the fact, or realise my position, it is so dream-like. Is this the land Jacob saw in his vision, and of which he prophesied? I am carried back to times long antecedent to the days of either Dan or Laish, ere this mount was colonised from Sidon; for its early history is lost in the mists of ages. The position is naturally strong, being fenced in by towering Hermon, and walled up by the mountains of Bashan; whilst lofty Lebanon, shutting it in on the north-west, stands like a sentinel guarding the site. The whole district is well watered, rich in pasture for flocks and herds; with many fertile spots for corn and wine,—a land, according to Eastern metaphor, truly flowing with milk and honey.

Dan, as a tribe, in the first allocation of Canaan under Joshua, had not received their full share, and therefore sought an inheritance among the still unsubdued Canaanites. In order to obtain this, five men of valour are sent from Zorah and Eshtaol to spy out the land; after varied adventures at Laish, the ancient name of Dan, they discovered a rich and fertile country, and a people who, trusting to their strong natural defences, like the Sidonians of their mother country, resigned themselves to ease; indolent from luxury, they rested in a fatal security. The spies hastening back with the favourable intelligence, six hundred armed men were immediately chosen, who marched, pitched their camp in Kirjath-jearim, and smote Laish with the edge of the sword, burning the city with fire, which they afterwards rebuilt, brought their families to it, "and named it Dan, from Dan their father,"* thus fulfilling the words of prophecy, "Dan is a lion's whelp; he shall leap from Bashan."†

Though solitude and a holy calm reign over hill, mountain,

* Judges xviii. *passim*.

† Deut. xxxiii. 22.

and plain, though no sound breaks the stillness except the singing of birds, the grasshopper's chirp, the hum of the laden bee, or the murmurs of the Jordan, yet from this green mound warlike shouts have echoed and the clangour of trumpets rung; the ground has trembled under the tramp of the war-horse and the fervid wheels of the chariots, which, like an avalanche from the Alps, thundered down from the mountains of Bashan, and scattered death and desolation from Hunin to Merom, and from Merom to Banais. It was here in ancient times the Enim-zuzim and Rephaim, sons of the giants, lived and warred. Subsequently, though still four thousand years ago, the Amorites held possession of this debatable territory under Silon, a warlike prince, whose capital was Heshbon, and who leagued with "Og, king of Bashan,"* himself a giant, tried the fortune of war against Israel, but were both sanguinarily defeated at Edrei. Not only were their cities captured, but also the whole territory, from the Arnon to Hermon, nor was an inhabitant left to tell the tale of the sad catastrophe.†

The land was not long destined to enjoy peace. The Danites were turbulent neighbours, neither Quakers in principle, nor peace-at-any-price men in practice. Often from this height sped the midnight sortie of Dan's mail-clad squadrons against the Canaanites who lived across the border. It must frequently have been as necessary, as between Scotland and England, to "scour" the marches, Dan being, like Carlisle, the frontier town and fortress of the northern boundary of the kingdom of Israel. Not only were there stirring events and warlike acts recorded of Dan, but also much of disgrace and shame; for here, in defiance of God's law, scenes of strange worship and idolatrous rites transpired; a sanctuary was erected to rival Shiloh and surpass Bethel in idolatry. Oh, the amount of evil one man, if that man be a king, can inflict morally as well as politically upon a nation or people! "Jeroboam made Israel to sin," by setting up a golden calf,‡ under pretext of saving the fatigue of going up to Jerusalem, which became the precursor in the chain of events of Israel's destruction as a people, and their dispersion among the nations.

* Deut. iii. 11.

† Deut. iii. 1-8.

‡ 1 Kings xii. 29, 30.

The soil is a rich mould of reddish earth, considerable in depth, upon which wheat and oats are growing—the straw plentiful, and the ears well filled. The grass is too rank for milch cows; but, if frequently cropped or cut, would be fine pasture-land. Well might the bulls of Bashan, of which we read so much in the Old Testament, be fat and strong; fed with such pasturage, there were no necessity for either oil-cake to make the kine yield milk, or “Thorley’s Condiment,” to fatten, so as to fit them for Baker Street Shows, or the Copenhagen Fields’ Markets, of those days. Our M’Combies, Stewarts, and other Aberdeenfeeders “far north,” are shrewd men in their day and generation, and at present, said to be, drawing stock and supplies from the Danube and the Caspian; there is still, however, a deficiency. This is an unopened district, large and rich enough to breed and fatten stock sufficient for both the Parisian and London markets, to which our breeders would do well to turn their attention. King Og, the original possessor of the territory, though styled a giant, requiring a bed as large as that at Ware; for anything we know to the contrary, may have been simply a carcass butcher, in a large way of business, who supplied the Damascus, Jerusalem, and Egyptian markets. But I must stop theorising; my brown mare is saddled, and Meheiddin shouts for me to come that he may give me a lift. We have eaten and drunk, and, as Anacreon’s fly said, “washed ourselves;” and now we take to the road.

In leaving Dan, we, at the same time, leave the Holy Land Proper, this being the northern boundary of the kingdom. Although usually believed to have been the ancient limits of Israel on the north, still it seems to me, that under Moses, and especially Joshua, the territory conquered from the Canaanites extended farther; we read that the latter “took all that land, from the Mount Halak, which goeth up to Seir, even unto Baalgad, in the valley of Lebanon, under Mount Hermon.”* Still farther northward, that Solomon built Baalath, in Lebanon, besides the “House of the Forest.”† May not this be Baalbec?—or, shall we say, Banias?

The extent of territory granted to Israel has been variously estimated; by some ancient writers, whom Josephus quotes, it

* Josh. xi. 16, 17.

† 2 Chron. viii. 6.

has been affirmed, that its limits, according to the Greek standard, enclosed three millions of acres. Abbé Fleury, on this supposition, maintained that it would be incapable of supporting three and a quarter million inhabitants; but this is evidently a mistake, or assuming narrower limits than its real extent: for modern and more correct authority determines the Promised Land to have contained fifteen million acres, the boundaries in this instance being Mount Lebanon on the north; the wilderness of Arabia on the south; the Syrian desert towards the east; and the Mediterranean on the west. If these were the boundaries, there was sufficient land to allow every Hebrew of twenty-five years of age, twenty acres, independent of clergy reserves, lakes, mountains, and barren tracts. Perhaps two-thirds of this amount for each might be nearer the mark; this, though divided by two, would still be amply sufficient for a frugal and agricultural people. Besides, to secure the independence and happiness of each tribe and individual, the land was declared unalienable, or if pledged, or in any other way left its possessor, it was to be restored to either himself or heirs every fiftieth year or jubilee.* It may be also remarked in passing, that the land was held like that in our country, in the times of our Davids and Williams, by military tenure or service. Every Israelite of age was liable by his feudality to be called out to bear arms in defence of his country; each tribe had its own "elder," who administered the laws, and led the forces to battle; his subordinate officers were the heads of families, as the emirs and sheikhs are among the Arab population of the present day.

The path winds amongst woods, consisting of the noble oaks of Bashan, hawthorn, oleander, and many other beautiful flowering plants; the country not unlike Epping Forest, near Woodford. We are passing through a series of park-like scenery, in which one might fancy himself at Richmond; there are clumps of fine trees, open glades, with here and there a large terabinth; the green sward smooth and thick: yet, how unlike Richmond in outline! High mountains in the background, a sweeping extensive plain, with Lake Merom at the extremity, while immediately before me, emerging from the green wood,

* Lev. xxv. 28.

is a string of forty-two camels, each loaded with a mill-stone, and driven by some half-dozen Nubians, with naked limbs and milk-white turbans. We greet them with the usual salutation, "Salaam Alikoum," which is invariably acknowledged by a kindly "Maharba." What a change has been produced in this respect during the last few years! Not long since, it would have been presumptuous, if not criminal, for a Christian to take the initiative in addressing a true believer; but the Crimean war has brought about a better understanding, and English travellers are not only well received, but are everywhere treated with respect.

Forty minutes' riding through these silvan glades and umbrageous avenues, brings us, thank God, to Banias, Panias, or Cæsarea Philippi, an ancient Roman, if not Phœnician, city, said to be built, but rather, I think, rebuilt, by Philip the tetrarch, whose name it bears, conjointly with that of Cæsar's successor, Tiberius. We enter the town, it may be said, by water, as we did at Haiapha, in the neighbourhood of Carmel, the latter by a stagnant pool, this by the clear running Jordan. Crossing a rickety one-arched bridge, to all appearance as old and ruinous as Rome itself, we wend our way amongst slush, mud, and slippery stones, through narrow tortuous lanes, lined with hovels and dung-heaps. Halting at a small square, or market-place, we are surrounded by the whole population, dogs and poultry included, who have turned out to gaze upon, bark, or cackle at the "Eglees." Our muleteer, who seems to be well known in the place, conducts us to the house of a farmer, who, tempted by the promise of a bakhshish, consents to allow us the use of a floor and a mat for the night.

The inhabitants of the town are so pestered and annoyed by vermin during summer, that, in order to escape the midnight pest they quit their customary sleeping places, and betake themselves to cage-like structures made of rushes, which they erect on their flat roofs. These cribs, baskets, or temporary contrivances, seen on every second or third dwelling, are reached by a rudely formed ladder, similar to that used in a hen-house for the ascent and descent of the fowls. Clambering up the notched stick, I examined one of them, about six feet by three in size. After a partial inspection, I hurried down quicker

than I ascended ; the fleas were, *Scottice*, "hotching"—"a moving mass." On taking possession of our apartment, a hybrid between a barn and a dairy, I first swept the place with a fan-shaped broom, made of dried grass, and delicately hinted to our hostess, by pinching my skin, that there might be inconveniences and sleeplessness, were we to use the mat she is spreading for us ; to which she replied, as I understood, that there was not a single flea either on the mat or in the dwelling. This reminded me of a story of a German landlady, who having made a similar asseveration, the lodger verified it in the morning, by stating, that every individual flea on the premises had a large family.

Banias, one of the most ancient cities in Syria, occupies perhaps the finest site in Palestine. Immediately behind Hermon, there are two deep rugged ravines, one on the north, the other on the south. Between them rises a mountain cone to the height of a thousand feet, on which are perched the magnificent ruins of the castle of Subeibeh, a structure dating from the Phœnician period. And at the termination of the same range, at a mile's distance, stand the ruins of Banias. The locality is a series of dells, wooded with groves of oak, olive, hawthorn, and myrtle, interspersed with streams and cascades. The chief point of interest, however, is a natural cave or grotto, situated at the base of a rock a hundred feet high. This cavern is supposed to be the ancient sanctuary of Baal, or Pan ; if so, it is the only temple ever erected to this deity within the limits of Palestine. From Pan the city has its name, Panias, corrupted into Banias.

Three times I have ransacked the innermost recesses of this cavern, which extends a very considerable distance within the rock ; the opening is half-choked up with fragments of stone and ancient ruins ; the interior is capacious enough to contain at least six hundred men. There are still, high up on the face of the rock, some Greek inscriptions, indicating, as far as can be deciphered, its original dedication to the all-pervading principle, worshipped in the god Pan. The Romans, in an after age, continued the worship, by erecting a white marble temple on the summit of the mountain, to some one of their great deities, which stood for many ages. In later times, it is supposed the Jews mistook this

structure for the ancient altar of the Danites, or that of Jero-boam, so renowned in Scripture for its golden calf. There is still, just on the summit, a little "Wely," dedicated to St George, as the Moslems say, while others maintain it covers the ashes of a Mohammedan saint, at whose shrine a few worshippers still pay their devotions.

Banias, although remarkable for its antiquity and its cave, is possibly less visited on that account, than owing to its singular fountain, which has in all ages been regarded as a phenomenon. Underneath the high limestone cliffs, that overhang both cave and town, there bursts out of the earth a number of springs, which immediately unite and form a river seven yards in width, and two feet in depth, in size and volume entitling it to be considered the chief tributary, if not the Jordan itself. From the points whence it first issues, it assumes at once the rapidity of a torrent, foaming and dashing over rocks, and running through glades, among fallen columns and prostrate ruins, till finally it leaves Banias, by leaping over a precipice, and is lost in the depths of an unbrageous ravine. Whether this mysterious at-once-born river has its origin in the thousand springs of Hermon, or among some deep cavities far down in the bowels of the earth, is unknown, and has been for ages an unsolved problem.

From this fountain the ruins and *débris* of ancient Banias extend across the market-place to the north side of the stream, a space of more than half a mile. The ancient city must have occupied an angle formed by the junction of the two cliffs, that seclude and shelter the glen, giving it that solitude which, together with its natural local grandeur, was so necessary for the ancient "religion of caves." An old citadel stands on the banks of the river, surrounded by a ruined wall, having towers at the sides and angles; on the front towards the stream there is an Arabic inscription still in good preservation. The stream opposite the entrance is crossed by a bridge formed of large bevelled stones, and therefore of great antiquity; whilst the view up the "Wady Za-arch" is very fine; the surrounding scenery is highly romantic, resembling some of the picturesque glens in the Isle of Arran, or the Black-Gang-Chine in the Isle of Wight.

The village itself scarcely deserves the name, since it con-

tains little more than fifty houses, strewn about at random, with the exception of the sheikh's, which occupies an eminence, and appears spacious, if not comfortable. The two or three houses in the square, though more pretentious than the others, look absolutely wretched. I took a few dry-plate views of the citadel, the cave, and the "Wady," thus closing the day in so far as out-door exploration is concerned. Amongst other domestic duties and household arrangements, with which I have this evening become acquainted, is that of grinding flour or meal for the family. The mills are portable, and in general wrought by manual labour, similar to our old Scottish querns in character and appearance, being as necessary in every household as a jar for holding water. They consist of two hard stones, varying from sixteen to twenty inches in diameter. The under or "nether mill-stone" is fixed, the upper loosely placed above it, so as to revolve freely; the one is a little convex, the other has a slight concavity; the upper, perforated to admit the grain, has also an upright handle, the nether or fixed stone having a broad flange, into which the meal falls as it issues from between the stones. Two domestics, wives or daughters, every morning or evening sit down on either side of the mill; both lay hold of the handle and keep turning it, while handfuls of grain are gradually supplied, till a sufficient quantity is ground. I was much pleased at witnessing in full detail this happy illustration of our Lord's striking words: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left."*

* Matt. xxiv. 41.

CHAPTER XL.

HERMON AND CÆSAREA-PHILIPPI.

THE Arab, I am more than ever of opinion, is much misunderstood or misrepresented in England. He has sins and shortcomings laid to his charge which are abhorrent to his nature, and others of which he is incapable of forming an idea. During my sojourn among them, I have had frequent opportunities of forming a judgment of their conduct as fathers and husbands. It might be supposed, *a priori*, that a Mohammedan, from his religion, which allows him full liberty to espouse, or to retain, as many wives as his affections desire, or his finances admit, would, incontinently, avail himself of the Mormonite privilege to a large extent ; but it is not so. Very few, as far as came under my observation, exceeded the apostolic restriction : “ Let every man have his own wife.” It also appeared, that although the phrase, “ as cruel as a Turk,” is invariably believed to express a fact, wife beating in England being often compared to Mohammedan domestic life, yet nothing is further from the truth. The Moslem or Arab does not treat his wife or wives differently from a Christian. I am aware, that my being a celibate may weaken this judgment with some. Still I can give an opinion of what comes before my eyes ;—and, this very evening, there is a little black-eyed and sharp-tongued beauty : were she my *cara sposa*, I should most certainly deprive her of some coveted jewel, article of dress, or furniture, that would be as keenly felt, and a mode of punishment attended with as much effect, as any amount of beating. How her tongue goes, and her dark orbs flash ! she makes the whole house ring ! The poor man, her husband, has actually thrown around him his *abbah*, and fled to the hill to be out of ear-shot of her

ever-going tongue ; he must have studied the Eastern Sage, who spoke from his own wide experience.*

Do not, my fair Christian readers, call me brute, savage, or any other quadrupedic name. He is no man, at least no Christian, who would strike the woman he has sworn to protect, and to love as his own flesh. Both Turk and Christian, with a marvellous unanimity, concur in affirming that there is no plague nor evil so galling and irritating as a woman's tongue ; yet this Arab, rather than lift his hand to the wife of his bosom, ran out of his house in the dark, to be out of her hearing, and to regain his equanimity of temper. Nay, both Turk and Arab are indulgent husbands ; their affections as strong, their sympathy as deep, and their patience and endearments equal to those of any paterfamilias in Britain. With liberal hand and warm heart he ungrudgingly lavishes his liras in purchasing dress and jewellery for his better half or halves ; nor does he leave a wish ungratified, which the harem may express, his own loving heart suggest, or his purse permit.

It is next asserted that the Turks, if not cruel, are careless in their affections and in the rearing their children. Boys, it is true, are generally kept with the females until the age of six or seven years, and their education is exceedingly limited, being chiefly confined to the Koran. This, as already mentioned, in speaking of Egypt, is not the fault of the Turk, but to be attributed to the laws and customs of his country. The girls, I am sorry to say, are, in this respect, almost neglected ; but this, again, is the teaching of his religion. As a parent, he is as indulgent and affectionate to his children as any father on the face of the earth. Indeed, judging from what I have seen at Nablous, Mais-el-Jebel, and in Banias, I have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that the children of Turkish or Arab parents are allowed too much of their own will. The adage of the wise man, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,"† seems to be unknown, as well as one of equal importance :—"He that spareth the rod hateth the child."‡ The boys hang upon their mother's apron-strings till near manhood, and until that age

* Prov. xxi. 9, 19.

† Prov. xxii. 6.

‡ Prov. xiii. 24.

are mere milk-sops; while the girls, it is not too much to say, rule the entire household. In a word, parental affection and tender upbringing are as common among Turks as among ourselves. Were I not afraid of the proverb, "A bachelor's bairn is always well brought up," being applied to me, I would most certainly affirm that a little judicious correction, if administered to two little urchins and a little wilful brown beauty, of some four years of age, an idol and plaything in this family, would tend much to her present and to their future advantage.

Banias, Saturday, 30th.—Rising early, I am disappointed of my intended visit to the ruins of the castle of Subeibeh, already mentioned, which, though not more than a mile distant, the morning being wet keeps me within doors. This affords me, however, a little more time to observe the habits and condition of the people round me. There is no kind of trade connected with the place, the town having only one stall or shop of which it can boast. The proprietor is not only a collector of coins and a dealer in curiosities, but a living curiosity himself, combining in a remarkable degree the astuteness of the Jew, the cunning of the Greek, and shrewdness of the Armenian. I tried to deal with him for two silver coins, then to exchange a few antiques, but to do business with him is impossible. He evidently labours under the impression, common to his countrymen, that all Englishmen are laden with gold, and are glad in any way to get rid of it.

The inhabitants are all less or more engaged in agriculture; milk and meal seem abundant, the people here, and indeed throughout all Syria, having plenty to eat and drink. My landlord, in this instance, may be said to be wealthy, having flocks of sheep and goats, five milch cows, three horses, a good dwelling-house, and offices, with six or seven servants. Many of the people, it is true, are half naked, others extremely ragged; but these peculiarities are not, of themselves, to be taken as evidences of poverty, far less of destitution. Often, under very dilapidated garments, there are secreted large and well-filled purses. Meheiddin, when in Saphed, paid down in ready cash thirty Turkish gold lira for a mule. I have seen men in the bazaars, clothed with a threadbare *abbah* not worth a groat, draw from their bosoms a handful of gold

and silver coins. Dress, consequently, is no criterion of wealth, nor are rags a badge of indigence. The practice of hoarding, and of simulating poverty, which so widely obtains in Syria, has probably arisen from the dread of being plundered by robbers, or of being heavily taxed by the government. At the present day there is scant justice or redress for the wronged, or punishment for the lawless; hence the habit, amongst the well-to-do of feigning poverty, and of dwelling in habitations devoid of comfort or convenience.

This ancient city, or rather site, has, like most other places in Syria, its traditions and legends. Some of these are absurd enough; others seem to carry with them both truth and credibility. According to the latter, Baniās is supposed to be the place where Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem, made the captive Jews, in gladiatorial show, not only fight with each other, but contend with wild beasts; again, that it is the "Baal-gad under Hermon," which formed the northern limit of Joshua's conquests.* That Baniās was an ancient site of Baal's worship by the Phœnicians, prior to its consecration by the Greeks to Pan, is probable; whilst some believe it to be one of the high-places where the Israelites erected altars to heathen deities. From these and other points of view, Baniās has had, from a very early age, a wide and deep interest to the antiquary and the pilgrim. Yet, apart from its pagan recollections of gods, kings, and heroes, it has still a deeper interest than that given to it by Baal or Pan, Herod, Philip, or imperial Cæsar: He who is God, blessed for ever, "came into the coasts of Cæsarea-Philippi."† Baniās is the most northern limit of our Lord's journeying, the turning-point where "many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." It was here, beyond dispute, Peter made that glorious confession to the divinity of the Messiah, recorded in Matthew xvi. 13-17, and where our Lord uttered the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." While, high overhead, soars the cloud-capped Hermon, whereon, with more than probability, "He was transfigured before them."‡ I have, however, less faith in the next legend, that in this locality He stanchèd the poor woman's

* Josh. xi. 17.

† Matth. xvi. 13.

‡ Ibid. xvii. 2.

issue of blood, recorded in Matt. ix. 20. That Jesus travelled through these dells, preached in the villages, and, it may be, in this city, as recorded by the sacred penman, is incontrovertible.

It may be expected that a few remarks should be made regarding the religion of the people among whom I am sojourning. Of their private or social devotion, such as individual or family prayers, I am sorry to say, that, since coming to Syria, I have witnessed nothing that could be so designated in any of their households or families. My muleteer has been for a fortnight almost day and night in my company; during all that time he has not, to my knowledge, either prayed, read, or performed any religious or devotional duty. It would be wrong to affirm, that because my *mochera*, or those families where I lodged, neglected, or had no form of worship, that therefore the domestic households and mule-drivers of Syria were devoid of family religious observances. I draw no such harsh or sweeping inference; I merely state what has, and what has not, fallen under my own notice. No pietist, or class of religionists, is more punctual in attending to stated hours of prayer than the Moslem, and no Christian country is better supplied with churches than Turkey with mosques. There cannot therefore be any lack of the religious sentiment.

The duties incumbent on every Mussulman are as stringent as they are regular, and consist of prayer, almsgiving, fasting, and pilgrimage, together with sundry daily purifications. Prayers are to be repeated five times a day. Many, it is true, are prayerless; but, generally speaking, the forms are gone through with more or less regularity, but always with seeming propriety and sincerity. The gist consists in muttering, "God is one, and Mohammed is His prophet." If the devotee be extra religious, a text or two from the Koran is uttered, the face turned towards Mecca. The mosques are not regarded as sacred, business being often transacted within their precincts. Friday may be called their Sunday, but neither pleasure nor business is in the least suspended because of its weekly recurrence. I have often been startled on hearing the clear voice of the *mueddin*, as from the different minarets, by day he called in sonorous tones the faithful to prayers, and awakened at midnight or early morning, as he broke

the city's stillness, his cry, ringing like an angel's voice, warning sleeping mortals, to arise, and pay their devotions to the great God, and the Merciful. The punctuality which characterises their oft-repeated duty is worthy of imitation. No incidental condition, no press of business, no presence, place, or pursuit, is ever permitted to interfere with, or interrupt this religious duty. Whenever the hour of prayer arrives—wherever the worshipper may be, or however he may be engaged, he stops short, spreads his carpet, and there and then performs his devotions.

It may not be generally known that Mohammedanism has its sects and divisions to an extent almost rivalling Christianity. This does not, I am aware, lessen the evil of schism, but the knowledge of its existence may at times stop the mouth of the sceptic, and roll back the reproach upon the Moslem, which he flings at our divided Christianity. The chief sect of Mohammedanism are the Hanafe-ees, Schafe-ees, Mali-kees, and the Humbel-ees. The first of these is that of the Moslem, or Turk proper, and is by far the most tolerant ; the second and third are to be met with principally in Cairo and Arabia. Of the last named division, there are few, if any, existing adherents. All the four sects call themselves "Sonnes" or "Sonnites," a term signifying "traditionists"—that is, they not only receive, but believe in the unity of God and the Koran, but like the Roman Catholics accept, as of equal authority, the traditionary teaching of bygone ages. Another tribe of schismatics, considerable in number and influence, are the Metâwilieh. This sect, like some other Persian heretics, venerate Ali and his successors in preference to Omar, and Moawiyah, and the Omeia line of caliphs, who reigned at Damascus. Ali was the first of their twelve imauns, or learned doctors, and they are looking forward to the speedy reappearance of their Mowhdi or Messiah, who is to be Mahomet's vicar, and a scourge to the dogs of Christians. Their number does not exceed thirty thousand. They are hospitable and obliging to their friends, but ferocious, and a terror to their enemies. They are the only class in Syria who have the law or custom of selling their children, but I have had no opportunity of testing whether it is ever practised, or has been allowed to fall into desuetude. They are found scattered in nearly two hundred

villages between Jebel-es-Sheikh and the north of Lebanon. A second are the Wahabees, a sect that have sprung into existence during the last century. Like the orthodox Mussulman, they receive both Koran and tradition, but abhor and decry costly tombs, and prayers to saints. They wear neither silk, velvet, nor golden ornaments, and are total abstainers from tobacco. A third of the minor sects are the Nusairiyeh, a class of religionists chiefly found in northern Lebanon, of whose religious tenets little is known. They are, however, said, like the Metâwilieh, to have transferred their homage from Mohammed to Ali Abou-Abou; and in addition, hold that the fourth caliph was an incarnation of God; moreover, that Adam, Abel, Peter, and Jesus, were incarnations of the Deity.

Though in Baniyas, as elsewhere in Syria, the habits of the masses of the people have remained, in a great measure, unchanged since the days of Jacob and Dan, yet a greater change has taken place within the last thirty years than in the preceding thousand; but the morals and usages have recently been almost at a standstill. It is marvellous to observe, that whilst every nation has made progress, the Arab, though naturally intellectual, should have made little or none. Having of late received an impetus, he may, however, possibly move ahead. What with French influence, the increase of European travellers, and the assimilation of the Ottoman Porte to the civilisation of the West, Turkey cannot feel the tide without Syria being borne on the advancing wave; nay, I believe the day is not far distant when Palestine will hold out her swarthy hands, and cry, "Come over and help us." An Arab youth is sitting at this moment beside me; when I look into his intelligent face, and mark his glistening eyes, knowing full well, as I do, he possesses an immortal soul, and a moral capacity capable of indefinite expansion, and believing, as I do, that all mankind are destined to enjoy the privileges of political, social, and religious freedom, may I not pray, Come, happy time, come! Let the great sea of progress, social, mental, and spiritual, either heralded by, or accompanied with the gospel, clothe the promised land with a mantle of blessing, richer far, and more enduring than its ancient glory.

We are anxious to reach Hasbeiyeh if possible to-night, in order to pass the Lord's-day there to-morrow. We therefore

ask for our bill, but find the settlement no easy matter; whether our muleteer, like other servants, had been augmenting his own importance by exaggerating ours, or from some other cause, a scene ensues. My companion, who is at home in reckoning, and capable of holding his own with either Jew or Moslem, had promised, the previous evening, with my concurrence, ten piastres for the use of mat and floor, provisions to be extra. The score for comestibles is easily arranged, but nothing less than twenty piastres will satisfy our host for the lodging; rather than take less, he said, he would, Arab fashion, prefer making us a present of the whole. My friend will not yield, and we ride off apparently the victors. In this instance, however, we have reckoned without our host, for after riding round the gardens, and while crossing the stream, we are encountered by our enraged landlord, with six or seven servants and neighbours, armed with sticks and threshing implements.

Our bridles are seized, our horses' heads turned round, and the money demanded with scowls, curses, and threatenings—blows even are given; all this tumult and uproar being about ten miserable piastres. I would have paid forthwith, had my companion not sternly interposed. Notwithstanding the physical-force argument of men dreaded by travellers, with our muleteer against us, we maintain our point; they, seeing us thus determined to resist, eventually accept the sum originally tendered. In dealing with either Turk or Arab, and probably most others, a contract or bargain is absolutely necessary to prevent grumbling or dissatisfaction. Still the Arab character is not to be judged by this misadventure. The poet, when he says, "*ex uno disce omnes*," is not always right. Our route on leaving lies for some distance in the same direction we came, through beautiful groves and woodland scenery. Crossing a spur of the mountain, we again enter the great plain of Huleh. Leaving Dan upon our left, and turning to the right, we urge our way under the shadow of the dew-generating Mount Hermon,* which hangs, so to speak, over the path; and the forenoon continuing wet, its summit and shoulders are enveloped in fleecy clouds.

This shaggy side of the mountain is like a game preserve;

* Psalm cxxxiii. 3.

in which there are numerous gazelles, the hind of Scripture. The quotation, "He giveth goodly words,"* might be translated, "shooting forth noble branches"—*id est*, antlers. Were this translation adopted, it would destroy, it is true, the metaphorical basis of that admirable and pious work of our Covenanting fathers, the "Hind Let Loose." The fallow-deer is also plentiful, and the wild-goat, the latter with large, deep-wrinkled horns. I am inclined, however, to class this last with the chamois, from the slight glimpses I have had of it, and the description of the natives. Over this plain, I have little doubt, in its early settlement, roamed the rhinoceros—probably the unicorn of Job,† the רִמ (reem) of the Hebrews. The country hereabout swarms with game, such as hares, rabbits, and, upon the mountain side, the "conies" of the rocks.‡ It is doubtful whether the Hebrew שפנים (*saphnim*), rendered "coney," may not be the hedgehog, or *mus montanus*.

There are few molehills observable along this track, which may be owing to the marshy nature of the ground, but both rats and field mice are scampering about in abundance; whilst crows, jays, and magpies are as rife as in England. Eagles, too, and a stray bear may still be occasionally met with, and, if in luck, a panther. However, after ascending five or six thousand feet, there are neither trees nor shrubs. The mountain has three summits, under one of which there is a small glen, with a basin-like hollow, where the Pharpar takes its rise. On the second, there are some interesting ruins, comprising bevelled and large hewn stones; but for what purpose or by whom the buildings, of which they form a part, were erected, no one knows. They may possibly be remains of mountain altars, or temples to the Sun or Baal, to whose worship the Sidonians and Phœnicians were addicted, or they may have had some connexion with the "high places,"§ or the Baal Hermon of Scripture.|| The central peak has the appearance of a truncated cone, rising more than two thousand feet above the tableland, or other mountains which spring and radiate from it. The huge, spire-like summit, entirely destitute of vegetation, is apparently smooth,

* Gen. xlix. 21.

† Job xxxix. 9.

‡ Psalm civ. 18.

§ Deut. xii. 3.

|| Judges iii. 3; 1 Chron. v. 23.

of a whitish colour, and of hard calcareous limestone, which, when struck with a hammer, rings like a piece of metal.

The ancient names of this mountain are all highly significant of its appearance and position—"Sion," the "upheaved" or "raised ;" * "Hermon," the "lofty peak ;" "Shenir" and "Sirion," the "glittering breastplate of ice." It stands in the entrance, as a sentinel of the Holy Land, towering to a height of ten thousand feet. From its height and the intense cold, the moisture of the atmosphere is condensed, and falls heavily during the night in the form of refreshing dews, which give rise to the mountain being designated, "The Mother of Dews," or the "Womb of the Morning." It may be remarked that there are no appearances of volcanic agencies on this side, nor yet of basaltic formations ; but if we are to believe the statements of natives, slight shocks of earthquakes are occasionally experienced. That the whole district has, however, been the theatre of both volcanoes and earthquakes, is patent. This may, at a future period, form an interesting field for the naturalist and geologist.

The country, though not much cultivated, is level, and generally free from stones. We have now a perceptible path, along which we trot as mirthfully as the heavy rain will permit, our road lying through a succession of hills, dales, and glens of romantic beauty. Our English friends with whom we had parted at Mais-el-Jabel, now overtake us, and we continue the journey in company. Descending a very steep hill, and crossing some ploughed fields, we ascend to and enter the village of Rasheiyet-el-I'ukhar, where there is a small pottery, in which water jars are manufactured. We pass an hour in one of the houses, where we partake of some refreshment, the whole male and female population, as usual, standing around us. There is here what may be called the public oven or bakery of the village, in which I can testify the cakes are first-class. The women, who can scarcely be denominated handsome, have their persons, according to our code of taste, rather too much exposed, being almost as nude as Eve, our first mother, when presented to Adam in Eden.

* Deut. iv. 48.

CHAPTER XLI.

HASBEIYEH, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE DRUSE.

ALTHOUGH the rain has not ceased, we proceed onwards, and rounding the edge of the hill, arrive, after half-an-hour's smart riding, at another steep descent, leading into a basin-shaped hollow, enclosed on three sides by high mountains. In this cavity lies the village of Hibbariyeh, which somewhat resembles a Highland clachan. All the villagers are out of doors, half-a-dozen volunteering to assist us over an enclosure that surrounds a superb ruin, to inspect which is our only object in making the *détour*, and visiting such an out-of-the-way place. We are amply repaid for our toil. The building must be ancient, its bevelled stones denoting a high antiquity. The design is chaste, the style of architecture somewhat florid, having sculptured wreaths running round the base, with deep mouldings, while in the interior are niches for statuary. The walls, constructed of blocks nearly six feet in thickness, the length of the whole structure being sixty feet, by thirty in width. This is one of the most perfect ancient temples now existing in Syria, bearing some resemblance, I think, to one of the edifices at Kedesb ; and if, as many suppose, it was dedicated to Baal, like the temples at Kula-el-Buatra, then its antiquity is beyond doubt. If Dr Robinson be correct, this building we are now surveying, from the nature of the hard limestone of which it is built, is not only ancient, but almost incapable of destruction ; and I am privileged to examine a structure, still in good preservation, which stood in the days of the Canaanites, and was reared by the Phœnicians long ere Dan overcame the sluggish inhabitants of Laish.

Descending, and crossing another stream, we part company with our friends, they going by one route to Damascus, we by another, to Hasbeiyeh. A rugged and steep mountain rises immediately before us, to climb which is the work of thirty-five minutes. The views from its different stages are as beautiful as they are extensive. The sun had now struggled through the clouds, chasing away the rain, and lighting up mountain and valley with gushes of golden glory. Hermon, towering far above all competitors, like Saul among the people, and throwing back the sun's rays from its icy crest, is seen from this hill, which, indeed, is one of its spurs—to great advantage.

Having gained the summit, we enter a village, which, though high, is hidden among vines, figs, and mulberry-trees; the place itself and the appearance of its population reminding me of some weaving village in the west of Scotland; the men having pale faces, delicate hands, and wearing white aprons, might easily pass muster as “wabsters” in Paisley or Kilmarnock. My guide informs me they are “Sowie, Sowie,” (Druse-Christians,) or, as he pronounces the word, *Durses*. If they are weavers, I suppose they must be engaged in the manufacture of silk, since the mulberry-tree for rearing and feeding worms is as plentiful as firs are in Norway—whilst baskets of cocoons are spread out on the roofs of the houses. Quitting the village, our path lies along a loosely built wall through a series of vineyards. Wearied, wet, and hungry, and our horses jaded, we crawl down the steep descent, and enter a little before sunset the town of Hasbeiyeh.

The town is situated on the sides of the Wady-et-Teim, a deep glen enclosed between high hills, the houses clustering amongst fine trees and gardens, affording proofs of the industry and perseverance of its inhabitants. After much begging for a night or two's lodgings, and many refusals, we are at last pitied and admitted into the dwelling of a Christian woman, whose husband, as I understand her, was murdered in the late dreadful massacre. We are accompanied by a crowd of idlers, old and young, to an outhouse, which has neither floor nor window; one side being almost open, except where filled in with a few loose stones, while above the door is a space, nine feet by seven, also open. There is neither seat, fire, food, nor dish, the only thing, in-

deed, being some chaff in a corner; and to make matters worse, not one of us understands the other, intercourse being carried on by signs, shrugs, and lifting of the eyebrows.

Not having partaken of animal food since we left Nazareth, with the exception of the smuggled ham at Saphed, and tired too with the constant repetition of eggs and bread or bread and eggs, a change is deemed indispensable. Unfortunately, neither of us knows the Arabic for beef or mutton, our small vocabulary not having the required word, or our pronunciation faulty; anyhow, we are not understood. In this dilemma, I have recourse to signs, at which I believe myself so great an adept as almost to deserve a professorship. Baring my arm, flourishing my penknife, and making believe to eat, I thought I had succeeded, but found they regarded me as a cannibal, for the women, horror-stricken, seize their children and run away. At this juncture, calling to mind a passage in Theocrates, in which he compares the sound of the Greek Eta to the cry of a sheep; aware, too, that natural sounds are the same in all ages, languages, and places, and taking advantage of this happy thought, I begin *bawing*. "Eureka!" I exclaimed, on observing that I am at last understood; but whether it was too late in the evening, it being Saturday, or from some other cause, we learn that no meat can be obtained without purchasing a whole carcase alive. This investment for many reasons was inexpedient. A woman, however, now steps forward, who in her turn makes a sign for me to stay a moment, and returns immediately with a cock flapping his wings in her arms—this we purchase for a franc. Having been thus far successful, my spirits acquire new tone and energy.

Requiring eggs, I proceed at once to the "sook" or market. Having reached it, I walk up one side and down the other, examining mats, boxes, and baskets, but see none. Although every dealer is on the *qui vive* to serve me, employing every sign imaginable, yet I again fail to make myself understood. I might have recollected the hen's cluck, but, "*nemo semper cautius in horis*," when about leaving the market an Arab cries, "Hadje!" Back I go, when he, with no small importance, as if fully comprehending my wants, bustles about in shifting boxes, and at last comes out, his countenance

radiant, and presents me with—a padlock ! I only wish some of my friends of the lens and camera fraternity had been there “to take us off.” My look of blank astonishment, half inclined to laugh, again to be angry, and lastly humbled, I attempt to convince the unsuspecting Turk, by signs, that we each had been mistaken. This *contretemps* rendered me more expert. The next time I went to market, I took the precaution to have with me a piece of egg-shell, so that there was no longer any difficulty in obtaining that commodity.

Having procured a few necessities, the good woman brings in a piece of charcoal on a tin brazier, similar to the one described in Nablous, and is down on her knees busily blowing and fanning the flame. The little pan soon boils our coffee; and though the place is crowded from wall to wall, we begin our meal, and eat as hungry travellers generally do. I devote the evening to my journal, and, whilst writing on my knee, a number of matrons are intently watching every motion; my silver penholder and small inkstand, so different from their reeds and clumsy writing apparatus, being, as on former occasions, sources of amazement, or objects of admiration. The lamp is similar to those used forty years ago in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, where it is called a *creuzie*. Although oil is cheap and plentiful here, the lamp is both small and ill supplied, serving only to make darkness visible. At length, showing by the unmistakable signs of yawning, a desire to be left alone, and of going to rest—I cannot say bed—the crowd departs. Stretching ourselves out where we sit, the wind playing in eddies around us, the moon and stars shining in full radiance over our heads—there is no difficulty in counting their time of transit, through half-a-dozen holes in the roof—without either bar or latch on the door, (under which a pig might have crept,) here, in the midst of reputed thieves and notorious murderers, without guard, or one who can speak a word of our language, we lie down, and, under God’s protection, go to sleep.

Hasbeiyeh, Sunday, May 1st.—We rise this first day of May, thank God, in excellent health. The morning is as calm and lovely as ever broke on this beautiful valley. The whole deep, well-wooded glen is filled with the melody of song and

the hum of bees. All nature seems in holiday mood and summer attire. On going out, I ascended the height just above my lodgings, and gazed with feelings of sorrow on the blackened and charred ruins of this ancient Christian town. Tears filled my eyes, the more so, on beholding the crowds of widows and orphans gathered around me. The effects of this dire calamity may be thus stated. Some years ago, (in 1859,) during the stillness of night, in this beautiful month of May, too, men, women, and little ones were wrapped in sleep, and, as they fancied, in security. Demons—nay, worse—the Druses, (in their cabals having sworn to murder every living Christian in the district,) rush, blinded with zeal and religious fanaticism, to the houses of their fellow-townsmen and neighbours, armed with weapons, and provided with torches, which one party applies to the dwellings, while another shoots down all who attempt to escape from the flames. Many were burned and butchered in cold blood; and, judging from the extent of burned and ruined dwellings, hundreds must have perished on that awful night. The houses are standing roofless, the church gutted, the sacred books either destroyed or scattered. What man would not feel, or what Christian not grieve, over the misfortunes of a people thus widowed and orphaned! I have not language to express my indignation at, and detestation of, this foul crime, which is still calling to Heaven for vengeance. “O Lord, how long? O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them?”* Much sympathy has been shown for these poor creatures. The voice of Europe has not, however, been raised loud enough to make Turkey yet understand, that neither Christian nor infidel is to be sabred and shot like a dog, because differing from the Moslem or Druse in political or religious belief. I have just returned from a survey of the upper portion of the town, which is in a worse condition than I had supposed. At one point of view, I counted thirty houses unroofed, burnt, or in ruins, and from another, twenty-three, all within a short distance of the Emir’s palace.

While standing musing on this scene of desolation and destruction, a native addresses me with the usual greeting, “Maharba,” inviting me by signs to enter his dwelling. I

* Rev. vi. 10.

do so. His tidy little wife presents me with cakes and sweets, of which, to please her, I partake. She opens a home-made cupboard of baked clay, takes from it two or three Arabic prayer-books, and seems gratified on finding that I can pronounce some of the words. They are a Christian family, but whether Greek, Maronite, or Latin, I am unable to say. I should suppose them, however, to be Latins; for a young woman, seemingly on good terms with the family, enters, who has a Maltese cross tattooed on her wrist, and who, there and then, expresses her willingness to start with me to England. The following facts, relating to religious sects in Syria, may not be out of place here:—

Sectarianism prevails in Palestine with almost as much virulence as it does throughout Europe, and is preceded by like heart-burnings, accompanied by similar evils, and followed by the same baneful effects—hate, strife, barbarity, and murder. Not to speak of the three or four great sects of Islamism already mentioned, the Christians have their distinctive divisions and their feuds. I shall confine my remarks, in the present instance, to only one of the two leading parties—the Druses—the other, the Maronites, I shall speak of on reaching Lebanon. The former, who are best known, by name at least, in England, had their origin from a caliph of the Fatanite line in Egypt. This half-madman revived the old doctrine of the transmigration of souls, maintaining, at the same time, that God is one, and the incarnation of the Deity in the person of Ali, the prophet's son-in-law, but extending the last honour to some other individuals, among whom Jesus, son of the Virgin Mary, is included. To this belief is added—the growth of later years—a few moral rules or precepts, such as the duty of rendering each other mutual aid, speaking truthfully, acquiescing in the Divine will, &c. The Druses meet in their chapels every Thursday, but what they worship, or how they worship, is a secret as impenetrable as freemasonry, which it would be death here, and damnation hereafter, to divulge. The fraternity exhibits as perfect an organisation as the followers of Loyola, every circumstance and event bearing upon the brotherhood being rapidly and noiselessly communicated to headquarters. Although not numerous, they are united and brave. When roused, they are

ferocious and cruel, blood only satisfying their vengeance; yet, in their glens and mountain fastnesses, they are, as I have ever found them, kind and hospitable to the passing wayfarer, whilst their gardens of vines, olives, and figs are proofs of their industry, and an evidence of the pleasure they take in the pursuits of peace.

Hasbeiyeh and the spurs round the base of Hermon have long been the chief seats or strongholds of this class of religionists. Owing to the secrecy of their mode of worship and my imperfect knowledge of the language, I could discover little of their proceedings or politics. Their chapels are among the crags at the top of the hill; and it is remarkable, that they invariably select wild glens, solitary dells, the summits of rocky precipices, or the deep, shady romantic glades, with which the district abounds, as sites for their sanctuaries, probably in order that no prying eye may gaze at, or obtrusive foot may penetrate to the scene of their secret rites; hence the name of their chapel is "Khulweh," signifying "solitude;" in the plural, "Khulwat." Their churches—to give them an English name—have nothing, in their external appearance, either beautiful or imposing. The aim of the worshippers being privacy, the walls are massive, and the windows mere narrow slips, high above the ground; stragglers or strangers are strictly prohibited from approaching, and indeed are driven from their precincts. The character of the Druse is too well known, not to be, in cases of this kind, respected, if not absolutely feared. This class of churches, or "Kuhlwat-el-Biyad," was broken into and plundered by the soldiers of Ibrahim Pasha in 1838, the sacred books, and other writings, sold, scattered, or destroyed. Since that period, however, the Druses have collected or written others, continuing as formerly to shroud their worship in the same inscrutable secrecy; and, as a whole, this community may be said to inspire dread rather than love.

The bazaars of Hasbeiyeh, although congregated in a well-built and well-arranged structure, are excessively filthy, but well stocked with French and English manufactured goods; there is also a considerable amount of bustling activity. Shoemaking and tailoring are constantly going on; dreamy Turks and active Christians are to be seen at the receipt of

custom, to day, (Sunday,) the same as any other day in the week. Afterwards, whilst sauntering along the stream, two gentlemen, one a Moslem, the other a Christian, invite me to sit with them on their carpet. A chibouque is presented, but being no smoker I decline ; they then make a cigarette for my use. Almost the first question asked is—"Russ, or Muscovy tyeb?"—Do you like the Russians? the next, "François tyeb?"—Do you admire the French? Informing them that I am English, they exclaim—"Tyeb! Tyeb! Sowie! Sowie!" I endeavour to make them understand my detestation of the horrid murders and burnings that had occurred in their town, which they seem to condemn as heartily as I do. I hear that there are twenty Protestants in the place, converts from the Greek Church, through the instrumentality of Messrs Ford and Thomson, American missionaries of Beyrout. Sitting in the afternoon on the banks of the same stream, which runs through the town, I was astonished to observe three individuals advancing towards me, one of them addressing me with the familiar salutation, "Good morning, sir!" Though a little taken aback, I thanked him, and inquired where he had obtained his English, to which he replied, "Tamseen, Beyrout," which phrase exhausted the whole of his vocabulary. I discovered afterwards that he was a merchant in the "Sook."

From what I have seen to-day of the town, and of its people—for they have surrounded me from morning to night, making anxious inquiries about England, Protestantism, missionaries, and my own New Testament, which latter they often took into their hands and kissed—I am led to exclaim in the words of Scripture, "The fields are white unto harvest," and to "pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers." I am not able to give the exact number of the population, nor of the varied sects of religionists who compose its community ; but the following data, compiled a few years ago, may be taken as a close approximation, sufficiently accurate for general information. Hasbeiyeh is the chief town of the district, and has nineteen villages, so to speak, under its jurisdiction ; these contain a population of from fifteen to sixteen thousand : of whom, before the massacre of 1859, six thousand were Christians ; five thousand Orthodox Greeks—of these, the Maronites numbered three hundred and sixty, Greek Catholics, four

hundred; and about five thousand Druses. In this district there are fifteen Greek priests, with nine churches, five Catholic priests, with an equal number of churches, and one mosque.

Monday, 2d.—Rising betimes this morning to conclude my survey, I find that Hasbeiyeh is built on a ridge of Mount Hermon, occupying terraced heights on one side of a gorge clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and enriched with some of the finest gardens in Syria, few towns having a lovelier or more delightful position. The labouring class in the East, granting that their family and cattle occupy the same apartment, and their dwellings be as above described, are nevertheless as well housed, if not in some respects better, than many of the day-labourers and cottars in Dorsetshire and Norfolk. The clothing of the Syrian, it may be said, is not only scant, but of flimsy material, and of a cheap description, an *abbah* and a pair of white cotton drawers generally constituting his dress, and probably his entire wardrobe. True; but these are amply sufficient in all seasons—the climate is so genial, that garments, were it not for the sake of propriety, might be dispensed with as almost superfluous. Supposing, however, that additional clothing might be necessary, the Syrian peasant or workman is seldom or never without the means of procuring all that he or his family may require, whilst his food, for variety, nutrition, and abundance, is infinitely superior to that of an English labourer.

Here there is no squalid poverty flaunting in rags, no class representative of our “froze-out gardeners,” or that of our houseless population, who, for three or four months of the year, are either fit for, or are actually inmates of a union. At no season is there either gaunt famine or burning starvation stalking, with pestilence, through villages or agricultural districts; hunger is almost unknown. The peasant has his patch of ground, that produces millet, wheat, dhoura, barley, and vegetables, sufficient for the wants of his household. I am certain that no Arab cottar between Jerusalem and Damascus would change his position for that of the agricultural labouring classes in the two counties above named. The daily wages in the East are small, not averaging more than from five to seven piastres a day, or something like five shillings a week; but there is to be added to this the fruits of his small paddock and garden

—adjuncts inseparable from the cottages—which are not only considerable, but valuable in a country where vegetables form a large proportion of the food of the people. Were our proprietors of the soil, or tenant-farmers, to allow their married hinds or day-labourers a small piece of ground—say, a fourth of an acre to each cottage—I am morally certain there would be more happiness in thier families, greater contentment with their hard lot, as well as an industry and morality, which, at present, have no existence among this class of our rural population. There would also be less time and money spent in the beer-shop, less poaching and other agrarian crimes, and consequently lighter taxation, as there would be soon a partial diminution in our parochial rates for prisons and police. Were the plot of ground and garden system introduced, the time and mind of the worker would be beneficially occupied, which is now misspent in idleness and kindred evils. To this simple arrangement in Syria may be ascribed in a great measure the contentment, independence, and the plenty that characterises the Arab peasantry, and gives them a marked superiority in material comforts over those of England.

I directed my attention to handloom weavers as a class. They inhabit in great numbers the Druse villages, which lie about the spurs of Hermon and south of Hasbeiyeh, differing very little indeed from the same class of operatives in our towns and villages; being frugal and industrious according to their means, they are remarkable at the same time for their intelligence. Were newspapers or books as plentiful here as they are in Britain, these weavers would spend, or rather mispend, their time as freely as ever a Paisley or a Bethnal Green brother of the shuttle did, or continues to do. Politicians they have become already, for Drusism is more of a political than a moral creed, and its followers perhaps as much a band of conspirators as a religious community. The dwellings of the weavers are not only tidy, but neatly furnished, at least using that term as understood in the East. The walls, both inside and out, are whitewashed, and occasionally attempts are made to ornament them; whilst their garden-plots are cultivated and watered with the utmost care. They display a good deal of skill in arranging and setting out these pieces of ground, on which labour is not spared. Rare plants

and bulbs are obtained from great distances, and purchased at high prices. Friendly competitions have been instituted, at which prizes are awarded to the grower of the best flower or vegetable, as the case may be. For years I have been in the habit of observing the garden-plots of the Bethnal Green silk weavers, lying between the Regent's Canal and the Hackney Road, and had supposed they had obtained the first rank as amateur florists, especially in producing variety and choice specimens; but though in these respects they may still maintain their superiority, yet as far as regards close attention to their gardens, and pride in laying out and beautifying the ground, they are behind the weavers at the Springs of the Jordan.

It is also observable, that amongst the latter, there is not only a taste for cottage gardening and floral beauty, but a high appreciation of vocal music. This they cultivate at their looms or in their workshops, singing in parts, their music having a slow and singular cadence, which, though monotonous, is pleasing, and has a soothing tendency, whilst their solo singing improves on acquaintance, becoming more charming the better it is known. They have formed among themselves weekly meetings, assembling either in their workshops or at each other's dwellings, where they practise part singing, and it is astonishing the perfection at which they have arrived in this science; bringing forcibly to my recollection certain scenes common in the vicinity of my birthplace. The weavers of the west of Scotland had also weekly meetings for solo and part singing; there were few hamlets or villages without their glee or singing clubs; and it is worthy of remark that some of our best Scottish vocalists have been knights of the shuttle, as, for example, Sinclair, Templeton, and I believe also Kennedy and Wilson. My own town, I know for a certainty, has furnished a large portion of Scotland with "precentors," the majority of whom were either muslin or carpet weavers. What sympathy may exist between weaving and harmony I am not able to divine. Had the question been terpsichorean, a connecting link might have been imagined; but, be the cause that links them together what it may, the fact exists. The weaver lads of Hasbeiyeh and round the Springs of Jordan rival those of Bethnal Green in flower culture, those of the west of Scot-

land in part singing, and, in proportion to their knowledge and opportunities, equal the weavers of Paisley in the "gift of the gab," particularly in talking politics.

The wages of these white-aproned and pale-faced operators is certainly small, or else they are badly paid, their daily earnings on either silk or muslin department not exceeding six or seven piastres a day, or two shillings a week less than our plain muslin or lappit weavers in Scotland, and about one-half less that of a Bethnal Green silk or velvet weaver—that is, taking one week with another. Let it be remembered, however, that the Syrian "wabster" has neither rates nor taxes to pay, no beer-shop score, gin-palace or change-house habits,—self-imposed taxes, heavier than all the others put together. His garden furnishes him with daily necessities, his earnings go either for table luxuries, or ornaments for himself and wife, in which all more or less indulge, the surplus—for, like the Chancellor of our Exchequer, he has a surplus—being hoarded. There are few peasants or weavers but have at all times a purse, not only well-stocked with silver, but having a few gold liras to add to its weight, upon which they can draw in an emergency.

In the lower section of the town, on the margin of the stream, stands the palace of the Emir, a large, dingy, old building. This magistrate or prince is ruler of the whole district, holding power direct from the Pasha of Damascus, and is nearly connected with the Emir Beshir of Lebanon. Whether from this relationship, powerful friends, or his own great wealth, although oftener than once deposed, he has again and again resumed authority, and now retains not only his life, which he has often forfeited, but his original rank and influence. It is often said that in Turkey every man has his price; were it not so, the worthy Emir would, in all probability, have long ago been brought into contact with the bowstring. It is at this place that travellers generally make the ascent of Jebel-es-Sheikh, as we should have done, but knowing that it is covered with snow to the depth of five or six feet, we forego the attempt.

CHAPTER XLII.

HERMON TO DAMASCUS.

SETTLING with our hostess by paying thirty piastres, we bid her good-bye, and leave Hasbeiyeh. Descending a path along the margin of the stream, we soon reach the plain, where two men are actually mending a bridge, the first time I have seen any attempt to repair either a road, building, or wall, since landing at Jaffa—a circumstance, although insignificant in itself, which is worthy of being noticed as a curiosity. A young shoemaker, proceeding to look for work, going like ourselves to Damascus, joins us, and proves to be very good company, whistling and singing all day long with the peculiar Arab drawl of his country. We are still within the precincts of the lofty Hermon, but as we approach Rasheiya, the mountains become steeper and the land is more encumbered with rocks and stones, yet the vine continues to grow and the mulberry to flourish.

When about to enter a village, of which I do not know the name, both our guide and the shoemaker wished us to avoid it, making signs that we are in danger, not only of being plundered, but even murdered, adding that these villagers are worse than the Bedueen. This may be a ruse to induce us to take a shorter or smoother road; but we continue in our course. We pass through the dreaded village, where we meet with nothing unusual; and, making all haste, we gallop, without drawing bridle, into Rasheiya. This is really a beautiful town, situated on the declivity of a hill, crowned with the Emir's castle, and contains a population of three thousand souls. On reaching a square near the bazaar, we halt, intending to make a few purchases, have a half

hour's stroll, and then continue our journey. Our muleteer, however, has taken it into his head that we ought to proceed no farther to-day, although it is only 2 P.M. He undoes the baggage, which we order him to replace ; then he makes signs that the horses can go no farther, that the next resting-place is four hours distant, and that the Druses or Bedueen will be sure to poignard or shoot us in the dark. The shoemaker, I am sorry to say, after all my kindness, chimes in with him, as do the greater portion of the Rasheiyites, the reason of which will appear directly.

Meheiddin had privately hinted that I am not only a wonderful Frank "hakim," but that I had cured him in one night, at Nazareth, of a grievous malady. No sooner is this bruited about, than a crowd of invalids and incurables surround me, exhibiting their sores, proclaiming their diseases, and crying for medicine. Ignoring physic entirely, I declare that I am no "hakim," and that even if I were acquainted with the healing art, no dispensary is at hand. Nevertheless, the blind, lame, and paralysed urge me to have pity upon them. One poor woman, especially, in the last stage of dropsy, draws from me tears of commiseration ; a mother urgently implores me to heal her child, who is afflicted with ophthalmia. This was the only case for which I prescribed, recommending frequent fomentations of warm milk and water,—the child's eyes, like many I have seen in Egypt, being closed up with matter, covered with flies and inflamed by dirt. While making the attempt to disabuse the minds of those around me, of the supposition that I was a "hakim," I observed a woman with a singular ornament, as strange as *bizarre*. Anything is said to become youth and beauty. This maiden had fastened to her forehead, and projecting from it, almost at right angles, a silver tube of about fourteen inches in length, five or six in circumference at the base, tapering to a point ; in short, a veritable metallic horn, over which was thrown a white veil. While gazing at this adornment, and thinking of the odd vagaries of fashion *in re* female decoration, I could not help concluding that this horn is no more to be laughed at than the nose-ring that I noticed at Gizeh, which the wearer had to lift with one hand while conveying food to her mouth with the other ; nor is either of these

more absurd, and perhaps less torturing or injurious to health, than the corsets and thin narrow-soled boots of my fair countrywomen, or the not less odd-looking apologies for bonnets that were worn a few years ago, and the spoon-shaped articles of head-dress worn at the present day,—proving the truth of the adage, “There is no accounting for fashion.”

Shaking myself free from the crowd, a person next presents himself shouting—“Antiques, tyeb!” showing a few beautifully preserved specimens of ancient coins, chiefly silver and bronze. The price asked was extravagant, or at least more than I chose to give. I purchase, however, a handful of the copper ones, the majority of them being of the Roman emperors. Our difference with Meheiddin not having been arranged, we agree to refer the dispute to the sheikh. Accordingly, going to the top of the hill to his dwelling, we present ourselves before the personage in question. He is seated *à l'anglaise*, smoking with two other gentlemen on what appeared to be the roof of a building, splendidly attired with massive gold chain, scarlet cloak—his narghileh mounted with gems. On being introduced, we are received courteously, the only difficulty being how to make ourselves understood. Meheiddin first makes his complaint; then my fellow-traveller airs his Italian, while I with well-timed solemnity elaborately unfold the written contract, uttering occasionally—*Questo è il contratto*. The unfortunate Meheiddin is rudely ordered to proceed at once, wherever the hadje wishes to go, and we bow in acknowledgment to the justice of his decision. Pipes and coffee are ordered, but we respectfully decline the proffered hospitality, on the plea of want of time, and taking off our hats retire from this *à fresco* court of equity. Apart altogether from the decision, I am astonished and pleased with the refined manners of the village potentate, which were those of a well-bred European. Indeed, I am convinced that our friend the judge is the Emir Effendi, a prince of the Shohab family, who occupies the castle above the town.

The “sook” may be styled an irregular mass of sticks and mats, the commodities averaging twopence each, but like other Syrian markets, is well supplied with sweets and dolls. Indeed, to sit and watch the little folk come to the “sook”

with their small coins to purchase lollipops or toys, was often a source of enjoyment. How their eyes glisten whilst they glance over the stalls ! mentally exclaiming, I have little doubt, as the boy remarked of the candy stalks, he could "lick every one of them." The habits and disposition of children are the same here as at home ; the boy's first wish and purchase is a mimic gun, a tin sword, a whip, or a horse, on which, if possible, he straddles off homewards. On the other hand, the little girls direct their first infant efforts to obtain a doll of wood and paint, or of more fragile wax. In this we see nature ever true, instinct unvarying, and childhood in every age, clime, and country, showing the same characteristics. How much may be learned of the aspirations of humanity from the habits of the little folk ! Bearded men in their wants and satisfactions are only children of a larger growth. Often, in observing the guilelessness, confiding sincerity of children, do I feel the truth of the Redeemer's words, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."*

Few Turks are seen, or at least few turbans are worn ; this district, like the last we traversed, being inhabited chiefly by Druses, or Greek and Latin Christians. The women of these mountainous regions are more than good looking ; indeed, have exquisitely chiselled features and symmetrically formed limbs. They have the same *penchant* for personal ornament ; these I sometimes inspected, which, with coyness and modesty, they generally permitted me to do, satisfying their own curiosity, in return, by examining the coins and jewellery attached to my watch-guard. Feminine beauty seems to improve towards the north ; the daughters of Jerusalem are fairer than their sisters of Egypt, those of Samaria excel the ladies of Jerusalem, while the maidens of Hasbeiyeh and Rasheiyah are fairer still. The dresses of the latter are flowing, half concealing their lithe forms and rounded proportions ; they have large eyes, black as sloes, keen and glancing, or soft and languishing, as passion moves or love sways. In others they are of an amber colour, seeming to kindle into liquid fire or melt into tenderness ; possibly the use of kohl contributing to intensify this

* Luke xviii. 17.

expression. The beauties of the East need not travel to the West to borrow the art of personal adornment, being already adepts in heightening and displaying their natural charms, although they have neither the cosmetics nor the training of their Caucasian sisters. Probably I am no judge in matters of this kind ; still I prefer nature in her simplicity, to art with its adornings.

There are in this district of Rasheiya sixteen villages, with a population of eleven thousand, which may be thus divided—five thousand Christians, four thousand Orthodox Greeks, six hundred Maronites, seven hundred Syrians, and a few Armenians. The Greek Church has nine priests, with seven places of worship ; four Catholic priests, with a like number of churches ; but, as in Hasbeiyeh, only one solitary Moslem mosque.

Once more in our saddles, we bid adieu to Rasheiya, its charming maidens and courteous Kadi, dashing along the rocky hill-side. Our mule-driver is in particularly bad humour, which he retains till I cry out, “Moy-ah ! Moy-ah !” (water, water,) he carrying the bottle. I ask him to drink with me, and present him with a bunch of grapes, thus managing to restore his equanimity. We are in the midst of a vine-growing country, the hills on both sides of the way terraced to their summits. Wherever there is soil the vine is planted, figs, olives, and mulberry-trees growing in the hollows and on the declivities ; yet amidst all this culture we do not see a single house or habitation, and during two days’ journey we have not met as many individuals. A man may travel a week in Syria, and, unless in the vicinity of a town or village or caravan, may not meet a dozen persons. We pass through two Druse villages, which, as on former occasions, our guide seemed afraid to enter, but we meet with no kind of molestation.

In one of these I catch sight of a weaver, busily preparing yarn for the web, by warping, as it is called, which was done in a very primitive fashion. He had pegs driven into the pathway, and the yarn was drawn out, thread by thread, to the full extent of the intended web ; in this he is aided by his wife, who assists him to roll it upon the beam. I also noticed a woman making cheese from goat’s milk, by

cutting up the curd, in order to press it, forcibly reminding me of home and its famous Dunlop cheese. The quantity of dairy produce in this country is infinitely small. The milk, is chiefly that of the goat, which is allowed to become sour and curdled, when it is called "labban," and eaten at almost every meal—bread, rice, and milk forming the staple food of the inhabitants. Our guide, on approaching or entering a Druse village or Bedueen encampment, invariably roars out "Eglees," by way of protection, which no doubt has the double effect of obtaining for us a little more attention, but an increased demand for bakhshîsh—nay, more, under the magic influence of the word, I have observed the contracted brow become smooth, the curled lip assume a smile, and the "salaam," or the kindly "maharba," called forth.

As a nation, we have risen within the last few years in the estimation of the Druse, because we sheltered him, in 1859, from the well-merited punishment he deserved, by throwing over him the ægis of our name and influence. Still winding through a country rich in vines and mulberry trees, we at length reach a few huts dignified by the name of Aiha. Here there are the remains of a temple, with large masses of hewn granite stones strewn about, and others still *in situ*; but as darkness is drawing on, the path wild and precipitous, and our guide entirely ignorant of the way, we hasten forward. Again we cross a succession of high rocky hills, sometimes creeping along a ledge of the cliff, where a false step would have launched horse and rider into the valley beneath. Not a living soul did we meet nor a sound did we hear to break the solitude of the wilderness. The evening is cold and chilly, still we scramble onwards, stumbling at every step, when at last, to our inexpressible joy, after being eleven hours in the saddle, we reach a sequestered glen named Rukhleh. Village there is none, save a single farmhouse or hut situated in the midst of ruins, the owner of which deigns to afford shelter to our exhausted steeds, not under a roof, for he had none to spare, but within his gate, a boon for which we are thankful, and gladly dismount.

The country we have just traversed is perhaps the wildest in Syria, in addition to which, the inhabitants are reputed notorious for their depredations on travellers and caravans. Purchasing some bread and milk from the gudewife and sitting down on a stone at the door, we make a frugal repast. Afterwards I went inside; the family were at their evening meal, consisting of boiled rice and milk, served up in a large tin dish placed on the floor, around which old and young were squatted; some used home-made wooden spoons, others limp pieces of bread, which they doubled up into a kind of edible scoop, with which they partook of the common fare; when the bit of bread became too moist it was eaten, and another scoop made; whilst two or three of them used their fingers without any instrument, like Malays or untutored Africans. The second course consisted of the "labban," already described. The family, with whom I passed an hour or two, comprised the farmer and his wife, two grown up sons, a grown up daughter, and a young hopeful of five or six years of age.

The charcoal fire was placed on the hearth or floor, behind a "hallan," around which we all sat, and I being a stranger, was honoured with a sheepskin for a seat. The apartment had no window, the only light being admitted by the chimney or door; indeed, had my host worn a Glengarry bonnet and kilt, I should have fancied myself in a Highland "shieling" near Aberfeldy. The rafters were black with smoke and soot, the people simple and primitive, and their Arabic as unintelligible to me as Gaelic. By using signs and a few words, we soon understood each other, and became familiar. I donned the farmer's "tarboush," and affected to smoke his *chibouque*, while he puts on my "wide-a-wake," endeavouring to look *à la mode*, to the infinite merriment of the housewife and the young folks. I was invited to stretch myself among them for the night on the floor, but having an inveterate and well-grounded dread of sleeping in a native hut or dwelling, I selected a snug corner among the ruins, and with my saddle for a pillow, slept soundly till 3 A.M. this morning, when I rose, thank God, quite refreshed, though I had only starry skies for a canopy. We had an early breakfast of

bread and coffee, the former, as usual, fresh and sweet, our "little bill" six piastres.

Tuesday, 3d.—This is, perhaps, the most romantic spot that I have yet visited. A circle of mountains forms a small basin, within which there are a number of rocky knolls; on one of these stand the ruins of the famed temple, which, for the size of its blocks of hewn marble, their numbers and excellent preservation, might satiate any ruin-hunter for his natural life. Scattered over and around the summit of the height, are many broken columns two feet and upwards in diameter, with plinths and architraves of twenty feet in length, averaging four to six feet on the side; one of them bears a Greek inscription, as if upon a shield—invaluable, I should suppose, to an antiquary; for every traveller, and every account that I have seen, ignores the existence of anything of the kind; yet here, forming part of the fence which separates the farmyard from the ruins, this treasure may be seen. In examining these massive blocks and huge columns, it struck me that such a thorough overthrow could only be accomplished by an earthquake, and not by the violence of man. No traveller visiting the district round Damascus, should depart without going to and inspecting this superb ruin; sleeping, as I did a night, among the broken shafts of this once magnificent structure, beholding a sunrise from the spot, and having a breakfast of goats' milk.

Yesterday's ride, though fatiguing from its length, and dangerous by reputation, was no less beautiful and delightful, from the beauty and variety of its scenery. The day's journey was begun on quitting Hasbeiyeh, by traversing a lonely glen; a succession of beauties followed as we ascended and descended the terraced, vine-covered hills, while valleys of fig and mulberry gardens supply an ever-changing panorama of indescribable loveliness. I now better understand Cowper's antithesis:—

"God made the country; man made the town."

Bidding good-bye to our friends at Rukhleh, we put ourselves *en route* for Damascus. Mount Hermon still hangs over us; the cold winds that come down from its icy summit tend

to moderate the temperature, which would otherwise be oppressive. Passing through a small dell, and keeping to the left of the lake, we cross a hill, and the ruins are hidden from view. An hour's riding brings us to a steep decline, down which we have to lead our horses. I could have spent a day in the gorge, botanising or geologising, for the strata of the rocks are tilted and exposed, so as to afford a ready means of tracing the footsteps of the Creator ; but inexorable time will not permit the indulgence. We now enter an extensive plain, and leave behind us the green hills and mountains of Galilee, which I may never more be privileged to visit. Mount Sunin, crested with snow, appears far away on our left, and a brisk ride of an hour and a quarter carries us across the uncultivated level, in which nothing but weeds, thistles, and lizards are to be seen ; yet this same plain, now lying untouched by plough or spade, might, if cultivated, yield food not only for Damascus, but for half the population of Syria. Reaching the hills on the opposite side, we rest for thirty minutes, supplying ourselves with water from some circular perforations in the flat rocks. Remounting, another half hour's riding, at a turn in the path, the plain of Damascus bursts upon our view. I gaze in amazement upon the scene, and with delight admire it. Not having beheld woods or well-watered levels for days, I may say weeks, I am the more entranced by the change, and simultaneously we shout, " Damascus ! Damascus !" Our route still lies diagonally along a range of limestone hills, so white that the glare is almost blinding, whilst the descent is so steep that we are obliged to walk our horses. In front is the fair city, encircled in living verdure ; and, sitting like a queen of beauty, she spreads out her suburbs towards us. The " Hauran " stretch themselves far away to the right, cloud-like and magnificent, presenting a *coup-d'œil* of unequalled grandeur, especially to the traveller direct from Baniās *via* Rukhleh. We pass, as it were, suddenly from barren, rugged mountains to a blooming garden ; from rude huts to a city of palaces ; from the solitude of the wilderness to crowded streets. No wonder that one is exhilarated by a transition so sudden, and a change so great.

Entering the woods that encircle the city, we actually came upon a made road, walled on either side with blocks of hardened mud and sun-dried bricks. The "Sultana" is overshadowed with trees, having, like the entrance to Cairo, conduits of water, diverted from the Barada, for the purpose of irrigating the gardens, and supplying the villas of the merchant princes in the city. Turning to the left, at three P.M. we enter the gates of the truly Oriental Damascus.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DAMASCUS.

THREADING the crowded thoroughfares, we make our way to the *locanda*, as the inn is called, situated in a narrow street near the great square. It is astonishing the quantity of travellers' luggage which is heaped up in the passage; tents, portmanteaus, saddles and bridles, lying about, literally in mimic hills. I am much pleased at meeting here the friends from whom we had parted at Hibbûriyeh. The *locanda*, however, is quite full, and the question is, where can we find quarters? I fall back on the counsel and assistance of Meheiddin, who, to his credit and my comfort, consents to aid me in the search. Beckoning me to mount and follow him, we pass through the square and down some narrow lanes to the outskirts of the city, near the Christian quarter, where, in a public garden, we are promised accommodation for the night. In the adjoining establishment there is an English traveller, whose dragoman informs me, that his master, a great Englishman, can neither be seen nor spoken with, except through some tortuous diplomacy. Not being anxious to form acquaintance with this by no means rare specimen of my countrymen abroad, I leave the great Englishman alone in his glory, moralising on some of the absurdities that attend John Bull *en voyage*, making himself ludicrous, by his exclusiveness, in the eyes of foreigners, and a laughing-stock to men of sense of his own country. To speak truly, my lodging is of a very humble description—it is little else than a garden tool-house or shed, situated in a coffee and smoking-place of out-door resort. It is cool, however, and when swept clean, that is, cleared of small vermin, comfortable enough. Whilst sitting writing, *al fresco*, at one of the

tables, a carpet is spread, on which a young man sits down and begins smoking his narghileh. I soon make the discovery that he is the son of the well-known Dr Meshakah, and speaks a little English. He gives me an invitation to visit his father and their mission schools, which I accept.

I make a short tour through the Christian quarter, but being afraid of losing myself in the crowd of narrow thoroughfares, which, either from the population being cooped up within walls, the requirements of business, or their habit of being much out of doors, are as crowded as Cornhill at noon, whilst the shops, in numbers and appearance, are similar to those of Cairo. Finding my way back to my shed, which, like public tea-gardens in England, has visitors coming and going out at all hours, so that from early morn to dewy eve coffee-sipping and tobacco-smoking go on uninterruptedly, I have an opportunity, and embrace it, of witnessing the *modus operandi* of narghilly filling, which is almost regarded as a science in the East. Mohammed, the waiter, whose whole duty consists in the making of coffee, and the filling and lighting of customers' pipes, is a clever little Arab. He proceeds as follows :—First, he cleans the bowl of the pipe ; then taking a certain quantity of tobacco—long practice tells him how much—he dips it in the running stream, and presses it well in his hands, then puts it into the pipe. The bottle is next filled with water, into which he puts a few rose leaves—the garden is one blush of Damascus roses—fastens the pipe firmly into the bottle, hands the tube to the customer, who is sitting waiting for it, as no one thinks of filling his own pipe. Mohammed, then, with a piece of iron, bent into the form of tongs, fetches a piece of red hot charcoal, places it on the top of the tobacco, takes a few whiffs himself to see that all is in order, and finally leaves the apparatus at the disposal of the smoker, who can now fume away and dream. Such, in brief, is the record of my first day in Damascus.

Wednesday, 4th.—Rising this morning from a hard clay couch, thank God, in excellent health, I make, in company with Mr Maury, my promised call on Dr Meshakah, from whom and his family we receive a kindly welcome. The outward appearance of this gentleman's house, like other Eastern

dwelling, is uninviting, having, towards the street, dull, dead walls, with iron gratings, or wooden-latticed windows. Entering through the outer gateway, which is opened by a servant in livery, we traverse a court paved with black and white marble, in which there is a fountain, lined with the same material, sending forth its cool and sparkling waters. Heralded by the Doctor's cavass, who is dressed *à la Turquie*, with sword and red morocco slippers, we are led into a large room, handsomely painted in gaudy colours, and laid with rich Turkey or Persian carpets; the Doctor, seated cross-legged on a crimson divan, receives and welcomes us. Coffee is introduced in small china cups, set in stands of silver filigree work. Upon a salver of the same material, narghillies are afterwards brought in. I make my first public attempt at smoking from an instrument of this description, and pass half an hour in interesting conversation, the Doctor's eldest son acting as interpreter. The subject discussed is chiefly the awful massacre of the Christians, in the danger of which our host bore his full share, his house being burned over his head, and himself severely wounded by a sabre stroke—the scar was still visible, and will remain on his fine forehead as long as life shall last—the blow being intended, he informs us, as his *coup de grace*. He and his family are Protestants, or rather Presbyterians. I may also remark, that the Doctor is one of the most learned of his countrymen, and author of numerous works, chiefly controversial. The Jesuits in Beyrout have found in Dr Meshakah a man of solid acquirements, sterling honesty, and great influence. We visit, with his son, the mission-schools, which are for both sexes, and in excellent order, the children tidy, and well attended to by masters and matron. The ordinary branches taught are Arabic, writing, and arithmetic. There are thirty-four boys present out of fifty on the books, and about an equal number of girls, who are educated in the same subjects, with the addition of plain sewing. The Sunday classes in connexion with these schools is superintended directly by the mission, the teacher of the week-day taking a part. The Scriptures form a portion of every day's lessons, but are exclusively read on Sunday. The Assembly's Catechism is also taught. In a word, the books, lessons, and subject-matter, together with the order and discipline, is

exactly that of a Sunday school in Edinburgh or New York. These facts were extremely gratifying to me, and must be to all who take an interest in the progress of the gospel, especially among the Turkish population.

I also heard satisfactory accounts of the Turkish missions supported by the Church of England and the Lutheran Church of Prussia. Though the number of converts be small, the amount of Christian information diffused is very considerable; whilst each convert, so to speak, becomes a centre, attracting by the influence of a godly life the attention of others, and radiating, from his godly conversation, a power which is better understood, and therefore appreciated by the heathen or unbelievers, than any amount of argument or reasoning. This admirable institution stands connected with the American United Presbyterian Board of Missions. There is service twice every Lord's-day in the chapel; the whole institution of church and schools is well attended. It is satisfactory to know, and pleasing to state, that both are prospering. Dr Meshakah's influence, together with the co-operation of the worthy and devoted men, the Revs. Messrs Robson and Crawford, seconded by the medical branch, and crowned with God's blessing, have gone far to secure success; and have tended of late to disabuse the Turkish mind of many prejudices long entertained, but now gradually giving way to a better understanding of the mission cause, and, at least, a respect for the men who, with so much zeal, diligence, and self-sacrifice, devote their health, strength, and income to this purely spiritual, though in many instances a thankless work.

That Christianity was early introduced into Damascus is beyond controversy. Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, immediately after his miraculous conversion, which is believed to have taken place a short distance beyond the walls of the city, first preached salvation by the cross of Christ to the Jews in their synagogues in this place. There must have been numbers converted under his fervid eloquence, and his holy desire to win souls to his Lord. These first-fruits would undoubtedly form congregations, which would meet in their own private dwellings, as was the custom in these unsettled and primitive times; yet it is just as probable they built edi-

fices, which they would consecrate for public worship by praise and prayer ; and these would be multiplied as the number of worshippers increased. We know that in A.D. 325, at the great Œcumenical Council of Nice, Damascus was represented by a bishop and co-presbyters. Still further, we know that Christianity, with varied successes, continued to maintain its ground until sometime in the seventh century, when the Cross waned before the Crescent. After a period fraught with many vicissitudes, the religion of Jesus was wholly obliterated, and Islamism, under the successors of the Omeiyades, became paramount. It might have been supposed, that the Crusaders, whose object was principally to restore the religion of the Cross, from their numbers and zeal would have succeeded ; but history proclaims the reverse. Damascus witnessed their cowardice in the field and base retreat from before their foes. During the last few centuries, Damascus has been, as the Moslems boast, a virgin city, shut up and unprofaned by either the presence or the power of an unbelieving Christian. This is so far true, especially the first part of the assertion. It was only lately, under the strong arm of Ibrahim Pasha and a detachment of military, that this city of the faithful was opened up to Christians ; the rage and fanaticism of the Osmani knew no bounds on the first entrance of Christians, and their murdering propensities were only restrained by the strong hand of the sword. It is pleasing, however, to observe, that since that period a better spirit is gaining ground ; for, except in the rabid outburst of 1859, in which the Druse more than the Turk was to blame, Christians, to all appearance, are respected and welcomed with as much cordiality as the faithful themselves. Travellers and dwellers of any country and creed seem to be as free to buy, sell, and domicile here as in any capital in Europe. There may be, as some of the missionaries seem to suppose, hate still rankling in the heart below this calm surface ; but of this I am very doubtful. I am of those who believe that confidence begets confidence, as love begets love. I have great faith in humanity and brotherhood, when based on the principles of equality, and in sincerity. Still further, few countries in Europe have made a greater advancement in liberal opinions and social progress than Turkey. A change has rolled over her government since

1854 ; and the wave of knowledge is every day rising higher, and consequently submerging the waste lands of ignorance and intolerance.

Damascus, as we have seen, has not been neglected as a field for Christian missions. Not only have the American Presbyterian Board, the Churches of England and Prussia, done their duty in this respect, but also the Presbyterians of Ireland and Scotland, who have active and zealous labourers in this interesting city. Each of these has Sabbath and week-day schools connected with the mission, besides machinery for circulating portions of the Scriptures and religious tracts. There are, however, other agencies more pretentious in appearance and character. The Greek Catholics especially are in strong force, having here two patriarchs, as many bishops, together with a host of inferior clergy ; the Latin Church is equally well represented, having two or three convents, and quite an army of Sisters of Mercy ; to say nothing of the Armenians and Maronites, who have also several churches, besides a convent or two. Unfortunately, bickerings, divisions, and hatred prevail to a wide extent, particularly between the two great rival sects of the Eastern and Western Churches. The unseemly strifes in the church of the Holy Sepulchre are a fair criterion of the feuds existing between the Greeks and Latins in Damascus, and indeed throughout all the East. What is to be the result of all this God alone knows ; there is one thing morally certain, that religion, that is, true godliness and charity, do not keep pace with either the numbers of the priests or the pretensions of the churches. Here is a fair opening for Protestant missions, and more especially to Christian Britain. The few men sent by our own, or other churches, are but a handful. However devoted or self-sacrificing—and I know they are both—they cannot work miracles. Though animated with an angel's love and a seraph's fire, they can do no more than flesh and blood. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few ; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."*

Thursday, 5th.—This forenoon, on introducing myself by card to one of the gentlemen of the American Mission, I am

* Matt. ix. 37, 38.

welcomed with a cordiality quite refreshing. He at once insists, though a perfect stranger to me, that I and also my friend should take up our abode in his house, a proposal to which we ultimately consent. I therefore gave Meheiddin instructions—having paid my bill at the gardens in the morning—to fetch away my baggage. He soon comes back, and informs me that the Turkish proprietor refuses to deliver it, without receiving seven piastres more, having, he affirms, laid in an extra supply of charcoal and oil, in the expectation that I would at least stay a week. I know, as the Orientals themselves say, this is all *bosh*, having only engaged the accommodation for one night, as my intention was to make an effort to find quarters somewhere in the city. The Turk would not listen to this argument, but asserted that he had expended seven piastres, in addition to those already mentioned, for oil to fry my eggs last night and this morning. Were this true, according to Cocker, the oil used would be something like a half-pint to each egg, as preposterous as Falstaff's ha'porth of bread to his quantum of sack. In this dilemma, there was no other mode of bringing the Turk to his senses, than by threatening to bring the whole matter before the consul. This at once settled the difficulty, and the luggage is released, which Meheiddin fetches to the mission premises, rejoicing in the success of his Englishman over the rapacious Mustapha of the pleasure-gardens. We are now safely and comfortably lodged under the roof of the Rev. Mr Crawford, who, kindly acting the part of our cicerone, takes us through the city to see its lions.

Few can visit Damascus without feeling themselves carried back to the remote ages of antiquity, knowing this to be the Aram Damesk supposed by Josephus to have been founded by Job, the son of Aram and grandson of Noah.* This royal city of the Hadads and the Hazael's, the home of Eliezer the steward of Abraham,† and the oldest city in the world, is beautifully situated on the south side of the Barada, standing due east and west. Not only does the street called "Straight," but most of all the others, run parallel with the river, a few others crossing at right angles. It is oval in form, and entirely surrounded with walls. The old castle which

* 2 Sam. viii. 6, and also 1 Chron. xviii. 6.

† Gen. xv. 2.

commands the city is near the west end, and abuts on the western boundary ; beyond that is the suburbs of the Meidan, extending two miles in length, with Salahiyeh lying on the hill to the north, the whole interspersed with beautiful gardens of olives and mulberries. The city, the political and commercial capital of Syria, is also a pachalic, and contains a population of not less than 200,000, including from 15,000 to 18,000 persons professing Christianity, that number being made up of Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Maronite Christians ; whilst our elder brethren, the Jews, constitute from 12,000 to 15,000 of the inhabitants.

Nothing rivets the attention more strongly than its commercial activity. The people seem to have abandoned the national indolence that characterises the Turk in the East. No one can walk through the crowded streets, or scan the still more crowded bazaars, without feeling that he is in a hive of human-industry. I have been so gratified with these evidences of trade and traffic, that I made a few inquiries, with a view to obtain an idea of the nature of the business transacted, and succeeded in gleanng the following details, which may be relied on as tolerably close approximations to the truth.

Numbers of the merchants have partners or correspondents in Europe, India, and in various Asiatic countries. The chief exports are silk, and the fabrics formed of that material ; there are 300 looms at work weaving silk and velvet tissues, 1100 dealers in these articles, besides 1000 who trade exclusively in damask and brocade, together with 170 dyers connected with the same branches of the art. The next manufacture in the order of importance is that of tobacco : there are eighty or ninety factories, many of them very extensive, in which the commodity is wrought up into cigars, or cut into the hay-like fibre suitable for the narghilly. Upwards of seventy coppersmiths are employed in fashioning pots and pans for culinary and ablutory purposes. The cooks number 600 ; and the city, with its fifty or sixty establishments, is as famous for its sweetmeats as Constantinople is for its confectionery.

With regard to the minor arts, trades, and state establishments :—There are seventy-one public baths. Butchers' shops

or booths, as also wheat and corn dealers, are very numerous ; coffee-houses as abundant as beer-shops in England. Farriers likewise are to be met with everywhere ; here, as generally throughout the East, horse-shoes consist of a piece of sheet iron covering the entire surface of the hoof ; it may be mentioned *en passant*, that the charge for horse keep is extremely moderate. Barbers' shops are absolutely ubiquitous, serving, as they used to do amongst ourselves, as lounges for the idle, rendezvous for gossiping, and emporiums of news, possibly also of local scandal. Omitting silversmiths, saddlers, and grocers, of whom I shall speak by and by in describing the bazaars, there are a host of armourers, who, although the Damascus blade has lost its ancient renown, have still "a local habitation and a name."

When it is borne in mind that this ancient city is situated far inland, it will appear surprising that beasts of burden were until very recently the only mode of conveyance used in carrying on the foreign and domestic trade of the country. Three large caravans, as they are called, depart at regular intervals to and from Aleppo, Mecca, and Bagdad. There is a weekly communication of the same kind with Acre and Tripoli, and another daily with Beyrout. The last named city—the port of Damascus—is connected with it now by a well-made macadamised road, constructed under the auspices of the French, on which a diligence runs either way daily, the fares being from 24s. to 28s.

Places of public worship of the national religion are abundant enough. Mosques are met with at the corner of every street, many of them handsome buildings, constructed of alternate layers of black and white marble—of that dedicated to St John I shall speak further on. Besides the Greek, Latin, Maronite, and Armenian churches, there are four or five convents belonging to the Franciscans, together with ten Jewish synagogues. The educational establishments of the city comprise thirty public and, it is said, three hundred private schools ; indeed, the last are as plentiful as seminaries for young ladies are in the Hackney and Clapham districts of London. The Moslem has only scant justice meted out to him, if we suppose he is either unmindful of the welfare of the rising generation, or the weightier concerns of his own soul. There

is no country in which the public recognition of God, and the voluntary support of religious houses or establishments is more liberally maintained, than in Turkey—that is, in the matter of mosques, priests, and educational seminaries.

Would that our churches and Christian philanthropists would turn their attention to this old city, around whose early history float so many scriptural associations! Within the circuit of these walls—probably near where I am seated at this moment—occurred the interesting episode of Naaman the Syrian and the little Hebrew maiden.* Within ear-shot of the walls, as already said, Paul was converted, and within them stood the synagogues where he preached that gospel he had previously despised. Damascus, too, is especially rich in its relations to Old Testament wars and history; whilst no city, Jerusalem not excepted, has its annals so interwoven with different kingdoms and dynasties, from the period of the deluge, down to the time when it was captured by the followers of Mohammed. It is also specially worthy of observation, that, notwithstanding the great changes it has undergone, it still occupies to this day the same site, and, what is equally remarkable, its original limits having, according to both tradition and history, neither increased nor diminished in size since it was first surrounded with walls. This is a most singular fact, that cannot be affirmed of any other city of ancient or modern times. Carthage and Corinth, Rome and Athens, Constantinople, and Cairo, even “El Kuds” (the Holy City) itself, have all in the course of ages been changed, removed, or decayed—nay, of some of them both site and ruins are lost. If any city on earth deserves the name of the Eternal, Damascus merits it. Not only is it believed to occupy the same limits, to retain its original configuration, but to contain within its walls about the same extent of population as in ancient times—that it is now as much a hive of industry, and a mart of nations—as young, active, bustling, and wealthy as it was in the epochs of the Arams, the Hadads, and the Eliezers, five thousand years ago. Hence the interest in visiting its ancient gateways, examining its crumbling walls, and studying its quaint buildings. Here, as well as in Jerusalem, is a field for the antiquary, the Bible student, the numismatist, and the

* 2 Kings v. 12.

archæologist—a field as deep, broad, and rich as any in the world. This, I have no doubt, shall be demonstrated when scientific exploration and research is begun in earnest in Syria.

This is not only the most Oriental city in the East, but where everything is thoroughly Eastern—the men, the women, the manners and usages, but especially the traffic and character of the merchandise. Cairo and Jerusalem are busy and crowded, but the population is so mingled with Franks, and their marts with European goods, that their Oriental character is lost, or at least adulterated; while here, on the contrary, all is purely Asiatic.

Moreover, the extent of the bazaars, the large amount of business transacted, the value of the commodities, and the money which passes through the hands of the merchants, is really something quite astonishing. The shops or stalls form narrow streets, and are generally covered in, to shut out the sun's glare and the excessive heat. Notwithstanding the many openings, the interiors are stifling. One is actually amazed at the variety of their contents. From the raw material to the highly-finished and artistic, there are novelties of every style for the wealthy, and second-hand articles to meet the means of the humble. Here, as in other Eastern cities, each trade or class of goods has its own street or quarter, such as the silversmiths, saddlers, silk mercers, tobacco-cutters, and shoemakers. These are so grouped and arranged together, that any one, without difficulty, who is a *vertuoso* hunter, whether in old coin collecting, or in the old armour line, may find both place and opportunity to indulge in his *penchant* to his heart's content or his purse's limits. In a word, the wealth and variety of goods, the richness of the fabrics, the cunning workmanship and rich designs in gold and silver ornaments, the different kinds of beautiful armour inlaid with Damascene work, together with entire bazaars filled with bales of silk, manufactured, plain, figured, and brocaded—with velvets, which for richness of pile and colour vie with, if they do not rival, those of Genoa; whilst the customers seem to be from every country and clime, and of every complexion—one stands still with surprise, as the array pass and repass, the dresses are so varied, exhibiting all the tints of the rainbow,

or rather of a flower-garden. There is the flaunting and sober, the strangely-formed head-coverings of fezes, turbans, together with hats of every shape, from the flower-pot to the sugar-basin. There is in the mass before me head-gear of sheep-skin, black, white, and purple ; the simple felt conical-hatted dervise ; the fancy-shawled Turk ; the Ulma, with white or green muslin turban, his fiery eye flashing from under the shade of its multitudinous folds ; the jaunty turbashed Greek ; and the richly dressed Albanian—the nether coverings of all being a hybrid between the European inexpressibles and a feminine garment.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WALLS, RIVER, AND STREETS.

ARMS of every conceivable construction and shape are to be found in the bazaars—muskets ranging from the short blunderbus to a barrel five feet in length, the ancient match-lock, the antiquated flint, and the smart percussion. In them also are daggers and poniards, both ivory and silver-hilted; swords and scimitars of true Damascus steel; yataghans and knives, from two inches to two feet in length. It is with difficulty I shall be able to describe the tongues spoken, howled, shrieked, and whispered. Babel, which is sometimes used as a comparison, was nothing, confusion in the plain of Shinar being only in its infancy; this is “confusion worse confounded,” and in its matured manhood. Here is heard the liquid, Italian-like Persic, spoken in perfection; and Arabic, scarcely less so; the dental, jaw-splitting language of Russia, and the broad, guttural Turkish, mingling with French, German, and our own sweet classic English. Suppose all these sights and sounds mingled with donkeys braying, camels grunting and moaning, men, women, and children shouting, and the crowd of people so dense that you require to force your way along in a narrow covered-in pathway,—and one may form an idea of a Damascus bazaar. Of these, however, I shall yet speak more in detail.

Damascus, like other cities in the Turkish empire, has not only city gates in its wall, but also at both ends of each street, and, for further security, at the entrance to each department of a bazaar. Those within the city, and in the walls, are all shut at sunset, excepting one which remains open half an hour later; each gate, however, has its “bow-wab,” who, upon payment of

a small bakhshîsh, will admit a wayfarer at almost any hour. The premises occupied by my friend and host are situated near one of the city gates, in a narrow lane among heaps of rubbish, unroofed and burned-down houses, the awful effects of the Druse massacre. Many of the dwellings are now being rebuilt ; but, unfortunately, the different individuals I have spoken to on the subject say the lull is only temporary, and that another outburst or onslaught may be feared or expected at any moment, and that the Turkish Government were not in earnest in punishing the aggressors and murderers in 1859, the chief perpetrators having been permitted to escape.

The Turk, I think, is too harshly judged by and from his antecedents, or condemned on account of the cruel and treacherous doings of his ancestors, for which he is in nowise accountable. I may be wrong in this estimate, as I have neither had the opportunity nor yet the means of forming so correct an opinion on this question as those who live in the country, who are in daily contact with its inhabitants, and therefore see and hear the different opinions and manifestations that a passing traveller could never become acquainted with ; nevertheless I still, with my present knowledge and experience, have unlimited faith in Turkish honour, and the omnipotence of the golden rule, "Do to others," *et seq.* Be this as it may, I cannot but feel that though the unroofed and burned dwellings may be rebuilt, the charred timber and rubbish in the streets removed, nay, the widowed mothers and fatherless children again placed in them, the stains of Christian blood washed away,—yet neither the rebuilding of the quarter, European sympathy, nor Turkish repentance, granting it were sincere, can recall the murdered dead. It would be wise in the great Powers of Europe to adopt measures by which Turkish fanaticism might be effectually restrained, and Druse or Moslem massacre rendered henceforth impossible, either in Damascus or any other part of the empire.

The mission premises are large and convenient, having a square court paved with black and gray marble, in the centre of which is a fountain of refreshing water. The ground floors of the premises consist of chambers and offices, with bed-rooms ; *au seconde*, the reception room is a tastefully arranged saloon, having also a fountain and divan

of different coloured marbles. Fountains, however, of pure water, being no rarity in this city, are to be found in every street, seen in every court, and met with in every dwelling. The rental for this large and handsome residence is only L.70 per annum; in looking at the conveniences, extent of accommodation, its beautiful and imposing appearance, the rent cannot be deemed extravagant, it being equal in extent to three ordinary London houses, whilst the ground on which it stands might afford space for one of the short metropolitan streets. House rents have risen within the last two years nearly fifty per cent.; the same also may be affirmed of provisions and clothing. I am also informed that a family who could have managed with L.70 per annum a few years ago, would now require at least L.200 to maintain the same style and enjoy the same comforts.

Friday, 6th.—I have the honour of being introduced this morning by my worthy host to Mr Rogers, the British consul, a very affable and gentlemanly person, who received us courteously. In accordance with Oriental usage, coffee and pipes are served. The consulate is a fine specimen of the dwellings of the upper ranks, arranged and adorned in the Oriental taste. The house is large and imposing, the quadrangle, which is very extensive, being paved with different coloured marbles, laid in a chequered fashion. The fountain in the centre is a magnificent structure, its waters falling softly and murmuringly into a spacious basin. The court is surrounded with an orangery, richly laden with golden fruit. The whole edifice is highly ornamented with white, red, and gray marbles; the ceilings painted white, and picked out with gold, having stars and arabesques running round the cornices forming ninety-nine oval or square cartoons, in which are inscribed short verses from the Koran, such as "God is merciful," "God is great," "God is good," "The dispenser of blessings." There are also two alcoves on the opposite sides of the quadrangle, a large reception-room, a study, bath-room, and "snuggery," the latter so elaborately finished with arabesques, mirrors, and gildings, that it would serve admirably for a lady's boudoir. The house, courts, fountains, and orangery, which I admire so much, are, however, not more richly decorated than others belonging to the wealthy merchants and gen-

tllemen of property in the city. The Jews, I am informed, have even still more palatial and expensively furnished residences than this. Many of the fine villas, seen in the environs, belong to Hebrew citizens. Were one inclined to be critical, it might be said these mansions are too highly ornamented. As regards the residence of the consul, it must be remembered he is not only living amongst Orientals, and has to sustain the credit of Great Britain, but that he is also bound, in a sense, not to seem inferior in the eyes of the natives to the consuls of other great Powers; he is therefore under the necessity of conforming with the display around him, although neither in keeping with our own Western notions of domestic architecture, nor his own good sense of quiet taste or English comfort.

It may be expected I should give a short description of the dwellings of the masses, as well as of the public buildings. The houses of the working population, and the class immediately above them, are small and inconvenient; most of them, indeed, are, from the nature of the material of which they are composed, in a rickety and ruinous condition. They are chiefly constructed of unburned or sun-dried bricks, in short, of mud without the intermixture of straw, consequently continually falling out of repair. Under a shower, the walls crumble, the flat roofs being composed of earth, which are only occasionally rolled, and are continually leaking. The floor, being neither flagged nor consolidated by beating, presents something of the appearance of a peasant's hut in Ireland; or, until a few years ago, a cottar's shieling in the Western Isles of Scotland. Where there is an up-stair apartment, there is considerable risk in mounting the ladder, for when ascended, one has to crawl with caution for fear of falling through into the chamber below. The outer door or gateway is hung with a clumsy door, having a large bar and iron knocker; the pavement is generally broken; every room, however, has its own separate entrance, intercommunication between rooms being unknown. The poor workman's home is both dirty and dark; and, where there are children, it is anything but a paradise. Nor is his better-half—I feel a reluctance to write the sentence—either clean or tidy, being generally dowdy, unwashed, and frowsy: hence her lord and master is often driven by these, and by her tongue, to the café in the

evening, just as his brother-workman in England is to the bar of the gin-palace. O woman! if thou really understoodst thy mission, thy powerful influence upon thy husband and his home, thou wouldst surely make the same effort to please, in adorning thy person, that thou didst in thy courting days. Why not put on the same smile; braid, curl, or wave thy black or sunny locks; arrange thy dress, and sweeten thy person, and thus retain thy husband's love for thee and for his home? The ordinary wage of a labouring man is from five to seven piastres (10d. to 1s. 2d.) a day; and the wages of artisans or skilled workmen, from ten to thirteen piastres (1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.) per day; watchmakers and silversmiths, eighteen to twenty-four piastres (3s. to 4s.) per day; while the poor weaver can only earn from six to eight piastres, or a little more than a common labourer.

The city is not only walled, but has also several gates. I shall only speak of two or three of the most frequented. First, that in the Jewish quarter, known as Bab-Shurky; which is in a ruinous condition. It originally consisted of three arches; the central is now walled up, the northern being the only one left open at this point leading into the city. The structure must have been at one period magnificent, and is still a good specimen of the Saracenic style.

Just outside this gateway is a large mound of rubbish, the accumulation of ages, from the summit of which there is a splendid view of the city and surrounding country; the former has the aspect of a plain composed of flat roofs, broken at intervals by mosques, minarets, and the green vacant spaces occupied by gardens and squares. But the object which chiefly catches the eye of the stranger or pilgrim is a long straight line, a Roman mile in length, extending through the city from east to west. This is the "Via Recta" of the ancients, or the street called "Straight" of the New Testament. There are evidences remaining, just within the gateway, of its former width; and the magnificence of the palaces which lined its length, and the comparative straightness from which it has its name, still give it the same effect as when Paul described and lived in it, nineteen hundred years ago. Rolling centuries only continue to throw around it an increasing interest to the

pilgrim and the Christian traveller. Ruins of ancient columns and arches lie scattered about, or are built into the adjoining gables of the rickety dwellings and antiquated structures that compose this section of the city.

We hasten down to the corner a few yards off, where tradition has placed the house on the wall from which the apostle was "let down in a basket."* This, I mentally said, may be the spot, and very likely it is; but that the house now existing is the same as that in which Paul lodged, and from which he made his escape, is out of the question. I must confess, as on other occasions, to have felt very little emotion, though standing on the ground so closely associated with the conversion and singular escape of St Paul; one's feelings are apt to become blunted, especially if frequently acted upon by what may be termed hypothetical legends. Still there can be no doubt but the street is the same, and probably this is the same steadying or foundation, and these stones may have formed a part of the domicile in which Paul tarried for three days, during which his eyesight was restored, and where he was consecrated "the apostle of the Gentiles."†

The next gate we visit, going westward, is called "Bab-el-Saghir," or "the Little Gate." It stands on the south side of the city, in the Jewish quarter, leading out to some fine olive and mulberry gardens. The structure is supposed to have been built during the Roman period; but the style is now of a nondescript character, from the numerous repairs and plasterings it has received in the course of ages. Beyond the garden is situated the great Turkish cemetery, where lie the ashes of some of the most remarkable personages in Mohammedan history; among others, the three wives of the prophet, those of Fatima, his granddaughter, and those of the mighty warrior, Moawveh, the founder of the Omeiyades. From this point a good view of the city is obtained.

Passing Bab-el-Jabyah, proceeding northward, we come to a gateway known as "Bab-el-Haded." This is the great western outlet of the city. Just outside is situated the Serai or palace, where numbers of soldiers are lounging and smoking. A little beyond the regal residence stands the barracks, although there are no longer kings to vex

* 2 Cor. xi. 33.

† Acts ix.

Israel, and, as of yore, to dwell at Damascus ; yet, being the capital of Syria, and the metropolis of Asiatic Turkey, it has a Pasha, who is not only governor of the province, but also "Emir-el-Haj," or prince of the pilgrim caravan. His pashalic extends to Petra on the south, and Hawah on the north. The city is also the headquarters of the Syrian army, and the residence of the Seraskier, or commander-in-chief. Adjoining the palace and barracks, immediately within the wall, stands the old castle, a large square building occupying a space of about 1000 by 600 feet. It is surrounded by a dry fosse, which, upon an emergency can be filled from the river, upon the margin of which it stands ; and if there be any faith in appearance, it seems impregnable, but on close inspection it is to be feared a hundred-pounder from a Whitworth or an Armstrong would lay it in ruins. It is doubtful by whom or in what age it was erected, whether under the Roman, Byzantine, or Saracenic periods : probably all three have had each a hand in it, as it bears evidence in its construction and style, of the three periods. The stones of which it is composed are huge blocks, simply hammer dressed, a few of them bevelled, as if belonging to an older edifice. Here Tamerlane, of sanguinary memory, exercised some of those cruelties which made him feared and hated while alive, and his name when dead pronounced with a curse. The entire locality, gate, river, bank, and castle, is a scene of dirt, ruins, rags, and tawdry ornament ; soldiers, stalls, and donkeys forming a singular and ever-changing scene.

Passing without examining two small gates, we reach that of "Bab-el-Salam," or the "Gate of Peace." Judging from its ruinous condition, it appears to be of very ancient date. It derived its name, according to the legend, from the Moslem never having been attacked at, nor made an assault from its portal. It stands in close proximity to the river bank, and is surrounded with cafés and a coffee-drinking population. Proceeding eastwards, we come to that of "Bab-el-Touma," "the Gate of Thomas ;" but who Thomas was I could not ascertain. This is by far the best specimen of the pure Saracenic architecture of any of the city gateways. It dates from early in the seventh century. Just outside is the French *dépôt* for 'buses and carriages, which run daily to Beyrout. How

strange the word "bus" or the sight of a carriage in Damascus! It is like a solecism; a cart, or a cabriolet seems to destroy the Orientalism of the city; indeed, one is half annoyed and chagrined to have their ideal Damascus broken in upon, and the Arabian-Night-like charm disturbed by the rumbling of modern wheels, instead of the soft measured tread of the camel and the pattering clink of the donkey; yet so it is. There are now, standing in groups, veritable 'bus drivers and conductors. These are the first wheeled carriages I have observed since leaving Alexandria. The river here seems broad, clear, and rapid, but branches out into a number of streams, and, reuniting, enters the city by an archway. The roads and bridges are here kept in excellent repair.

Following the bend of the walls, and passing the cemetery at a short distance from Bab-Shurky, we arrive at the Lazaretto, a large ruinous, nearly deserted building, which from time immemorial has been used as an hospital for lepers, and is said to occupy the site of the house of Naaman the leper, recorded 2 Kings v. We give it a passing examination—I must say for my own part with grievous misgivings, if not with incredulity; and yet there may be nothing after all in a city of little change to forbid the supposition. We did not make the entire circuit of the city, confining our examination to the east, south, and west sides, which may afford means for one to become tolerably acquainted with its size and form, as also of the old walls that surround it. To any one conversant with the Roman, Greek, and Saracenic arch and style of building, there can be no difficulty in at once concluding that in both walls and gateways there is something of each of these, and that they are composed of materials of some older period than either the Greek or Roman; large square bevelled blocks are to be seen, though often evidently out of place, and others still *in situ*. The whole are patched, repaired, and ruinous; tottering, and threatening to overwhelm the passer-by in their ruins. The walls may be from sixteen to twenty feet high; having, in many places, houses built upon them, which add to their apparent height, and affords an illustration of the text, already quoted, of Paul having been "let down from the window of a

house in a basket." Continuing our circuit we cross and recross the Barada, supposed to be the "Abana" or Pharpar of Scripture—a large rapid running river, carrying and distributing, as we have already said, the blessings of health and salubrity to every dwelling in Damascus. Issuing by Bab-Touma, and crossing the bridge at the omnibus depôt, we took the new French road and proceeded as far out as a *Wely* of some saint, where we ascend the hill, which affords a wide prospect of the city, the Houran Mountains and the Meidan, with the river, groves, and gardens that enframe and environ this queen of cities. At the base of the height the banks of the river is the promenade where the ladies of Damascus, with their children and servants in attendance, spend in summer their afternoons in pleasure or in pic-nic parties, gossiping over their domestic concerns, their love affairs, or the diseases of their children—in a similar way to their fair sisters of Constantinople, who there meet at the sweet waters of the Golden Horn. As Allan Ramsay so beautifully sang—

"How healthful 'tis to snuff the caller air,
An' a' the sweets it bears when void o' care." *

* The "Gentle Shepherd."

CHAPTER XLV.

BAZAARS AND CAFÉS.

Saturday, 7th May.—The streets and bazaars are a never-failing source of interest to the stranger. I must have another turn through them ere we start. The thoroughfares are crowded with camels, mules, and asses laden with merchandise or riders. No one but would admire these beautiful Arab horses with gaudy trappings, rich housings, and their expert riders. The streets, if that be possible, are more infested with dogs than even those of Jerusalem. Wherever the pavement is out of repair—and it is seldom otherwise—dogs or pups occupy the position, where they lie growling and snarling at the passengers. To say there are thirty or forty in a street is within bounds; to strike them might be tantamount to sacrilege, and would collect a mob round the offender; so it is best to give them a wide berth, and pass on. The prevailing colour of these houseless wanderers is of a light brown or foxy hue; were one, indeed, to judge from the sharpness of the muzzle, and the brush-like form of the tail, the conclusion would lead to supposing them closely related to reynard, whose character for cunning and voracity they are said to possess.

Out-of-door working is the rule in every trade and craft. There they are, in groups or in rows, as the case may be, with the needle, the awl, or the chisel, in excellent humour, each either singing—a favourite amusement—telling a story, bantering a comrade, or calling on the customers, as they did of yore in Fleet Street, when the “prentice lads” were trained to utter the interminable “What lack ye, me masters?” Nor is the usage extinct in our day, for we still hear the butcher’s lusty “Buy! buy!” “Come, lady, what’ll ye buy?” Although

the products be chiefly of the East, they are not exclusively so, for there is in this great mart the muslins of India, and of British manufacture, ribbons from Lyons and Coventry, Cashmere shawls worth from thirty to fifty guineas sterling each, with no end of Manchester goods, while there are whole streets of Birmingham and Sheffield hardware and cutlery. A young Turk or Arab, as soon as he is master of a few piastres, is tolerably sure to invest his savings in an English double-bladed knife. In every barber's establishment, from Ispahan to Alexandria, one is sure to find an English or a Sheffield razor. An article of this kind manufactured in Turkey is understood by the natives to have been made, not to shave, but merely—to sell. Often the question was put to me, whether a knife was “Eglees?”—if answered in the affirmative, it was invariably purchased.

No one can form any idea of the extent to which the precious metals are manufactured into ornaments without visiting what is called the Bazaar of the Silversmiths, a place which one would never tire of visiting. This branch of industry is, after the silk and tobacco, the largest of the varied trades in the city. This bazaar is of great extent, having a number of passages running through it at right angles. Being roofed in, it is both dark and dingy, whilst the smoke from the number of lamps and charcoal fires, continually in use for casting and heating the metals, render the place excessively close and smudgy. The noise is deafening, from the incessant clinking of hammers and the jabbering and singing of the workmen. The display of riches is enough to evoke a spirit of covetousness: gold and silver ornaments, nick-nacks, together with precious stones from Golconda, pearls from Ceylon, and malachite from Siberia. Each workman occupies his own little den, stall, or workshop, in extent not more than four feet square, upon which he has a hearth, furnace, tools, and a bench on the side. Facing the pathway, there is suspended a little glazed show case, in which are displayed trinkets and jewels in a finished form, from which one may select a ring for his sweetheart, or exchange his English-made watch for a French one; finger and ear-rings, with singularly-shaped brooches intended for travellers, are made in great abundance, and for which there is generally a ready sale.

Silk may be regarded as the staple manufacture of the pashalic, the mulberry-tree being extensively cultivated, and silk-worms reared in the villages and hamlets, from Hasbeiyeh on the south, to Lebanon on the north. This article of commerce, when manufactured, is exported to all quarters of the world, especially to Egypt, Persia, and the various states of Syria; whilst gold and silver, wrought up into jewellery, form, with tobacco, a large item in the manufacturing industry of the country. I took a turn to-day through the tobacco bazaar. To those who indulge in a "weed," or are cloud-compellers, as the Oxonians say, this quarter of the city must be doubly interesting. This manufacture, though it does not make so great a display as that of the silversmiths, has an importance *sui generis*, arising chiefly from the extent of the trade, and the number of persons employed. Were one to judge from what is seen in a single street, there is no commodity, either in Damascus or in the East, that can for a moment bear comparison with this luxury in commercial value. There are whole streets in which there is nothing but bales of tobacco, with scores of men engaged from morning to night in preparing it for the retail market. At every turn, you meet men laden with tobacco; everything smells of it, and apparently everybody smokes it. The use, or rather the abuse, of the article is so universal, filthy, and expensive, that it would have driven the royal author of the "Counterblast," if alive, out of his wits—that is, supposing he ever had any, which, according to some, is doubtful. The tobacco in the leaf is prepared by being cut with a broad knife, working on a hinge at one extremity, and wrought with the hand at the other, in the same way as hay or clover is cut with us. In juxtaposition with this is pipe-stem boring, but I have not observed the bowl manufacture anywhere, neither in Cairo nor in Jerusalem, although turning and boring the stems is carried on in almost every street. There is no mechanical contrivance used, such as a lathe, but the old Tubalite hand-bow and drill, which they manipulate with great adroitness and much ingenuity. A workman's tools are few in number, and these simple in form and primitive in construction.

Turning to another department, there are a number of men busy at wooden comb-making. The same rude and unskilled

appliances are here observable. The teeth of the *trap*, whether coarse or fine, are consecutively cut out with a small hand-saw, then filed and polished.—How different from comb-making in our steam factories! A short time ago, in visiting one of these establishments in Aberdeen, I was much pleased with the expeditious mode practised. At each fall of the lever, two combs are cut out, from one piece of horn. These, with a small amount of hand polishing, are ready for the market. In this way hundreds are turned out in the hour.—Whilst making, during my different visits, a few purchases, I was much amused to witness the wide range between the price first asked and the money really accepted, amounting in some instances to 200 per cent.; and no less curious to observe the time spent in higgling over some paltry bargain of thirty piastres. Let no traveller, who wishes to become a purchaser, offer more than a half or a third of the price demanded. Sit down, and smoke, and talk, if time be no obstacle to you—it will be none to the shopkeeper, whether Jew, Turk, or Armenian. You are sure ultimately to come to an understanding; chink the gold, or show it—the article is yours.

In leaving the bazaar, we proceed to the next lion of the city, a noble plane-tree, which grows in one of the public thoroughfares. I measured, and found it to be forty feet in circumference, magnificently gnarled and knotted, worth its weight in copper to the box-makers of Laurencekirk, or the well-known firm, the “Smiths,” of Mauchline. Some of the branches of this silvan monarch are the size of ordinary trees, and though still fresh and flourishing, it bears impress of hoar antiquity. At present, it forms the half of a cooper’s shop, spreading its branches over two streets. Threading our way through the lanes and bazaars, among patten-makers, tailors, and shoemakers, where numbers of boys are sitting in rows diligently stitching red and yellow slippers, morocco boots, and children’s *chaussures*, we pass through the *locale* of antiques, where the dealers were asking six or eight times their value.

We next visit the Great Mosque or Church of St John, which is truly a magnificent building, occupying, it is said, a quadrangle of one hundred and sixty-three yards by one hundred and eight. This noble structure is divided into nave and aisles by a number of massive columns of limestone and

granite. Within the edifice there is said to be a *Kubbeh*, concealing in a cave the head of John the Baptist. We had heard of a Greek inscription said to be somewhere visible on the outside, high up under the eaves, and therefore an attempt is made to gratify our wish to see it. From a tinsmith, who occupies a house next door to the sacred edifice, we obtain the key of a door that leads to the roof of his house, over which we clambered, and next "speeled," like sweeps, up an angle between two walls, crossing another roof or two, and leaping a chasm five or six feet in width, we reach the outer wall of the mosque, and here, sure enough, we beheld the object we are in search of. A portion of the stone in which it is cut is built upon, and plastered over, the parts still legible being the letters, A · I · N · N *zai · Ise*—to the effect that "Christ's kingdom shall endure throughout all generations." It is certainly strange that a Christian inscription should thus have occupied a place in a Moslem temple for upwards of a thousand years! We peeped into the interior of the mosque through a broken pane, and saw that the place was beautifully decorated. Rows of marble columns, supporting on arches a pulpit, or something resembling one; the floor covered with mats and bright-coloured carpets; while a number of devotees were on their knees at prayer. We return by the same break-neck way we had entered, rewarding the young tinsmith, our conductor, with a bakhshish of five piastres. This old transformed mosque has three stately minarets, one of which, two hundred and twenty feet high, is called "Madinet Isa," or the "Minaret of Jesus." The Moslems have a tradition that, at the last day, Jesus will stand on this place to judge the world, but that none except the followers of Mohammed shall be permitted to enter the paradise of the faithful. We need not go so far as Damascus, nor yet to the Moslem, to find out exclusiveness or detect intolerance. It is sufficiently rampant in our own land, and obtains to an unholy extent in our own churches. We have heard too much in our lifetime, of handing over creeds and Christians, because of some minor differences in ecclesiastical nomenclature, to Satan and the uncovenanted mercies of God. What strange things are done in name of religion!

No portion of the present building can be older than the Roman period; it is probable, however, that like our own St

Paul's, it occupies the site of an older temple ; possibly upon this very ground Baal may have been worshipped, as at Baniās and Baalbec ; as also the Syrian god Rimmon, from whose altar King Ahaz took the pattern, and upon which he burnt offerings.*

The cafés, owing to their purely Oriental distinctiveness, demand a passing observation. These establishments despise French, Italian, or English modes of external decoration, and internal display of mirrors, gilding, brilliant lighting, and fascinating black-eyed maidens at the bars ; here there is no effort made either externally or internally to attract custom ; a few rude benches and equally rude tables, some stools eight inches in height, the sitting accommodation simply twisted straw ; the lighting an oil lamp or two, of simple earthen ware, or if extravagant, a brass lamp, with two burners, hung by a cord. Instead of windows, the doorway, a hole in the wall, or sometimes a board knocked out of the partition wall, is made to answer the purpose. The establishment may be covered in with a few branches, or some old sacking, while, if an ordinary house, there is neither flooring nor ceiling, the walls as black as if japanned. Some of the most quaint are situated on the banks of the river, over which they project, so that any one sitting in them is half afraid that the whole fabric will be carried away by the stream. They are, seemingly, about as numerous as public houses are with us, and serve a similar purpose, that is, a place for idlers and others to chat away an hour, sipping coffee and smoking over the news of the day, the Damascenes having no *Thunderer*, *Daily News*, *Telegraphs*, *Stars*, or *Standards*, nor literary proclivities, but pass the time in gossip, or are amused with professional story tellers, for the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and kindred tales are as popular now as in the days of Caliph Haroun-Al-Raschid. These are at times interspersed, as I have had an opportunity of observing, with vocal and instrumental music, which is, indeed, the only expedient adopted to attract customers.

A "Singing Café" which I visited may be thus briefly described :—The outside has nothing pretentious or inviting to recommend it, being dark and dilapidated, with an open

* 2 Kings xvi. 10-16, and x. 18.

doorway, the wall pierced for two windows, in which there is neither woodwork nor glazing. On crossing the threshold, one is met at once with wreaths of tobacco smoke and the aroma of coffee, which partially destroys the strong smell of cooking going on in a back apartment. It is some time after entering, as the colliers say at the mouth of the pit, ere you recover your eyesight ; as the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, objects become more distinct ; a number of four-footed stools lie scattered as seats over the place, rude in construction, and execrably finished ; a bare, dirty, wooden divan runs along two sides of the premises, which may measure from twelve to fourteen feet. The ceiling and walls are as black as ebony ; the floors neither boarded nor flagged, but are composed of simple earth, worn into knots and lumps from the dirty feet of the customers, or into holes from bad usage, damp, too, with spilt coffee and saliva. In a corner on the left stands the hearth, four feet in height, where the cafidje, with bare arms and legs, having on a whity-brown apron, is busily preparing the favourite beverage for the customers, numbers of whom are sitting or squatting cross-legged, sipping the coffee and inhaling the fragrant Latakia, blowing the smoke through their nostrils in a state of Mohammedan bliss. On a bench in the right-hand corner, nearly opposite the entrance, so as to be conspicuous to the passers-by, sit two musicians, who are the attractions of the divan. One has a violin, the other an instrument resembling a guitar, which they keep thrumming, playing, and singing alternately. The guitarist is a lively, thin, wiry Turk, with eyes like coals of burning fire ; his face deeply marked and scarred with the small-pox. He seems to throw his whole soul into his subject. The strings are struck with a quill, which is attached thimble-wise to his finger, while with his left hand he adroitly manipulates the chords. His co-partner, the fiddler, is his antipodes in size and apoplexical appearance, being a wee, podgy, red-faced Arab, with a Greek fez and a greasy face, over which the perspiration flows from his pury exertions ; his voice, squeely in the upper notes, adding harsh discord to the nasal tones of his fellow-performer. The manner of the violinist was exceedingly uncouth ; his face was thrown into grimaces, and his eyes in a melodramatic style turned to the ceiling. If

the one sung with his whole soul, the other did so with his soul and body, contorting himself and his instrument as a *posée plastique* would represent agony, or rather the elder Læocoon, writhing in the death-folds of the Python. The subject-matter was, I am sorry to say, beyond my comprehension, but judging from the appearance of the performers, it must have been a love ditty, ending in disappointment or suicide. There was no applause given by the audience except an extra grunt, or a perceptible rapidity in the puffs from their chibouques or narghillies. The musicians were as grave as judges. Were it not for their unnatural yells, long-drawn twangs and contortions, they might have been taken for mutes at a funeral, sitting like

“Patience on a monument, smiling at grief.”

The Turks and Arabs are nevertheless, as a nation, fond of music, pursuing its cultivation and practice to a very considerable extent. It is not affirmed in these remarks, that they have either in theory or in the practice of this noble and elevating science, attained to a knowledge equal to that of the German or the Italian, or even of ourselves, but simply that vocal and instrumental music is not only widely known, but generally appreciated. Their ear for music seems to be correct, their taste less fastidious; it is pursued not only as a pastime and solace, but with the higher object of becoming conversant with its principles. The introduction of French masters and European airs is fast tending to the creation of a better taste and description of music than has hitherto existed in Turkey. Their system of time and notation is somewhat different from that used by Western nations, or at least from that common in Great Britain; each tone, so to speak, has three gradations, instead of two, as with us. This, of course, alters the whole scale of tones and semitones, giving a peculiar delicacy and sweetness to their melodies, while it renders their system more intricate, and probably is the true cause of Turkish music being deemed by us puerile and imperfect. Their melodies are generally plaintive, being chiefly on a minor key. This arrangement produces a soft and melancholy cadence, which, like the ocean's lullaby, the gentle sighing of the wind, soothes and pleases the soul. To me they seemed to have a

strong resemblance to some of our own Scottish airs, such as "Ye banks and braes," "The flowers of the forest," or "Auld Robin Gray." If I mistake not, they also chant or intone more than we do in our secular music, or, to speak more correctly, use what we understand by *recitative*, than which I know of no combination of sounds or harmony so fitted to soothe and lull the mind to peace, the soul to love, or both to repose. The pay of the two musicians was a pittance from the *caffidje*, and the chance of a few piastres or a cup of coffee from the customers,—similar to that of those unfortunate male and female performers who frequent low public-houses in Paris and London.

Eating-houses or cook-shops are plentiful ; boiled rice, stews, or maccaroni, and meat cut in slices and roasted on skewers, with scraggy mutton ; but, in all cases, good and well-cooked vegetables. The charges at these establishments are moderate ; a fair dinner, including a glass of sugared custard, and a pint of Greek wine, costing only from six to seven piastres. Hotel charges, however, are at this moment twenty-two francs *per diem* ; and a reputed bottle of Bass's ale cannot be had for less than two shillings.

Having "done" Damascus, as fast travellers say, we take leave of our dear friends, the Rev. Mr Crawford and family, under feelings of regret and of obligation. Heaven reward them. They have still further enhanced their kindness, and shown their forethought by loading us with cooked provisions, sufficient to last us till we reach Baalbec. We have re-engaged our old friend Meheiddin, and, resuming our journey, proceed through crowded streets, and the grand bazaar. Emerging from the city by Bab-el-Salaheiyeh, thence we go along a lovely avenue, lined with trees in full bloom. Traversing this densely populated suburb, we ascend a hill to the left ; and on reaching the summit, draw bridle, turning our horses' heads, that we may obtain a last look of what Jonathan would say is one of the "smartest" views "in creation ;" nor would this be an exaggeration. From the plateau is stretched out beneath us the entire city, in its whole extent, the wide, well-wooded, and well-watered plain ; the former half hidden in the dense green foliage of gardens and plantations ; its mosques, minarets, palaces,



HANOI, VIETNAM.

HAIPHONG, VIETNAM.

castle, and walls, in this clear atmosphere, are as sharply defined as upon the screen of a camera. Numbers of beautiful villas peep out here and there, like a beauty behind a lattice-work, concealing themselves amongst groves of pomegranates, citrons, and oranges. The silvan scene is beautifully varied in tint from that of the light green of the mulberry to the darker shade of the olive-tree, whilst the more sombre-coloured woods, shadowy like, stretch for miles, and mingle their darker colours with the more vivid green of the fields, as they seem to follow the meanderings of the life-giving Barada. Who could gaze on this Eden, this fairy-land, or enchanted, dream-like scene, without having his sentiment of the beautiful strongly roused? Well did poor, cruelly-used Keats sing—

“A thing of beauty, is a joy for ever.”

The words rushed into my memory—

“Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
My Maker call’d me, and I came.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE GORGE OF THE ABANA.

DAMASCUS, if it does not owe to the Barada its origin, it is, at least, indebted to it for its beauty and fertility, since it brings to it from afar its refreshing waters, that carry to the city and diffuse over the plain, as also to many happy villages, health, vegetation, and loveliness ; indeed, at no other place, except Cairo, are the marvels of irrigation so palpably evident in producing the *utile et dulce*. Naaman the Syrian might well exclaim, “ Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel ? ” * The country through which we next ride has an undulating-like aspect, and vegetation is sparse. There are this morning numbers of camels and donkeys going cityward, heavily laden with wood, cut and in planks, intended for rebuilding the burned houses in the Christian quarter. An hour and a half brings us to Dummar, a small hamlet, where we observe only two or three lazy-looking individuals lounging about. Taking the left-hand route, over some white limestone bluffs, another hour’s smart riding introduces us to a well-cultivated district of figs and olives, varied here and there with patches of Indian corn, giving evidences of hardy industry overcoming sterile and stubborn nature, and proving what man can achieve, when urged by necessity, or stimulated by love of gain. The scenery, as we proceed, becomes wilder and grander, the mountains rising to a height of 2000 feet ; the gorge, too, of the rapid Barada continues deepening and narrowing as we advance, the pathway at times verging almost on the dangerous.

Our route is still through a succession of romantic dells,

* 2 Kings v. 12.

precipitous wood-covered cliffs, presenting, at every turn, fresh points of view, ever changing, yet ever beautiful. Crossing a little plain, strewn on every side with vines and fig-trees, the whole enclosed amongst limestone hills, clothed with verdure from base to summit, we reach a few huts sheltered in foliage, clustering over the deservedly famous Ain-Fejeh, one of the main sources of the Barada. Alighting at the fountain, and fastening our horses to some trees, we scramble down among huge hewn stones built over the outlet, and gaze with no little admiration upon a river issuing in tumultuous uproar from some secret source, hidden deep in the recesses of the mountain; onward it rushes in its new-born strength, a foaming and dashing torrent, at least eleven feet in breadth, and from four to five in depth—more imposing, because of greater volume, than the fountain of the Jordan at Banias. An English party is resting—the same, I fancy, who were sealed up from contact with Europeans at Damascus; John Bull-like, we do not seem to see each other.

We spend an hour in this beautiful glen, examining its beauties, and endeavouring like other travellers to solve the problem of the source of this singular river, but are obliged to leave the question as we found it—that is, unanswered. There is an ancient structure built over the fountain, formed of huge square blocks of dressed granite, almost entire, seemingly calculated to defy the ravages of time and even the hand of violence. Within a few feet stands a large square building, the walls, like those of the fountain, constructed of dressed stones of the same massive character and material. This, whether temple or convent, has at one time been covered in; but at what age built, or by whom, it is difficult to say. The village El-Fejeh is composed, as already stated, of a few peasants' huts. The inhabitants, from frequent contact with Europeans, have picked up a number of French and English words, and, from the same cause, have less of that wildness and shyness peculiar to Syrian villagers; numbers of fresh-looking girls are out proffering us water to drink, bouquets of flowers, and baskets of fruit for sale. The gardens are in excellent order, the fruits choice and plentiful.

We leave this charming spot, where peace and plenty seem to have taken up their home, and Spring her permanent abode. The glen, the river, and the wood-clothed banks, have in their general outline a similarity to the How ford, near Mauchline, in Scotland. Continuing our journey along the right bank of the stream, the valley perceptibly widens, the verdure becomes richer with vines, olives, and mulberries, a fertility that owes its existence to the same perseverance which formed the terraces, and dug the canals from the river, thereby transforming land, otherwise a desert, into a rich and luxuriant series of gardens. After four hours' riding,—Meheiddin's time, that differs somewhat from Greenwich,—we pass close by two or three villages, enshrouded in sylvan beauty, the whole district apparently as densely peopled as the neighbourhood of Sebastieh. The Barada, there is no doubt, has attracted this population to its banks, and fostered these hives of industry, as London, Liverpool, and Glasgow are severally indebted to their rivers, the Thames, Mersey, and Clyde.

Riding still along the banks, our path, though lovely, is rather more circuitous than is agreeable to the weary traveller. At a bend in the track we suddenly come upon a crowd of revellers, who fill the roadway and are scattered over the hill sides, while numbers are amongst the rock-cut tombs that line both sides of the glen. This is probably some village fête-day, consequently all the crowd are decked out in their best. A few are carrying and waving small banners; while others are doing their best to extract sweet sounds from an instrument composed of reeds, of the following construction:—Two pieces of cane or reed, eight inches long, are fastened with twine, parallel to each other, having six holes in each for the fingers; while in the mouth-piece a tongue of reed is inserted, as in the clarionet. The sound produced is shrill and piercing. A single, but well-appointed horseman, with pistols in his girdle and lance in hand, takes up a position right in our path. On coming up, a parley is entered upon between him and our muleteer, in which the word *bakhshish* frequently occurs, but whether simply mentioned or actually demanded we could not make out; the reply must have been satisfactory, as the Arab moves

to one side and permits us to pass, without levying, as we had expected, a contribution.

A ride of twenty minutes more brings us to a sublime gorge or defile, through which the river rushes, tumbling and dashing its foaming waters among the rocks. The scene is truly grand. This narrow and precipitous pass is known by the name of Sook-Wady-Barada, or El-Goosh, (the Clift in the Rock, or Old Woman.) The channel is spanned by a bridge of a single arch. The rocks on each side are cut from summit to base into caves and tombs, while noble and majestic ruins lie scattered on the up-lying slopes. Upon the right hand there are a few old trees, probably oaks, with whose origin there is a singular legend related by Mr Porter, which may be thus abridged :—"The natives assert that Habid and Habil, (Cain and Abel,) the two sons of Adam, having the whole world divided between them, Habil dissatisfied with his half moved the stones which marked his division; Habil his brother, throwing them back, accidentally slew Habil. Habid, in deep grief, took up his brother's body, not knowing what to do with it, carried it about during five hundred years; but, observing, one day, two birds fighting, and one of them being killed, that the other buried it, Habid took the hint, and interred the dead body of his brother in the neighbouring declivity, and to mark the place, planted on the spot his staff, from which these trees miraculously sprang."

The tomb of Abel stands only a short distance above the hamlet of Kefr or Kebr-Habil. There must have been giants in those days, as this grave measures thirty feet in length; over a portion of it, a small dome-like structure has been built, to which pilgrimages are made annually. Masses of ruins lie scattered about, but present no feature of interest; except a number of empty caves, anciently used as places of sepulture. Not only this magnificent gorge, but the whole surrounding district, is closely associated with Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Jewish history. The Ptolemies, Herods, and Philips, emperors, kings, and pro-consuls, even Christian bishops, have all strutted a brief hour on this once celebrated but now desolate arena.

The history of this part of the country, together with that

of ancient Chalcis, which lies nearer Mejdel, is more closely connected, however, with the Roman occupation, in reference to which a few words of explanation may be necessary. Syria having become a Roman province, Ptolemy was appointed pro-consul of this and the neighbouring state, of which Chalcis was the capital. He was succeeded by his son, Lysanias, who for some reason or other transferred his capital to Abila, which he enriched with monuments, temples, and palaces. After suffering many vicissitudes, it fell into the hands of the Herods, then Philip the Tetrarch,* and finally, like some of our own pocket boroughs, it became a kind of family kingdom for any of the needy scions of the Herodian dynasty. It was during this Romo-Jewish occupation that the new name, Flavia, was bestowed upon it.

Ultimately, A.D. 634, it fell into the hands of the Saracens by an adroit stratagem. It seems that an annual *fête* or fair was held at Abeline, to which numbers of Christian merchants and pilgrims flocked. The Moslems, who had lately captured Damascus, went up mingling themselves with the strangers, and at a given signal, in accordance with a preceding arrangement, surprised and captured the city, taking no end of Christian prisoners; immediately after which the whole province yielded. This transaction, whether *fas* or *nefas*, having occurred under these circumstances, the district, more especially the gorge and hill slopes, derives its present appellation of "Wady-Sook-Barada" (the fair or market of Barada.) Having examined the site, ruins, tombs, and trees, together with this section of the remarkable glen, we proceed a little farther on to the bridge, where we dismount, and ascend the crags on the right hand, to the rock-cut passage, which has been a marvel to historians, travellers, and book-makers for centuries. The cutting extends upwards of two hundred yards in length, is twenty feet in depth, and twelve in breadth. High up on the smooth face of the rock, are two tablets containing an inscription, the letters of which are in good preservation, and intimate that this road was reconstructed under the Emperor M. Aurelius and Lucius Verus, at the cost of the inhabitants of Abelina, consequently the work must have been executed in the second century.

* Luke iii. 1.

We rest half an hour under these inscriptions, contemplating this scene of solitude, antiquity, and natural grandeur, the silence broken only by the roar of the water, or the scream of the eagle when disturbed in his eyrie. Cautiously descending, we remount our horses, and resume our journey through the ravine. The path occasionally failing us, we are obliged to take the river channel, the water reaching our saddle girths, and difficult from pools and slippery stones; but it happily reappears at a short distance. This is the second time since leaving Damascus we have been compelled to ride in the waters of the Barada. In another half-hour we enter the plain of Hebdany, which is seven or eight miles in length, and from two to three in breadth. We have now reached the water shed or summit level of the river, and are between the ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. The former, the more rugged, rises to the elevation of five or six thousand feet; the latter is about the same in height, but less stern and bold. If Jerusalem be the centre of New Testament story, and Palestine the cradle of legend, Damascus and the plain of Cælo-Syria, or the country between the Lebanons, is no less celebrated for similar scenes and legends, connected with the primitive history of mankind. According to tradition, Adam was formed of the red earth or soil upon which the city of Damascus stands.

Not only have we to-day passed the spot where Abel received his deathblow, but the place where his ashes repose. It is also traditionally surmised that, somewhere, too, up among these hills on my left, the Garden of Eden was planted, and that there it remains; as also that the cedars are relics of its ancient beauty and fertility. We have also passed close to the tomb of Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before the Lord." We are now opposite a small lake, said to be the highest feeder of the Barada; lying at a height of 1160 feet above the level of Damascus. The sun is throwing the shadows of the mountains far across the plain, while his oblique rays indicate the approach of evening; we therefore make haste in order to reach Zebdany before dark. Cultivation is not only well understood, but perseveringly and successfully practised; the plain, from the amount of acreage under crop, proving the industrial habits

of the people ; but the same may be affirmed of the arable land between this and Damascus.

Just as the sun is setting, we come upon a well-constructed road, with ditches, fences, and gates, leading to inclosed paddocks. It would seem as if Macadam, the colossus of roads, and Loudon, the landscape gardener, had paid a visit to Zebdany, leaving behind them not only a record of their appearance, but a number of apt and diligent scholars. Jogging along in the twilight, through green lanes between gardens, tired and weary, we at last enter the town, which contains a population of nearly three thousand inhabitants. Drawing up at a cottage, where our muleteer seems to be known, we dismount, and are immediately surrounded by groups of youngsters, who repeatedly shout "bakhshish" and "antiques!" a fair proof that Europeans and their idiosyncrasies are no strangers in Zebdany. Having determined not to tempt Providence again, excepting under peculiar circumstances, by lodging in a native hut, for the two special objections, vermin and bakhshish, I simply obtain a draught of "haleb," and rolling myself up in my rug, on the "lown" side of a dyke, under Divine protection, though exposed to wild beasts, robbers, and the piercing cold, slept soundly.

Zebdany, Saturday, 8th.—I am astir at 4.30 ; and while the horses are feeding, take a stroll through the town. Few places possess more beautiful scenery or greater salubrity ; the environs are one great vine and olive garden ; the mulberry is still more generally cultivated, to supply the demand for silk-worm rearing—this being one of the silk producing centres. The town lies embosomed in foliage, at the northern end of the plain, midway between the mountain ranges. The fruits of the perseverance, energy, and skill of the population are evident in the convenience and comfort of their dwellings, numerous cattle, and the richness of their garments, when contrasted with that of the people of the more southern districts of Syria. The great majority are Christians, or members of the Maronite faith. This being my natal day, (a strange, out-of-the-way place to hold its anniversary,) I most heartily thank the Almighty for His overshadowing protection and His kind providence, that has brought me so near the homeward turning-point of my journey. May all I have

seen in this land of marvels be made subservient to, and promotive of, my usefulness as a minister of the everlasting gospel!

After wandering nearly a couple of hours among streets and vineyards in quest of antiquities, and the lions of the place generally, I gave up the search, finding nothing of any importance, excepting two or three broken columns and square blocks, lying on the burn lip, at the southern entrance to the town. These formed for me, as I am rather stiff, owing to so much riding and exposure to the cold and night dews, convenient "louping-on stanes." The industrious habits of the people, and their comfortable circumstances, is a far more pleasing state of affairs to the eye of the philanthropist than all the ruins of Cælo-Syria. We leave, and ride along the west side of the town by the margin of the stream; passing a threshing-floor, which is simply a piece of well-beaten, uncovered ground, some thirty yards square, upon which the grain is strewn, and cattle driven over it; the process is also effected by rolling a machine drawn by oxen, appositely illustrating the text, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."* There are also on the same banks two or three grain mills, having over-shot wheels, driven by water, of which there is an ample supply. The morning being lovely, and spring in its early vigour, Meheiddin, now drawing near home, shouts, in the exuberance of his joy, "Mr Black"—"Tyeb!" or "Mosh-tyeb!" as fancy prompts him—my name and that of my companion being pretty well the extent of his English vocabulary.

We are still under the snow-clad range of Anti-Lebanon, and an hour and a half after leaving Zebdany, we reach Surghaya, a village situated among meagre-looking vineyards, evidently two or three weeks later in development than those in the valley of El-Fejeh. For the last half-hour the road has been execrable, the country uncultivated, and a cold, piercing wind is coming down from the snow on the mountains. In the village of Yahfufeh, near the tomb of Seth, the brother of Abel, I endeavour to obtain some milk; but none is to be had; so riding on other thirty minutes' distance, at another village I am more suc-

* Deut. xxv. 4.

cessful. At the entrance of this hamlet there is a small cemetery, where, dismounting, I sit down on a tombstone, while a woman fetches me some capital "scones" and "laban," for which I reward her with three piastres. Whilst enjoying my refreshment, an Arab leads forward his wife, making signs that she and I are "sowie, sowie." I fail, however, to discover the points of resemblance, she being red-haired, with only two front teeth. Indeed, this is the only blonde, or fair-complexioned person, I have seen since leaving France. The Arab must have meant that his better-half's complexion was more European than Syrian: hence, very likely, the interpretation of his "sowie, sowie."

The stream, along whose margin we are travelling, flows in an opposite direction to that of the Barada; whilst the country is now of a more hill and dale character. At the bottom of a descent we cross an ancient bridge, which, judging from its appearance and construction, must be of the Roman era. Next we ascend, by a tortuous path, a mountain bluff, on which there are a profusion of indigo plants, apparently indigenous to the locality, and traverse a series of land-locked glens, through which runs one of the main tributaries of the Nahr-'el-Kasimiyeh, or Leontes, the road everywhere bearing marks of having been for ages the great highway between Damascus and Baalbec. The two hour's journey that follows, is through a series of dells, gorge succeeding gorge, round elevated hills with precipitous cliffs—quarries, stones, and rocks lying in wild but picturesque confusion. The solitude is oppressive and awful; for, with the exception of a solitary eagle soaring in the sky, we see neither dwelling nor living creature; yet, strange! in one of the dells a strayed foal, probably owing to its loneliness, followed us a considerable distance; nor can we imagine whence it came.

Leaving these glens, the brawling stream, and the Wady-Shabat, we mount a steep ascent, on which we meet a caravan of well-armed native travellers, mounted on camels, mules, and donkeys. We salute them with the usual *Allikoum!* which is returned, each passing on his way. On reaching the summit, Meheiddin suddenly shouts, "Lebanon! Lebanon!" the highest point here coming into view, rising some ten

thousand feet. Reining up my horse, I gaze with pleasure, mingled with reverence, on the venerable snowy height, and find, that instead of its being a single mountain, it is the same group or range along which we have been travelling for days, this sublime peak alone surmounting the others, though the whole of the summits have the same appellation. My mind filled with this glorious view, I cannot refrain from exclaiming, "Truly thou art 'The goodly Lebanon!' well art thou entitled to be called, the 'snow-clad!' Thou upliftest thy hoary head and shoulders in white and unclouded majesty, not only excelling thy fellows, but even Jebel-es-Sheikh must bow before thy commanding crest: how much more thine adjoining neighbours, Jebel-Zaché and Jebel-el-Kuneiyiseh!"—which only rise to the height of 6860 feet.

There is now a perceptible difference in the temperature: yesterday we were so oppressed with heat as to be obliged to strip and hang our coats on our saddles; to-day we are compelled, in the teeth of a piercing wind, to wrap ourselves closely up in our rugs. The cause is apparent; we are now traversing a valley with snowy mountains on either side. Our guide, who is well acquainted with the road, embraces every opportunity of surprising us. Thus, at a turning, when least expected, he reins up, and, with joyful gesticulations, shouts, "Baalbee! Tyeb! Tyeb!" There, beyond dispute, stands, as if carved out against the clear blue sky, the lofty colonnade of the far-famed "Temple of the Sun." How solemn and singularly strange to see the magnificent ruins of a majestic structure standing alone in a bleak and dreary plain, between rugged mountain ranges, with neither city nor population, except the hamlet at their base! Their chaste proportion and conspicuous symmetry fill the mind with astonishment.

A sensation of awe steals over me, akin to that experienced when Jerusalem first burst upon my view; but, indeed, in the presence of any great work of art, or *chef-d'œuvre* of skill, whether in solitude or populous city, or amid the more majestic scenes of nature, the dense forest, the mountain height, the ocean, in calm or storm; a feeling is invariably generated within me, as if my blood had ceased to circulate, and I am left as if entranced. Such were my sensations

when those slender and slim shafts first caught my gaze, seeming to spring, as it were, from the solid rocks, resembling in the distance more the stems of graceful palm-trees, than the gigantic works of human hands; works, which neither time, with its obliterating influence, violence, with its rude shock, nor even the convulsions of nature, have hitherto been able to destroy. There are also some ruins on the summit of a hill to the right of the great temple; and, on entering the village, there is part of a huge wall, the blocks of which it is composed being larger than any that I have yet seen, either isolated or forming a part of a building.

CHAPTER XLVII.

BAALBEC.

ON arriving at Baalbec, without waiting for either guide or refreshment, I forthwith hasten off to the ruins. Traversing a few lanes and turnings, and crossing a small stream, I reach a tunnel-like passage under the temple and extending its whole length. Emerging, I stand awe-stricken and subdued before the Titanic fabric, so solid, vast, and grand; with child-like eagerness I clamber over prostrate columns, gigantic architraves, marvellous friezes, and monster pediments; nor am I a little surprised to discover that those apparently slender and shadowy pillars, which seemed like palm stems in the distance, average on measurement from six feet three to seven feet three inches in diameter, and are nearly seventy feet in height, whilst the entire shaft is composed of only three stones.* Sitting down on a column of broken granite, the questions naturally suggest themselves, by what means were these vast stones transported, and by what mechanism were they raised to their present position? Judging from the present inhabitants, their capabilities and dwellings, they are not for a moment to be entitled to the credit of designing, constructing, or even using so magnificent a pile; for of architecture they know nothing, and, it may be added, care less. An Arab would not pick up a stone to repair his broken walls, or, except under the impulse of dire necessity, mend the hut in which his family is sheltered. Completely fatigued by leaping over blocks of granite and marble, creeping through crevices, measuring columns prostrate or standing, and possibly also fagged by excitement, I am at length reluctantly compelled to retire.

* See Woodcut next page.

It is now dark, and I have considerable difficulty in threading my way back, not to my inn—there is no such institution between this and Damascus—but to the clean house of a humble Greek Christian, who lives in the outskirts of the village, which, for many reasons, we deem preferable to lodging in the convent. Some provisions are soon sent for and obtained ; the bread is made in circular pieces, a foot in diameter, and as thin as brown paper, eight of these costing only



a piastre and a half ; coffee can only be obtained in the berry—we have therefore to wait and take a part in the processes of roasting, pounding, and boiling. The evening is passed socially ; we endeavour to make ourselves agreeable by signs, smiles, and a few words of Arabic. Having now two or three hours' leisure, a roof over me, and a lamp, I am busy at my journal. We have this day traversed the plain of Baca'a, or Buca'a, the path lying chiefly among the spurs of Anti-

Lebanon; both mountain ranges appear to be composed of limestone and greywacke, with slate occasionally cropping out, the cliffs presenting the same porous appearance as the hills round Shiloh, Bethel, and the Kedron, having also deep natural or artificial cavities, probably ancient tombs, whatever may be the purposes to which they are now applied. The country, except here and round Zebdany, is almost destitute of trees, hence this part of the district has a bare aspect, not unlike the moorland of Galloway, where nothing meets the gaze but beetling crags devoid of flowers or shrubs, without plantation or village to relieve the eye. The landscape, therefore, being uninviting to an admirer of natural scenery, it will perhaps be better to say a few words of the past and present history of Baalbec, than dwell on the nakedness of the land.

This renowned city is famous, not only on account of its antiquity, but still more so, owing to its comparative preservation and imposing grandeur of the ruins which stand in its midst. It appears to me altogether unaccountable, that, down to the seventh century, no traveller, ancient or modern, makes any mention of these singular remains, that raise their heads like gigantic sentinels in the desert. At that late date, John of Antioch, in a passing remark, speaks of the erection of a temple in the valley of Libanus by Antoninus the Pious. Nevertheless, it is beyond all cavil, that Baalbec was a large and populous city long anterior to the Christian era. A thousand evidences rise up in this plain, and in these ruins, to carry us back to the days of Solomon; may not, as was supposed by Richardson, some portion, at least, of these remains be those of the "Baal Ath," built by the great king mentioned 2 Chron. viii. 6, as a "storehouse in Lebanon?"

On the other hand, it must be admitted, that there are many links wanting in the chain of evidence to prove satisfactorily the superstructure to be of greater antiquity than the Roman emperors. The Corinthian columns indicate a later date; but to any one conversant with ancient architecture, these Cyclopean walls, colossal monoliths, the Titanic proportions of the original design, taken together with this noble platform, indisputably point to an age coincident with, or ante-

cedent to, the Temple of Jerusalem, Tadmore in the "wilderness," and Palmyra ; nay, may even suffice of themselves to declare the edifice to be the "house of the forest of Lebanon."

But I am now under the shadow of this mysterious structure ; my mind is too much overwhelmed with wonder, and overcome with awe, to jar and argue regarding its age. There the works of hoar antiquity stand in grim silence. I am encompassed about by the mighty works of bygone ages, and in close communion with the past—I dare not say with the dead—for were I to give way to meditation, a very slight amount of imagination would re-people the ancient fane, re-awaken its slumbering echoes, and fill with life its deserted cells and aisles. Let me, however, proceed to examine the early history of this marvel of antiquity and chief of ruins.

There can be little difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion as to the object its founders had in view. Of its name "Baalbec," the first syllable "baal" is the Hebrew and Syriac "lord ;" the particle "bec" or "bek," the equivalent of "house." Again, "bal" is the "bel" of the Chaldeans, which has a more extended signification, implying the "God of Fire." The same root occurs in the Scottish word "bel-tane," (the "sun-time," or summer solstice ;) hence we may infer, that the fabric was dedicated to the sun or vivifying principle of nature, a hypothesis strengthened by the term "Heliopolis," (City of the Sun,) the ordinary Greek designation of the locality.*

As regards the site of the temple, the city and surrounding country, they appear at an early date to have fallen into the hands of the conqueror, Benhadad ; next, we hear of them as subdued by the Assyrians ;† eventually sharing the common fate of Syria, becoming first Persian, then Greek, and ultimately a Roman town and province. In the course of the eighth century, Baalbec was fearfully ravaged during the internecine wars of the caliphs. Again, at the period of the Crusades, it successively changed hands according as Christian or Moslem became master of the situation. About 1400, the district came under the sway of the Eastern Attila, Tamerlane "Beg," (or "the Great,") by whose savage soldiery the temple was dismantled, and the town laid waste ;

* *Vide Calmet, in verbo.*

† 2 Kings vi.

a calamity from which it never entirely recovered. In 1751, the population numbered somewhere about 50,000 ; but during the succeeding thirty years that number had dwindled down to 1200, whilst in the present day the dwellers on the spot do not amount to more than six or seven hundred souls. Having posted my notes thus far, it is now bed-time. My companion, Meheiddin, and myself, together with our hosts, husband and wife, two grown-up daughters—the eldest, “ Sitty,” or the lady, a fine Creole-looking beauty—the son, Antony, a youth fourteen or fifteen ; in a word, the whole household, lie down on quilted mattresses, with similar coverings, but rather thinner. These quilts, stuffed with cotton, are common over all Turkey and Greece. Thus committing ourselves to Almighty care, we stretch ourselves on the floor and fall asleep.

Sunday, May 8th.—We are up by six A.M. After prayers, and reading a portion of the New Testament, I am ashamed to record in what manner, at least, a portion of this Sunday was spent ; since it verged closely upon, if it were not altogether, Sabbath profanation. Might not I have attended service in the Greek or Latin churches ? This, for many reasons, was out of the question. Or, it might be said, Why not pass the day in pious meditation ? Why not examine and admire nature rather than do as I did ? It would be easy to form and frame an excuse by saying, Are not these ruins a manifestation of His power and goodness, in having communicated to man faculties capable of grasping, designing, and raising such a noble structure, erected to the worship of Himself ? This and similar palliations might be urged ; but the truth is, the temptation was not only strong, but my whole will and affections ran in the channel of compliance. I fancied the ruins beckoned me to come, and I yielded. This dereliction, like every other violation of the Divine command, was followed both by grief and regret.

Amongst the first objects, after having gazed and sated the eye with an external survey, is to enter within the temple's precincts, and examine more minutely its details. Let us suppose you emerge from the long dark tunnel a hundred and fifty yards in length, and reach a raised

platform of an oblong form, the level of which is often broken or interrupted by huge fragments, perhaps parts of temples of a later date, and of inferior size. Around this platform are a series of chapels, with alcoves or recesses, having beautifully-cut friezes, delicately-wrought cornices, and deep mouldings, the stone retaining not only its original French white colour, but its sharpness, the marks of the tool, and the smoothness of its original polish. The style of these, however, is less pure, being too florid, and evidently belonging to a late period in the Greek or Roman era, at a time when, beyond all dispute, the fine arts had degenerated. There may have been twelve or thirteen of these small temples, of which seven or eight are even in the present day almost perfect. I am at this moment sitting at one of them writing these notes ; and, supposing this one was never roofed in, there are only wanting the altar, the priest, and the votaries ; the god Helios, to whom it was dedicated, now filling the whole valley with light and joy.

In one portion of the ruin, as already mentioned, there are nine columns standing almost perfect, and in another six that are less so, the shafts invariably of granite, with the exception of two or three of red porphyry, the architraves, entablatures, and capitals are as a rule universally of limestone, the latter Corinthian, consisting of one block, measuring from seven to nine feet square ; the entablature surmounting the column is from twelve to fourteen feet, the whole forming a magnificent pillar nearly ninety feet in height. The question occurs, with what mechanical appliances were the individual stones of these columns raised, weighing on a rough guess, fifty tons each, to say nothing of the capital and entablature ? A corridor twelve feet wide runs the whole length between the walls and the columns of the temple ; the cornices are beautifully carved, the mouldings deeply cut, the frieze covered with garlands, forming a ceiling of cartoons and fretwork, each having an image in the centre ; the face of one I measured was fifteen inches in length, and from the bosom to the brow thirty. I also measured a few of the prostrate granite columns, one of which, though broken, is still twenty-two feet in length and seven feet in diameter, another twenty feet, smooth as glass, the joints so close as to

be almost imperceptible. But why attempt to describe what has been so well done by others? I shall simply add a few details of the more salient features of the ruins.

Clambering through a hole, I enter the "penetralium" of the Great Temple by a noble doorway twenty-one feet wide and forty feet high; the sides, each a monolith, richly and profusely ornamented with fruits, flowers, and ears of wheat; on the under side of the lintel, which is composed of three or more stones, (one of which has slipped,) an eagle with outstretched wings is beautifully sculptured, grasping in its talons the mythological *caduceus* or thunderbolts of Jupiter; the workmanship is delicate in the extreme, and as sharp as if only executed a few days ago, with the exception of parts that have been wilfully defaced by the vandalism of the Turks. This interior when entire must have been a gem. How effective its sculpture and lace-work tracery! There are rows of semi-columns along the walls at regular distances, of noble and graceful proportions, the whole overhung with rich architectural ornamentation. This *cella*, or hall, measures a hundred feet in length by seventy in width; when garnished with images, altars, and priests, it must have presented a *coup-d'œil* of elaborate design and grandeur. On ascending a spiral staircase a closer view of the columns and their Corinthian capitals is obtained, the cunning workmanship bearing the most minute inspection.

When extensive ruins such as these are explored without a guide, (generally my mode of proceeding,) one is obliged to poke and peep everywhere, and possibly much time is lost; nevertheless there is more satisfaction and silence for thought and study, and above all freedom from stereotyped anachronisms, and incredible legends; hence, among other queer places, I stumble upon what may be termed a suite of rooms, floored with immense flags, dome roofed, and in good condition, arranged in the form of a Maltese cross; the light is admitted by narrow slits in the walls, which are six feet in thickness, the whole built of large limestone blocks, averaging from ten to twenty feet in length, every joint and angle being as perfect as when finished two thousand years ago. The conviction forces itself upon me, in contemplating these evidences of antiquity, that the people by whom these temples were erected had the

religious element, if not pure, at least strongly developed, since the heathen honoured his idol deities, at least architecturally, much more than we do the one true Jehovah. The same principle is evolved in the erection of the temples at Dendarah, Carnac, Luxor, and Thebes, for the worship of Isis and Osiris ; whilst the Athenian acropolis, the Ephesian marvel, the Roman pantheon, and Baalbec's splendid triumph of genius, for magnificence, magnitude, and floridness of decoration, stand unrivalled and unapproachable. All of them exclaim—See how we honour the gods we worship ! Yet well do we know these deities were no gods. “God is a Spirit,” and seeing that “he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands as though he needed any thing.”* It is pleasing, however, to observe that a change is being introduced into our ecclesiastical architecture and decoration. The Dissenting bodies in England, within the last two or three years, have exhibited a tendency to improvement in the number of handsome structures they have recently erected within the limits of the metropolis ; nor am I aware that there is either less piety or earnestness of devotion in these new churches than when worshipping in barn-like chapels. There is nothing that I know of either in Scripture or reason forbidding the erection or use of a building chaste in design and moderately decorated for the service and glory of God.

Our churches might still further be contrasted with our dwelling-houses, but I forbear ; and conclude by affirming that Dissenters in England and Churchmen in Scotland ought to feel greatly ashamed of the barrack-like edifices they erect for Divine worship. Might not man copy, though as it were at an infinite distance, God's great temple of nature ! Adopting at least its chasteness of design and beauty of decoration. This great temple of the universe is lit up by the sun and moon ; its dome-roof, the blue vaulted sky ; its walls, the everlasting hills, draped and adorned with shaggy woods, glittering peaks, and dashing cascades ; its floor, carpeted with flowers of every hue ; its choir, the lullaby of the ocean, the murmur of brooks, and the melody of song ; its altars,

* Acts xvii. 24, 25.

Lebanon, Hermon, and Carmel ; filled, moreover, with prayers of gratitude and songs of praise arising from the hearts and lips of every people, kindred, and tongue. In this temple "not made with hands," there is nothing incongruous, paltry, or glaringly obtrusive.

Where I am sitting, columns, pediments, capitals, and architraves, are lying tumbled in indescribable confusion, occupying an area at least two hundred yards in length by a hundred in breadth. In the western wall, about twenty feet above the ground-level, are three gigantic stones of the following extraordinary dimensions : the first, sixty-four feet in length ; the other two sixty-three feet, and nearly thirteen feet square. These are supposed to have belonged to an older structure that occupied this site, and from which the temple had its name—"Trilithos ;" each of these blocks weigh from four to five hundred tons.

Not having visited or seen the ruins of Thebes or Palmyra, I cannot compare them with those of Baalbec ; if they exceed them in magnitude, solidity, and delicacy of workmanship, of which I am doubtful, they must indeed be wondrous structures ; most travellers agree in affirming that the ruins of the Temple of the Sun are the most noble in existence. What, after seeing Baalbec, are such modern structures as the cathedrals of Paris, Cologne, and Strasbourg, or even those I have yet to visit in Greece and Italy ?

"These ruins have been the wonder of past centuries, and will continue to be the wonder of future generations, at least until the barbarism of the Turks and the shocks of earthquakes have completed the ruin they have commenced." Though ancient Baalbec must have been of considerable size, judging from the extent of the walls—probably two miles in circumference,—yet the modern town consists of only a few crooked lanes without beauty or regularity ; and although there is an abundance of water, with an outfall, neither drain, gutter, nor cleanliness exists. No outward signs of wealth are manifest among the people, and as little of activity. Except a shoemaker's shop or two, there are no symptoms of industry ; nor have I seen a single market stall or indication of trade. The place, however, is not absolutely decaying, for a few houses have recently been built ; and even to-day (Sunday)

two are in course of construction, no difference being seemingly made between Saturday and the holy Sabbath. I am aware that this is the seat of a bishop of the Greek Church, who is supposed to superintend a few Christian families ; but I am equally aware that the inhabitants are under no restraint, human or divine. Like their prince, the Emir, they are a turbulent population, and may be catalogued as either thieves or murderers, as opportunity serves. Still, so far as I am personally concerned, I saw none of these lawless proceedings, nor did I meet with any rude behaviour.

This morning, the convent bells are ringing, and supply the only evidence of religion in this district that I have seen or heard. "Sitty," however, the eldest daughter of my host, before lying down, stood opposite a common print of the Madonna hanging on the wall, and, taking a cruciform piece of tinselled incense, set it on fire, and waved the fumes frequently. Whether she was inwardly praying at the same time, or whether this was an act of worship peculiar to the Greek Church, to which the family belong, I am unable to say. There is a striking likeness amongst the daughters of Eve in all countries. A number of damsels called during the day—in short, the house was never empty—amusing themselves exhibiting their veils, rings, and other trinkets, and without doubt communicating to each other secrets of a tender nature, the whole proceedings being accompanied with unlimited gossip. The inhabitants being chiefly Christians, the female population are, of course, unveiled, and are generally buxom, healthy-looking, and fresh-coloured ; yet there is something about these maidens actually repulsive. No woman, though she were graced with the charms of an angel, can be beautiful who is not clean ; nor lovely, however jewelled, if her person be unwashed, or her garments unchanged. If Juno, Diana, and Hebe lay upon fleay mats, slept and waked without undressing—in a word, if clothes smelt frowsy, and vermin had the same proclivities then as those of the present day—recommend me to an English peasant girl, or a Scottish herd lassie, in preference to all the goddesses of antiquity.

Monday, 9th.—We all start at the same hour from our quilts, which are afterwards stowed away in a recess ; the

good housewife seeming to take as great a pride in displaying them as industrious matrons at home do their feather beds. While the horses and breakfast are being prepared, I hurry over once more to the temple ruins; and like a Vandal or Goth—but no Vandals were ever worse than Scottish or English travellers—chip off a few fragments as relics, for my friends at home. On making a closer examination of the Circular Temple, which, as already mentioned, is a perfect *bijou*, I would infer, to judge from the style of architecture, that it dates from about the same period as the Great Temple. It was at one time used by the Greek Christians as a church, but has long been abandoned. I afterwards paid a visit to an old Mohammedan mosque, the numerous pillars of porphyry and granite of which all are standing except two. One of the doors has a semi-circular arch resembling the Norman style of European architecture, the floor is flagged, while a large fig-tree growing in the centre overshadows the dried-up fountain. Were the place re-roofed, it would be much superior to many churches dedicated to the worship of God in Great Britain. There are still many coins in the possession of the curious, a few of which I have seen, and some inscriptions that seem to suggest the Circular Temple to have been rebuilt a second time by the Romans, and used as a Pantheon or temple for all the gods. Now, alas! it is in the hands of the Turks, and, like everything Turkish, will soon be less than a ruin.

We pay our bill of sixteen piastres, and leave our hostess grumbling, which she would probably have done had we given her eighty. Mounting our horses, we throw back an adieu, perhaps for ever, to the City of the Sun. Our route lies across the plain of Buka'a, our destination Beyrout. Passing a little white "wely," we soon arrive at the quarries that lie on the roadside, and from which were obtained many of the huge blocks of Baalbec. I ride in upon my old mare, leap from her back upon a huge monolith, that has been visited by travellers of every age, and probably of every nation. It lies detached from the rock, one end slightly tilted, just over its natural bed, probably thus left to show posterity where such materials could be procured, and how they might be quarried; but, in the name of the five mechani-

cal powers, how were such masses transported? I have, with a pocket-tape, made an accurate measurement of this giant stone, and find it twenty-six yards and a half in length, and thirteen feet in thickness. It is strange, as remarked by another traveller, that scarcely any two agree in their measurement of this block or stone. According to some it is sixty-eight feet in length, fourteen in height, and thirteen feet eleven inches in breadth. My measurement, as given above, is seventy-eight feet in length and thirteen in breadth; this difference may possibly arise from French, Italian, and English lineal measures not being alike. The block probably contains from fourteen to fifteen thousand cubic feet, and weighs from twelve to thirteen thousand tons. "*Fortes, qui vixerunt ante Agamemnon.*"

The following table exhibits the dimensions of the great and smaller temples :—

DIMENSIONS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

				Length. Feet.	Width. Feet.
Steps,	50	188
Portico,	48	261
Hexag,	190	266
Quadrangle,	404	420
Perestyle,	280	160
Esplanade,	—	29½

Height from ground to pediment, 120 feet.

SMALL TEMPLE.

Length. Feet.	Width. Feet.	Height. Feet.
225	118	102

Vide Wood and Dawkins.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LEBANON AND BEYROUT.

WE are now jogging along the base of Lebanon. Jebel-es-Sheikh rises far away on our left, appearing, as it really is, only a continuation of Anti-Lebanon, while lofty Sunnin towers 9000 feet above us on the right. The first or western range of Lebanon proper is divided into three districts, of which that lying north-east of Beyrout, or the Kesroan, is 150 square leagues in extent, and is not only the most populous of the three, but also the true home of the Maronites. Some of the most impressive imagery of the Scriptures is derived from this magnificent range of mountain scenery. Its height, gushing streams, shaggy wooded sides, snow and cloud capped peaks, have furnished the sacred writers with abundant and suitable illustration for that which in itself is beautiful and sublime. Who could look, as I am this morning, upon these green slopes, furrowed ravines, and sublime peaks, seeming to pierce or support the heavens, without experiencing feelings of awe mingled with reverence; or who could dissociate himself from the many vivid descriptions and from the graphic imagery of the Psalmist, when, in bold *prosopopœia* that none but an inspired writer would dare to use, he speaks of the Almighty's voice causing "Lebanon to skip like a young unicorn?"* Better than ever do I understand and realise the words of the inspired and poetic Isaiah, "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering."† Almost as many sacred associations circle and float around its white and scarred crest and shoulders as hang over Carmel, Hermon, or even Mount Olivet.

* Psalm xxix. 6.

† Isaiah xl. 16.

Nature, though liberal in scattering crag, glen, and peak, has been niggardly in other respects—scarcely giving a handful of soil to the rock ; industry has, however, by labour and perseverance, converted the bare mountain slopes into terraces, clothed with smiling verdure and delightful foliage. The district vies with, and even rivals, that of Damascus in mulberry and fig-tree gardens, as well as in vine cultivation. Nestling among these cultivated declivities, cosily ensconced amongst the gardens, or sometimes perched among mountain peaks and beetling crags, comfortable dwellings, elegant churches, and spacious convents, are grouped in clusters. It may be said that the bells ring from morning to night, calling the people to mass or prayers, whilst monks and nuns are as plentiful as blackberries. There are monasteries on the range to the number of eighty-two, besides twenty nunneries, churches as numerous as there are days in the year, and, *mirabile dictu*, not less than fourteen hundred priests !

The locality, singularly enough, is, nevertheless, a complete hive of industry, the inhabitants boasting that there is not a drone amongst them. Not only are all busy, but seemingly happy, presenting to the eye a perfect Arcadia. Such is the community of Maronites, a Christian sect, that took its rise in the seventh century from a monk named John Maron, whose distinguishing tenet was monotheism ; his followers, however, submitted, in the eleventh century, to the great western schism, retaining some little liberty, such as, having the liturgy and service in their vernacular Syriac, and continuing to their priests the privilege of marrying or remaining celibates ; but in other respects they conformed and became devotedly attached to the Roman See. These Christians are found scattered widely over all Syria from Jerusalem to Aleppo, numbering, it is said, a quarter of a million ; the religious orders include about two thousand individuals, with the princely revenue of £70,000 per annum. They have also the privilege, subject to the approval of the Pope, of electing their own patriarch ; who resides in the convent of Kanobin, a few miles from the cedars, in a beautiful valley, but his power is only nominal.

The bread used at their holy communion is unleavened, and in the form of a small round loaf, with a stamp on the upper

surface, which portion belongs to the priest, whilst the remainder is "broken." The laity are not allowed the cup, but partake from a spoon. Like all other ignorant people, they are eminently bigoted, superstitious, and prone to persecution, having more than once driven the Protestant missionaries from their valleys; every glen and hill slope is sacred to the memory of some patriarch or saint. It is firmly believed amongst them that the garden of Eden still exists in their district, also that the grave seventy feet in length, to which I have already alluded, is that of Noah; and another near Deir-el-Kamir the veritable grave of Moses. To each of these reputed holy places thousands of pilgrims annually resort. More attention has been paid of late to the education of the young, which is almost confined to the Breviary and legends of the saints; but in the colleges for the priesthood, subjects of a higher range are taught. Travelling through the district, I have met with many members of the community, especially during the last five or six days, and have always found them hospitable and obliging. Although not to be compared with their enemies, the Druses, in organisation and wild ferocity, they are by far their superiors in the Christian and moral virtues.

As we proceed, the soil begins to improve, but there is not much to attract attention, except the primitive little ploughs of the husbandmen, drawn by a yoke of diminutive oxen, scarcely bigger than Essex calves, such as an ordinary Englishman, though not a Milo, might carry on his shoulders. It is with deep regret and disappointment I learn that we cannot reach the cedars, to visit which was one of my motives for entering the plain of Buka'a. We have ascertained at one of the villages that the snow on Lebanon being from six to eight feet deep, it cannot be traversed. It may be of use to travellers to know, that in the event of a heavy fall of snow the previous winter, the month of May is too early to cross the mountain from the east or Baalbec side. In the plain we are overtaken by an Arabian lady on horseback, attired, *à la* Rotten Row, with riding habit, patent-leather boots, and *bien gantée*, a strange sight at the base of Lebanon. She is accompanied by an attendant, who runs afoot; unfortunately she speaks only her own vernacular, and, like ourselves, is on the way to Beyrout.

We proceed in company, conversing chiefly by signs and a few words of Arabic, until we draw up at a stream in the plain of Zahleh, where, alighting, we come upon a group of French travellers, of whom we had heard at Baalbec. We rest for an hour to refresh ourselves. Meantime, the fair equestrian, waving her hand to us in token of a temporary good-bye continues her journey; and I rather suspect she was somewhat astonished, if not amused, at my style of horsemanship, as I showed, when urged by her to a gallop, unmistakable signs of kissing mother earth. This spacious plain, with its rich loamy soil, in a climate resembling that of Italy, its summer temperature moderated by snowy mountains, fit for growing either tobacco, cotton, or wheat, is almost in a state of nature, not a sixth part of its surface being under cultivation; nor is this at all surprising when we consider the unsettled state of the country. Bands of lawless plunderers at harvest-time sweep the fields of grain; and these depredations are winked at by the Emir; nay, not unfrequently perpetrated by himself, so that neither life nor property is safe in the district.

Our route now lies obliquely towards Zahleh, which we reach after six hours' riding. This is the largest town on the Lebanon, containing a population of ten thousand souls, and, like Zachleh, is remarkable for its cleanliness, having well-made roads, excellently-kept fences and water-courses; the houses exhibiting an air of respectability, the people well dressed, saluting the traveller with *Bon jour*, or *Bon soir*, as the case may be, in passable French, and representing all the amenities of a town in the south of France. There are now no traces of the late horrid massacre, the houses having been rebuilt, and the opportunity embraced of introducing balconies, verandas, glazed and hung sashes, and other European conveniences—all the more remarkable since this is one of the three towns that suffered most from the catastrophe. The French soldiers located here to check further outrage, according to the treaty entered into between the European powers and Turkey, are entitled to the credit of these improvements. The imperial army, like the Roman legions of old, have left evidences of their attainments in art and social comfort, in the shape of roads, bridges, and superior

dwellings ; indeed, it would be no ordinary blessing to the country were French habits and customs more generally prevalent in Syria.

The town swarms with priests, monks, and nuns, resembling in these particulars a miniature Naples. This district is another great centre of silk-worm rearing, and is consequently surrounded by mulberry-trees. I have noticed to-day a larger quantity of cocoons than I have seen all my life before, almost every house having baskets full of them out sunning on their flat roofs. The country is for miles in a high state of cultivation, spade or hand labour being mostly the kind employed ; it is also well watered by the rills that descend from the mountains. On leaving the town, a douanier, armed with a spear, with which he probes the luggage of travellers, meets us ; but what may be regarded as contraband, or what the officer was in quest of, I could not, from my imperfect knowledge of the language ascertain. Being Franks and English, we were allowed to pass not only without interruption, but whilst taking our rest on the green sward, are presented by the officer with a couple of cigarettes, and have a friendly chat, if we can call it so.

We proceed along a thoroughfare in which we meet numbers of travellers, mostly riding on donkeys and camels, horses being extremely rare. Land tortoises are frequently seen crossing the roads, passing from one vineyard to another ; and what is no less remarkable, there are within half a mile three dead asses lying in ditches, though, like Sterne, I had never seen the dead animal in all my travels in Great Britain, nor ever saw of a person who had. Doubtless they die with us, as well as elsewhere, but what becomes of them I cannot say. Towards the afternoon we reach another weary ascent, and on arriving at a plateau, sit down under the shade of Jabel-el-Kunciyiseh, and gaze upon the lovely plain through which we have for seven hours been riding, and which now lies spread out like a map under our eyes. The evening sun is throwing over the plain a tint that develops the varied shades, whilst the new French road winds through it like a brown serpent, the beauty and colouring heightened and intensified by the clear and transparent atmosphere ; the landscape forming a magnificent picture set in a frame of mountains.

According to some writers, as already mentioned, the Holy Land extended far beyond the sources of the Jordan, or Damascus ; they affirm that its true boundaries were situated in Cœlo-Syria, or at Rehob ;* but as no one knows where that city stood, the question is undecided. Without entering deeply into this matter, Lebanon, it may be said, shuts in the Land of Promise on the north, as Sinai does on the south. Since leaving Sabaste, some portion of this range has been less or more visible, so that an Israelite from Lebanon or Hermon might see the extremities of his native land. Many were the connecting links from history and association, which would draw his affections to the “goodly Lebanon.” From its slopes were cut those noble cedars of which beams and ceilings were made for the Temple, this giving the mountain, in the eyes of the Jew, a sacred character. Truthfully and beautifully Dean Stanley has designated Cœlo-Syria the border-land of sacred and profane history, the scene of the oldest traditions and civilisation of the world, and the meeting-place of all the religions of Western Asia.

The views from Lebanon extend over Palestine, as those of Mount Pisgah did over the plains of Jericho, including the valley of the Jordan. Genesareth, Tyre, and even Cyprus, gleams like a jewel in the Mediterranean Sea ; indeed, from no place in the world, excluding New Testament localities, are there either such antiquities or cities. In the words of an old traveller, “From this are seen woods and streams, mountain grandeur, and cultivated fields, together with villages and countless hamlets. The whole north of Canaan lies at your feet ; while there may be seen, in the distance, the hills of Saphed, the mountains of Moab, and the gorge of Leontes.” Before you lies the birthplace of the four rivers of Judea, Phœnicia, Antioch, and Damascus. It is the same prospect which gladdened the eyes of Balaam, which Ezekiel saw in vision, and the devil made to pass in review before our Lord in his temptation, the home of the patriarchs, the birthplace of Christ, the journeyings of Paul, and the battlefield of the Crusader. Its future, when Israel shall be restored—but stop—I am no prophet ; the future is God’s.

After having been ten hours in the saddle, we alight, stiff,

* Judges xviii. 28.

hungry, and weary, at a road-side khan, most uninviting in appearance, being simply a halting-place, where muleteers bait their animals in going to or coming from Damascus or Lebanon, or between Damascus and Beyrout ; the new French road winding past the door in a series of zig-zag inclines, the entire line being admirably kept. Although the toll is a mere trifle, so conservative is the Arab, that he keeps to his old tracks, despising all change, and ignoring all improvement, except when compelled to recognise them. Omnibuses, diligences, and trains of waggons for the conveyance of goods, run daily on the new highway between Damascus and Beyrout, another of the beneficent results of the French protectorate in Syria. It is now past sunset, but the stars are shining out with clearness and brilliancy ; flashes of sheet-lightning are frequent, illuminating the plain, enabling me to distinguish objects at a great distance, and revealing at times the snow-clad summits overhead.

I cannot help observing an opinion the Arabs generally entertain regarding the motives of almost all travellers. Nor is it easy to shake their belief that visitors, pilgrims, and all who come from Europe, are either merchants, spies, or searchers after hidden treasure. My muleteer has acted on two or three former occasions as guide to English travellers, and has now been nearly three weeks in my employ and society, consequently should know something of the customs and manners of Europeans ; nevertheless he still wonders as much as his less-informed countrymen why any sane-minded man should leave home, traverse seas, and expose himself to no common danger, besides fatigue, and the want of ordinary comforts, merely to hunt up old ruins, seek out and luxuriate over old carved stones, visit sequestered glens, and climb mountains, submit to being victimised in buying antiques, and be robbed by constant demands for *bakhshish*, in all of which he sees neither beauty, interest, nor profit. In a word, he, with his countrymen, has arrived at the conclusion, that I and others, if not merchants, are looking among the ruins for gold and silver, otherwise, that we must be insane, or else be spying out the country in order, according to a wide-spread belief, to come and take possession of it, driving Arab and Moslem into exile. It is in vain to tell

them of geographical problems, that have to be solved, unknown fauna and flora to be classified ; scientific investigations, historic associations, love of travel and adventure, of these they absolutely know nothing ; having no curiosity themselves, they cannot comprehend it in others. Travellers, owing to their eccentricities, tend to perpetuate and strengthen, rather than remove, the very general impression that prevails of our erratic and irascible idiosyncrasy. In a quiet corner at the back of the khan, under the shelter of a wall, I lie down to sleep, making myself comfortable, by using a horse's nose-bag as a pillow. Unfortunately, however, I was disturbed by the proprietor, who unceremoniously dragged the impromptu pillow from under my head, cursing me as Kâfer, Kelb, and Nusrany.

Tuesday, 10th May.—We rise at four A.M., swallow a repast of coffee and eggs, then leap into our saddles, and take our way up the mountain side. An hour's riding brings us to the snow and summit level of the range. Being now in a locality provided with made roads, men are stationed here and there to collect toll, or examine billets, a novelty in Syria, and somewhat costly, the tariff being five and a half piastres for each animal. Descending through some beautiful rocky scenery, the road skirts a precipice overhanging the gorge of the Nahr-el-Kelb, terraced from base to summit, and clothed with vines and mulberries ; scattered villages lie smiling in the valley, the declivity bearing a strong resemblance to the Alps at Chambéry. The rocks are so tilted as to expose the varied strata of the different formations. Coal was some time ago discovered, and to some extent wrought ; but the works at present are in abeyance. I could not help contrasting this barren country, destitute of trade, a sparse population, and almost without law, literature, or enterprise, with my own highly favoured land ; nor help drawing the conclusion, that Britain owes to her coal and iron fields much of her intelligence, enterprise, and political position, as well as her great wealth and manufacturing industry. What are the gold mountains and fields of Australia, or the gems of India, to the black diamonds and black bands of Newcastle and Glasgow ? To these we owe our railways, steam-ships, and much of the commerce which gives us eminence among nations.

Still descending, glen after glen opens up, revealing the Kelb, which leaps and runs as if impatient to reach the sea, that gleams in the distance, and laves the buildings of Beyrout, which, although twelve miles off, yet, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, seems only three or four. Though near-sighted, I can readily discern the windows of the houses. As we approach the city, having descended 6000 feet, gardens become more numerous, and we enter a long line of straight and level road, fenced on either side with the prickly pear. There are numerous cafés, having pleasure-grounds and platforms for music—further evidences, on this side of the mountain, of French innovation, influence, and improvement, the environs differing in these respects very materially from the entrances at Jerusalem, and other purely Syrian cities. In these you pass at once from the desert to crowded streets; here miles of country residences and thriving suburbs bespeak not only a large but a thriving population.

At one P.M., we enter Beyrout, and take up our quarters at the "Oriental." As my agreement with my muleteer expires at this spot, I settle with him for horse-hire and other expenses, giving him, in addition, a small bakhshîsh. It would scarcely be doing him justice, were I to omit mentioning two or three facts that came under my observation. Having, as already remarked, travelled without escort or tent, I have been more in his company than perhaps would be agreeable to another traveller. During the preceding twenty-four days and nights, we have scarcely ever been separated; he has ever been a faithful, steady servant, perfectly honest, and always anxious for my safety and comfort. Indeed, when supplies of ready money had run short, he lent me a few pounds for current expenses, and through an interpreter offered to hand me over fifty Turkish lira, (a gold coin worth eighteen shillings,) without any kind of guarantee or security, relying for repayment entirely upon my word. True, he has occasionally grumbled, and even rebelled, particularly when requested to depart from his accustomed route; but, as already mentioned, these storms soon blew over. If Meheiddin of Beyrout be a fair specimen of the Arab guide or muleteer, I have no hesitation in saying they are no less trustworthy than faithful, as well as infinitely less addicted to peculation and falsehood, than those of a similar

profession elsewhere. We part, so far as I am concerned, with a feeling of respect, if not affection, and I would confidently recommend him to any English traveller requiring the services of either guide or muleteer.

I take a stroll through the town, and am much pleased with its appearance and bustling activity ; the shops are well supplied with goods, and fitted up in the attractive style of Regent Street or the Boulevards ; the bazaars being almost as well supplied with merchandise as those of Damascus, and are so thronged, that it is with difficulty a passage can be forced through them. The streets are wide, handsomely paved, lined with rows of noble buildings and covered arcades, as well as ornamented with beautiful fountains,—evidences of a thriving and wealthy mercantile community ; its shops, crowded streets, incessant traffic, and busy wharves, being more like those of Liverpool or London, than a town on the Syrian coast. From the habits of the people, their enterprise, wealth, commercial activity, extent of sea-board, and being the port of Damascus, Beyrout cannot fail—having already secured the coasting and foreign shipping—of becoming the finest port in the Levant.

The present population is upwards of 50,000, of whom one-third are Mohammedans ; the Jews are supposed to number from 6000 to 8000, and there are from 12,000 to 15,000 Christians. I called upon Mr Black, banker and merchant, who has been thirty years in the East, and stands deservedly high in the esteem of his adopted countrymen. He kindly received me, and offered the services of one of his young men to act as guide and conduct me over the city. I decline, because I purpose devoting the short time I may remain in the place to the American and other Missions. I next call at the premises of the former, and am conducted over the printing establishment by Mr Hurter, who shows me the new founts of types, the folding and sewing-room, in which twenty girls are busily employed. I have also the good fortune to meet with Dr Vandyke, with whom I enjoyed two hours' conversation, chiefly on the prospects of the Mission, which are very encouraging. He informs me that a great number of popular religious works, such as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Evidences of Christianity," and

“Alexander on the Canon of Scripture,” have been translated into Arabic, printed at the Mission House, and met with a ready sale. Two steam-presses, constantly at work, not being sufficient to supply the demand, a third is being erected.

The Doctor also tells me, that the new edition of the Arabic Scriptures he is editing, and on which himself and daughter are at this moment engaged, is near completion, and will be a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind. Some idea of the magnitude of this splendid work may be formed from the fact, that one fount of type contains 1300 different characters, comprising initial, medial, and final letters, together with endless vowel points, arranged in this edition of the Scriptures by a mathematical scale, which, though not altering the sense, presents to the eye of an Arabic scholar the same perfections that an Elzevir does to a classic,—a peculiarity not possessed by any former edition of the sacred writings. To ensure accuracy, every sheet of the forthcoming Bible is submitted to the critical examination of some of the most learned among the Oriental scholars of Europe.

Those who know the Rev. Doctor will agree with me, that no man could be found better qualified for the task, having, perhaps, no superior in profound knowledge of Eastern literature and in classic acquirements. It is a pleasure to add, that he is as unassuming as he is accomplished, whilst his Christian piety is as widely recognised as his intellectual attainments. The responsibility which I know he feels is great. May God vouchsafe to him health and grace to see this noble enterprise completed, and his edition of the “Book of Books” fairly launched into the world! I cannot but think the present conjuncture highly favourable to the dissemination of the Scriptures in the Turkish Empire. The present “shaking of the dry bones,” and inquiry for the Bible in Constantinople, and a similar demand in Beyrout, as well as for religious publications generally, point to an issue which the churches and the missionaries are endeavouring to realise. The Church of Scotland, at the present time, with the American Board of Missions, have arranged to send to this town my friend, the Rev. Mr Robertson, as minister to the British residents, and also as a missionary to the Jews.

This port is now the rendezvous for mails and steamers, the

French *Messagerie* and Austrian *Lloyd's* calling alternately once a week, besides steamers from Liverpool and London. The situation of the town, when seen from the bay, is beautiful; while, for miles along the shore, there are handsome villas and gentlemen's residences, embowered amongst mulberry trees, interspersed with palms and cypresses. The eye wanders along the gorge of the *Nahr-el-Kelb* or Dog-river, which terminates at the base of Lebanon, bearing in some places a strong remembrance to the rock-cut passage at Abila; indeed, an existing tablet proves, that roads cut here were executed by the same emperor, and about the same date. The tablet, having reference to road-making, is not the only one in this magnificent ravine, there being no less than nine besides; some of which are Egyptian, and others Assyrian.

Built on a rocky mountain spur, running out into the Mediterranean, and perforated by sea-worn caves, Beyrout occupies the site of the ancient Berytus, supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians, and of which it may be said still to retain the name. Here Titus celebrated his father's birthday on his way homewards after the capture of Jerusalem. Further down the stream of history, we find the city captured by the Crusaders, under Baldwin, in the twelfth century, and retained by the Christians till A.D. 1300. The last time it appears in the annals of the world is when bombarded by the British in 1840, from which it eventually recovered. Taking tickets at the *Messagerie Impériale* for Smyrna—the fare, including board, second class, 191 francs, or something about eight pounds sterling—we nearly miss our passage, the dinner at the hotel, whether designedly or not, being late; we just got on board in the nick of time, the boatmen (the same over all the world) taking advantage of our necessity, imposed heavily upon us. Nevertheless, I felt thankful; my mode of transit is now more rapid and less fatiguing, added to which I have cooked food and the luxury of undressing and a bed, comforts I have only enjoyed three nights out of the three previous weeks. Deeply penetrated by, and grateful for, these mercies, I fling myself on my couch, and the night closes.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LEVANT.

THURSDAY, 12th.—At 6 A.M. this morning we cast anchor off Tripoli. Here we have our first meal on board; the viands are choice and abundant enough; being a French steamer, the breakfast is of course *à la fourchette*, and we have some fair clarets. We learn, however, that we are only to expect two meals a day, which is very different from the scale of dietary and wines on board the P. and O. Company's ships, consequently I look back to the fare on board the *Euxine*, as the Israelites did to the flesh pots of Egypt. Tripoli is a clean, handsomely built city, and stands on a small plain near a spur of the Lebanon, lying embosomed and embowered among lovely gardens—the foliage this morning is flushed with beauty. The population may number from 18,000 to 20,000. There are evidences of considerable trade in silk, tobacco, soap, and cotton; a goodly number of ships are lying along the quay, which is lined by extensive warehouses; the merchants are chiefly Jews and Greeks, with a few Turks. The houses and principal streets are built of stone, with some pretension to architectural effect. There is a colonnade and some arches, apparently of considerable antiquity, together with a castle, partly in ruins, dating from the Crusades.

This city at one period occupied a large amount of attention in the literary world, possessing a famous collection of Arabic and Persic manuscripts, which were copied and diffused throughout Europe and Asia. Unfortunately, the rude soldiery of Christian warriors, who composed the army of the Crusaders, had as much of the Vandal in their character as the Caliph Omar of Alexandrian memory. In obtaining pos-

session of the city, the Christian knights set fire to the library, and burnt 100,000 of its treasures. I cannot leave the place without sighing over its departed greatness. Now, alas! there is neither writing, transcribing, nor collating; nothing but trading, smoking, coffee-drinking, and almost universal cheating. The Turks, however, or rather the Arabs, can give us a Roland for our Oliver: if the Mohammedan ruthlessly destroyed 700,000 volumes in Egypt, the Christian signalled himself by the destruction of all he could lay his hands on in Syria.

Tripoli is not to be confounded with two other cities of the same name—one in Barbary, and another the well known city and state in North Africa. This, or the Syrian, is sometimes distinguished by the addition of the term *Tarablus*. Both names are, no doubt, derived from its having been formerly separated into three distinct towns, which stood at short distances from each other; and, in fact, El Mina, the principal port, is a distinct town from Tripoli proper. Numerous granite remains of columns and ancient walls may still be seen along the shore. It is the see of a Greek bishop, and there are also a few Roman Catholic priests. From its maritime situation and its commercial importance, most European nations have consuls resident at the port.

The weather is delicious, and gallantly we steam out of the bay and past the island of Kuad; the sea like a lake of molten silver. All on board goes as merrily and happily as a marriage bell; and, whether from sympathy in witnessing the pleasure of those around me, the pure air, the shore scenery, or because I have now my face turned homeward, I cannot say, but as the ship cleaves her way through the blue waters, my spirits become more and more buoyant. French is spoken at table; I have a chat in English, however, with an attendant of Lady Herbert of Lea, who is on board, and whose path I crossed at Suez, and of whom I heard at Baalbec. The coast is now almost invisible, as we are keeping well out to sea. At 1 P.M. we reach Ladikiyeh, or Latakia, the ancient Syrian Laodicea—there were two towns of the same name—where we anchor. The country around is tame, level, and uninteresting; it is also insalubrious; which does not surprise me, for during the rainy season it must be a kind of “dismal swamp.”

This ancient city, with a population of eight thousand, is in the pachalic of Aleppo. It was founded by the famous Seleucus Nicator, anterior to the conquest of Syria by Rome. Julius Cæsar once landed here, and the names of many other Roman worthies are associated with it. After many vicissitudes, it finally surrendered to the Turks in 1517. Like many other sea ports, it has an upper and a lower town, separated by gardens and detached houses, having little more than four or five streets, two of which run parallel with the sea-beach, the others at right angles. A few miserable shops, stalls, and some wretched, dingy, squalid coffee-houses, where numbers of idlers sit on rude benches sipping coffee, and smoking from morning to night, constitute modern Laodicea. The staple export of the town and district is tobacco. The harbour is a small basin with a narrow entrance; there is a ruined castle on an isolated rock, which probably at one period protected the harbour, and overawed the port. To appearance, King Cotton will soon divide the export trade with the "fragrant weed;" thanks to "Secessia" and her devotedness to the "peculiar institution." The upper portion of the town is almost a ruin from repeated earthquakes, to which this part of the world seems much exposed. There are a few mosques, flat-roofed houses, and an antique triumphal arch, nearly forty feet high, with some beautiful Corinthian pillars. The bazaars have much the same class of goods as those of Suez and Rasheiya, excepting cotton and tobacco; the latter is regarded, not only throughout Turkey, but in England, as superior to all other growths, bringing a higher price in the market. I smoked a few cigarettes of it, found them exceedingly mild, fragrant as new-mown hay, and as balmy as an evening zephyr; hawkers were selling this tobacco on board at three francs the ock (elevenpence per pound.)

We are, before leaving, boarded by a host of petty dealers, more than half naked, offering a dozen and a half of eggs for a piastre; barn-door fowls at a franc per couple; pigeons with feathery legs, and ruffs round the neck, at the same rate; fancy birds, fried fish, and roast fowls. These *pie pondré* merchants are sharp and keen in business. The tobacco for sale is well damped, and, I am informed, equally well adulterated. A bow-legged ragamuffin sells

the steward a basket of eggs; and, after getting the money, comes to me chuckling, and makes me understand, by flapping his arms, as a fowl closing its wings, that the eggs were addled. So much for this specimen of a Levantine merchant. Again the anchor is weighed, and we steam close along shore, which affords me an opportunity of seeing and admiring its varied beauties; some portions rising in rugged cliffs, generally well wooded, while the view is terminated by high mountains far inland. Night closing around us, at length blots out the prospect landward.

Friday, 13th.—The morning bursts upon us with exceeding loveliness, the sea still calm, reflecting the sun from its bosom, whilst not a breath of air ripples the smooth waters. We reach Alexandretta or Scanderoon, where we cast anchor at five A.M., and swing round. The Rev. Mr White, my companion, myself, and a young Armenian, go ashore in one of the clumsy boats. The port is, after all, insignificant, the town consisting of not more than twenty huts and a café, in which we had some sherbet and a narghily, spending the day together very pleasantly. Walking along the shore, I bathe at the mouth of a fresh-water river, afterwards we ascend a hill commanding a fine view seaward. The country is low and swampy, except a height resembling that at Latakia, the vegetation appearing luxuriant, but rank. There is no harbour, so that everything must be landed or shipped in small boats; it is nevertheless a coaling depôt, large quantities of the mineral lying in *bings* on the beach awaiting the arrival of the steamers. Judging from the quantities of cotton in store, and bearing in mind that we have been for hours taking bales on board, the plant must be extensively grown up the country. God, in His all-wise providence, “makes the wrath of man to praise Him.” This American war, though both a curse and a crime, may yet be “converted into a blessing;” Egypt and India are not the only countries benefited, for even Turkey has felt the boon to a considerable extent.

Cilicia, Cappadocia, Pisidia, Pontus, and Paphlagonia,—along which we are sailing,—are the provinces over which St Paul travelled, and where he preached the gospel of the blessed God. They are now cotton-growing districts; the capabilities of the country for the growth of the plant

being very great, it is not at all unlikely that cotton culture will soon become general ; and with a further outlay of capital, judiciously applied, a limit can scarcely be assigned to the quantity that might be produced. This, with other influences of a political and moral character, may introduce such a thorough revolution, as to make the country as eminent for future peace and tranquillity, as it is now for lawlessness and ignorance. We are steaming away, still close in shore, the land having much the same aspect as during the day before. Life on board ship is often very monotonous. I spend the evening writing up my journal. It is amazing, and at the same time painful, to witness the amount of precious time wasted by both French passengers and sailors over dominoes and cards. Throughout the day the crew, when off duty, are as intent on their games as if their life depended on the turn of a card. No sooner are enginemmen and stokers free from their charge, and washed or unwashed, than they are down on the deck deep in their beloved pastime. It is the same in the cabins, the only difference being that in the one case the cards and players are clean, and in the other they are not. On retiring to rest, the last thing I hear is some such cry as *Vingt-et-un*, and first that reaches my ears in the morning is probably *Le jeu est à moi*.

Saturday, 14th.—I have been buoying myself up with the prospect of visiting Tarsus, the birthplace of St Paul, the steamer having, this morning at 6 A.M., cast anchor opposite Mersine, the chief port of Cilicia, of which Tarsus, “no mean city,” was a Roman colony. But I am sadly disappointed to learn, that though Tarsus is only six or eight miles distant from Mersine, we cannot reach the goal of my ambition, as the vessel only remains two hours. To go and return in that brief interval would be an impossibility ; nevertheless I got ashore, and spend the time in strolling through the Mersinean bazaars, and it is so far satisfactory to have landed on this scriptural and classic ground. Whatever the town and port may have been in the days of the apostle, or whether the latter was a port at all, is not known ; to-day it is little more than a mean-looking village, built, it is true, with some little regularity, the “sook,” which runs parallel with the beach, being indifferently supplied with commodities.

There are quantities of cheese, and what I presume to be butter ; also barrels of salted eels, steeped in brine, as herrings are at home, and judging from their abundance everywhere, this must be a favourite food not only here but throughout Syria, ay, from Dan to Beersheba. Eggs are plentiful, and are sold at about twopence a dozen. Since I left Jerusalem I have not observed a bookseller's shop or stall, and there only one—a Bible depôt on Mount Zion. There are at least 400 horses collected in the place this morning ; on inquiry, I learn that they have been brought from the interior for shipment to Egypt, where, on account of the murrain, there is a great scarcity. The people, who seem to be wealthy, are well-dressed, their residences furnished in the European style, with green Venetian blinds, verandas, porticos, and neat little gardens—in short, displaying many evidences of comfort and industry ; they are chiefly agriculturists, and have some knowledge of European farming. It is strange, however, that though the town stands on the shore, there is neither fishing-boat nor other craft on the water. I sat down at the door of one of the cafés, and had a pint of Greek white wine and a cigarette, at the cost of a piastre and a half. I afterwards stroll along the beach, enjoy a refreshing bath, and return on board with a cargo of cotton.

The majority of the deck passengers leave us, the cotton taking their places on deck. We can form no idea in England of how respectable a class of persons in the East take deck passages on board the steamers, bringing with them their quilted mattresses, securing a place amidships, and keeping it, the rule being first come first served, nor will any authority be used to dispossess them of the places so obtained. The steward supplies provisions to the third and fourth class passengers—for there are four classes—at a fixed tariff, a good-sized cup of coffee being charged a piastre, a basin of soup, with a small plate of meat and bread, a franc, sufficient for a substantial meal. Among the new arrivals is a gentleman who has ridden across the country from Bagdad in the incredibly short space of thirteen days, which, I am informed, is at the rate of a hundred miles a day. A Greek merchant has also come on board, who has been twenty-four years domiciled in Manchester ; his accent is as broad Lanca-

shire as if he had been born in Oldham. I notice to day, in the hands of a passenger, a copy of the *Morning Star* of the 27th April 1864, the first English newspaper I have seen since leaving Egypt.

At Sea.—Sunday, 15th.—This is God's day. How soon the mind becomes dissipated by evil example and the lack of religious ordinances! Help us, heavenly Father, by Thy sanctifying grace and Spirit, to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The morning is calm and beautiful. We are steaming along shore—the Taurian mountains visible inland, with occasionally some very rocky coast scenery. During the last two hours, the snowy chain has been standing out sharp and clear against the blue sky. For another hour we have in sight other portions of the same range, but more jagged and precipitous, running down into spurs, and terminating in rounded knolls, the latter clothed with a rich carpet of vegetation. I spend a considerable portion of the day in reading the New Testament, the only book I have with me, and the best; there is no library on board, at least in the second cabin. The crew and passengers do not seem to make any distinction between the Sabbath and an ordinary day; indeed, some, from whom I might have expected better things, devote every spare moment to the games already mentioned, leading me to draw an unfavourable comparison between this ship and those of the P. and O. Company, or other English steamers, as regards Sunday observances. There is, it may be said, some allowance in this case to be made, the whole ship's company being, with the exception of myself and two other clergymen, Roman Catholics or Greeks, who look upon the Sabbath as a *fête*, or a holiday. We are now somewhere off the ancient and ever-memorable Xanthus, which has its source in the lower Taurian range; but the sun having set, we cannot discover the exact spot where it discharges itself into the gulf.

Monday, 16th.—At an early hour this morning we arrive in the ancient harbour of Rhodes. Running close in under the battlements, and the piers on which stood the great Colossus, we land at 6.30 A.M. The gates are still shut; so, like a parcel of school boys or children let loose, we run from place to place along the harbour. The cafés and wine shops are open, but both are as dingy as vaults; the furniture a rude bench or

two placed inside, and opposite the door, under the shade of some acacias that line the quays. The harbour is small, but in good repair, and bears some resemblance in shape to a capital E, the longest side forming the city wall, the two extremities projecting sea-ward formed the pedestals upon which the renowned figure stood. The port is constructed of huge blocks of black basalt. There are riding at anchor in the harbour, which is two to three fathoms deep, from thirty to forty small craft, averaging from twelve to twenty tons burthen; these form the entire shipping of this ancient port and city, once the principal harbour and strongest fortress of the Turks.

The island was, at one period, what Britain now claims to be, Mistress of the Seas, and the Rhodian law was recognised by the Romans as their *vade mecum* in maritime affairs. How are the mighty fallen! How changed, both commercially and politically, nay physically, from the times of the Crusaders, when Rhodes may be said to have given laws to the world! There are not now more than thirty thousand Greeks and Turks in the whole island. For centuries no trace has been seen of the Colossus; this singular figure, familiar to every reader as one of the seven wonders of the world, formerly stood over and bestrode the mouth of the harbour, then fifty fathoms wide, while ships passed in and out between its legs. It held in one hand a light for the guidance of mariners, its face representing the sun, to whom it was dedicated, its height being one hundred and thirty-five feet. The fate of this work of art was extremely ignominious. After existing for some centuries it was overthrown by an earthquake, and it lay on the ground shattered for nearly a similar length of time, till the Turks, on capturing the island from the Knights of St John, sold the fragments of brass to a Jew dealer in old metal.

The gate now creaks and opens on its rusty hinges, for everything here is going to decay. On being admitted, we turn to the right, and are soon beset with guides pressing their services, in bad English, French, Italian, and other tongues of which I have no idea. We select one, and hasten up the broad staircase-like street, where almost every house has sculptured on its front a marble shield or coat of arms of the knights

templars, in which are inscribed the most illustrious names of England and France in mediæval times; but the impatience of our party prevented me from transcribing the characters or translating their purport. At the top of the street are the remains of the great church of St John, overthrown by a recent earthquake. We clamber over the ruins, amazed at their magnitude; there are, however, no traces left on them of their Christian origin, these having probably been obliterated by the Turks when the structure was converted into a mosque. Emerging by a gateway, having a drawbridge and fosse, at which there is a guardhouse with a few Turkish soldiers, we run down to the ancient mole, now a mere jumble of large hewn stones, and return by the same route through the market-place, in which there is a quaint old fountain, but, like the city walls that no longer protect, it has ceased its functions. Passing through another of the gateways, I observe in a niche a statue of the Apostle Paul.

The city of Rhodes was in early times a place of great strength, and being surrounded with walls and bastions, armed with cannon, it has still a formidable appearance; but, *tempora mutantur!* its strength and importance may be summed up in the single word *fuimus*. Lovely gardens are scattered about, more especially in the upper section of the town, which throw a charm over it, tending to conceal its defects and heighten its beauties. The landscape around is fine, rich in the foliage of vines, with fences of the prickly pear, or cacti, large in size; while the mountains of Pamphylia, in the distance, crested with snow, form altogether a magnificent picture. The best view of the city is that from the bay, where its mosques, minarets, and the extensive ruins of the old cathedral, the walls, and the peculiar tint of the stones of which the houses are built, leave an impression on the mind not easily effaced.

Although Cos claims the honour, yet Rhodes may be regarded as the birthplace of Apelles, the first of painters; and of another greater than he, so far as humanity is concerned, Hippocrates, prince of the godlike art of healing—and, if I mistake not, there was also here a temple dedicated to Æsculapius. Rhodes has had as many different masters as there are letters in her name. She has been governed as a kingdom, stood

high, and made her influence felt as a republic ; afterwards, dwarfed into a province, she became subject to the Macedonians under Alexander. Then she sunk into a Roman appanage, was subsequently held by the Saracen, and is now in the hands of the Turk. She also stood first in the scale of education at the period of the Roman Republic ; here Cicero and Tiberius Cæsar studied, and subsequently Eben-Ezra, chief of Jewish commentators, lived and taught. We must now hasten on board, the bell rings lustily calling us off. The steamer “moves a-head,” and soon the island fades from our vision, descending, as it were, into the depths of the sea.

After steaming some time, we arrive off Scio, capital of the island of the same name. The town lies basking and bathed in one of those glorious sunsets, which are nowhere so rich or so beautiful as among the isles of Greece. Scio is a lovely place, and though now almost a ruin, is fast rising from its ashes. It occupies the arc of a circle, surrounded with high, bold hills, and shelving rocks, clothed in luxuriant foliage. Formerly it must have been a place of considerable strength, but is now simply a centre of commerce, many ships lying in the bay and harbour, boats plying constantly between them and the shore. There is a small fort on one side, evidently designed to protect the entrance to the harbour. A number of windmills are perched on a dyke, either for the purpose of drainage or grinding, probably the latter. Although “one of the Isles of Greece,” thirty-two miles in length by eighteen in breadth, to a plain prose man, like myself, it presents little of poetry, having a rugged, craggy, sterile appearance. Nevertheless, it is not barren, having some fertile hill slopes, valleys, and plateaux, that entitle it to the proud distinction, in the estimation of many, of being the “paradise of modern Greece.” This is as much owing to the mildness of the climate, as to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The products of the island are mulberry-trees — silk being the staple manufacture — figs, oranges, olives, cotton, and wine ; the last unsurpassed by the wines of any part of Greece. Horace, if not equal to Anacreon as an authority in love and roses, was no bad judge of the juice of the grape, so we may rely upon him when he asks,—

“Quo Chium pretio cadum mercemur?”

From the point where the steamer is now stationed, a number of interesting objects are to be seen : ships lying at anchor, white sails dotting here and there the distant horizon, land-locked bays, clusters of islets on every side, strewn as if the giants who attempted to heap Pelion upon Ossa had thrown hills and mountains broadcast into these blue sparkling waters. These rocks now lift up their naked or rugged sides in the gray twilight, some being of considerable dimensions, others scarcely larger than hay-stacks. We pass near the small island of Patmos, which is about twenty miles in circumference, but so barren and dreary, that it may be designated a mere rock ; in it a cave is still shown by the monks in which St John is said, about the year A.D. 94, to have written the Apocalypse. Next comes Samos—lying almost opposite to ancient Ephesus—an island thirty miles long, by fifteen broad, and seven from the continent ; the birthplace of Pythagoras, one of the greatest of the ancients, not only from his profound knowledge of mathematics, but also of astronomy, being the first who discovered the true relation of the heavenly bodies, afterwards extended by Copernicus, and perfected by Newton. Here also Herodotus, when in exile, found shelter. And St Paul, a greater than either, landed here on his way from Corinth to Miletus, where he delivered a remarkable address to the elders of the church.* The Greeks say, that great Juno, who had a temple in Samos, was born on the island. Crossing the bay of Ephesus, we enter between Chios and the ancient Erythræ. Night sets in while we are off the mouth of the Hermes of antiquity, which, in its seaward course, washes both Philadelphia and Sardis, discharging itself into this beautiful bay.

Tuesday, 17th.—I have this morning an opportunity of witnessing another of those glorious sunrisings, which leave an indelible imprint on the tablets of memory. Such sights constitute an epoch in life's history, so that in looking back upon them from either manhood's prime, or the decrepitude of old age, an oasis is marked out upon the chart of our pilgrimage. The gray mists of early morning are still enshrouding sea and rocky cliff as I ascend to the deck ; gradually the streaks of light seem to grow stronger, revealing surrounding objects with greater sharpness of outline ; then a reddish tinge

* Acts xx. 15-19.

begins to flush the horizon, forming a semicircular arch, which deepens into a roscate hue ; remote objects become distinctly visible, and the very clouds, suffused with saffron, seem to feel the influence of approaching day ; suddenly, in the east, the doors of the celestial chambers are flung open, and the god of day springs from ocean's lap, ready, as the psalmist says, " like a strong man to run his race." The rays from his coronet of glory corruscate in beams of silver, gold, and amethyst, filling the atmosphere with the glad effulgence of his smile. The waves of the sea laugh and glow as if animated with new life ; the inland mountain peaks, crags, and rifts fling back the lustre ; the valleys, dells, and springs are bathed in heaven's first-born light ; while Nature, throughout her beautiful recesses, pours forth a matin-hymn in praise of the great and beneficent Creator. My own heart, in unison with the sublimity of the scene, joins in the universal chorus, and I lift up my soul in thanksgiving to Him who thus gilds with lustre the morntide of each day.

CHAPTER L.

SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS.

Two hours' sailing conveys us to Smyrna, which we reach at nine A.M. All is bustle, and desire to get on shore. Some are occupied with business ; others are anxious to proceed to their homes ; while not a few are welcomed back by the waving handkerchiefs of friends, who thus congratulate them on their safe arrival. Leaping into a boat with my friend, and rowing towards the shore, we are boarded by a custom-house officer, whose mouth we shut with a small bakhshish. We are immediately stopped by another, who insists upon our crossing to the custom-house on the other side of the bay. We, however, succeed ultimately in also talking him over. Leaving our luggage at one of the hotels, of which there are numbers, and hiring a guide, he conducts me to the Church of Scotland's Jewish Mission, where I am kindly received by the Rev. Mr Coul, who invites me to take up my quarters at the Mission. I pass the afternoon and evening in the enjoyment of those comforts and conveniences that are to be found only in a home among friends.

Wednesday, 18th.—Having arranged last night to proceed this morning to Ephesus, Mr Coul kindly accompanies us to the railway station, introducing us to the manager, Mr Ferguson, who was very obliging and useful at both ends of the line. I notice that the Smyrnian houses are substantially built of stone, gray marble being used in their construction for steps, sills, and dressing. The streets are wide, and the roads well paved. The railway station, which is three quarters of a mile from the town, is large and pretentious, as if designed to meet a more extended traffic. The rails run

close in shore, so that, when required, a quay connected with the line may be easily constructed. The fare for a second class return ticket is thirty-seven piastres. We are off. The carriages and engine are of English manufacture, and until recently, the whole staff of employés were British; now, though the drivers and guards are mostly natives, yet nearly all of them speak our language. Planting was going on along the line, and I was astonished to hear one of the labourers shouting, "Bill, bring that axe."

The first three quarters of a mile is an incline cut through luxuriant vineyards, mulberry and fig-trees, the former arranged somewhat after the fashion of gooseberry bushes in an English market garden. The line passes the base of the mount on which the old citadel stands, frowning in ruins, and skirts the gardens that embower the adjacent villages, Bournabat, Boodjah, and Sedikieui, in a forest of fruit and foliage, so refreshing to the eye of the traveller. Gaining the open country, the line runs through a succession of hills and plains, some of the latter very extensive, stretching from six to eight miles right and left, rich in pastoral scenery. Silk weaving is the chief trade and support of the villages and small towns that lie along the route, which runs parallel with, and sometimes abuts on, the old road connecting the two ancient cities of Smyrna and Ephesus. I could not help fancying, as I sat meditating, that along this identical track, Paul, Luke, Timothy, John, and Barnabas must often have travelled. It is also associated with others, whose names and deeds fill a large space in classic history—Alcibiades, Lysander, Alexander, Croesus, Cymon the Athenian, Brutus, the Scipios, Antony, and Cleopatra, besides thousands of less note, who traversed this route in going to the great temple of Diana at Ephesus. How much the world has changed, and this district especially, since these heroes and heroines lived and died; yet these hills and valleys present the same aspect now as they did then.

Strange that in so remote a corner of Asia I should fall in with a party of friends, two of them the Messrs Bain of London, and Dr Craig, a Scottish medical gentleman from Shakespeare's birthplace, who is now one of the railway staff. In due time we arrive at Ayasalook, the present terminus

of the line. Every object here is interesting—the singular formation of the country, its rounded hills, and masses of ruins. Amongst the latter, is especially to be mentioned a row of arches, part of some old aqueduct, in wonderful preservation, built from the materials of a more ancient fabric, upon some portions of which there are Greek inscriptions. I cannot help contrasting these works of antiquity, and the venerable walls of an ancient cathedral that crest the hill, with the rude huts now forming the village; both, however, prepare me for what I have to expect at Ephesus. The Doctor and his companions kindly invite me to go with them, and assist in exploring a tomb, which they had excavated in the ruined church of Saint John, contiguous to the Turkish Castle. On opening this place of sepulture, we discovered four skulls, together with a quantity of bones. The tomb is built of huge stones, the lid having a Maltese cross carved on its under side, a proof that it must have been the last resting-place of a Christian family. At a few yards' distance, thirteen feet below the surface, another is laid bare; this one has a Greek inscription, but, in all other respects, is similar to the first.

My horse and guide having arrived, (the trip to cost thirty-five piastres,) I am obliged to part with my exploring friends. We first proceed somewhat hastily to examine the old mosque, in which enterprise we are joined by a party of five Frenchmen, visitors, like ourselves, to Ephesus. The building had been in some former age a Christian temple, and retains still a few exquisite marble columns, arabesque work, with a fountain and pavement, similar to those in the many-pillared temple at Baalbec. On ascending a spiral staircase, a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. Our guide, who takes the whole party under his care, is the son of a brickmaker, an Englishman, connected with the railway; he leads us by a foot-path across ploughed fields, strewn everywhere with fragments of marble, granite, and brick, the *débris* of ancient Ephesus. We are amused at the blunders of our conductor, arising from his ignorance of classic or scripture history, the limits of his information extending to only three terms, every building being either a gymnasium, a theatre, or an agora.

The ruins of this once mighty city, within the ancient

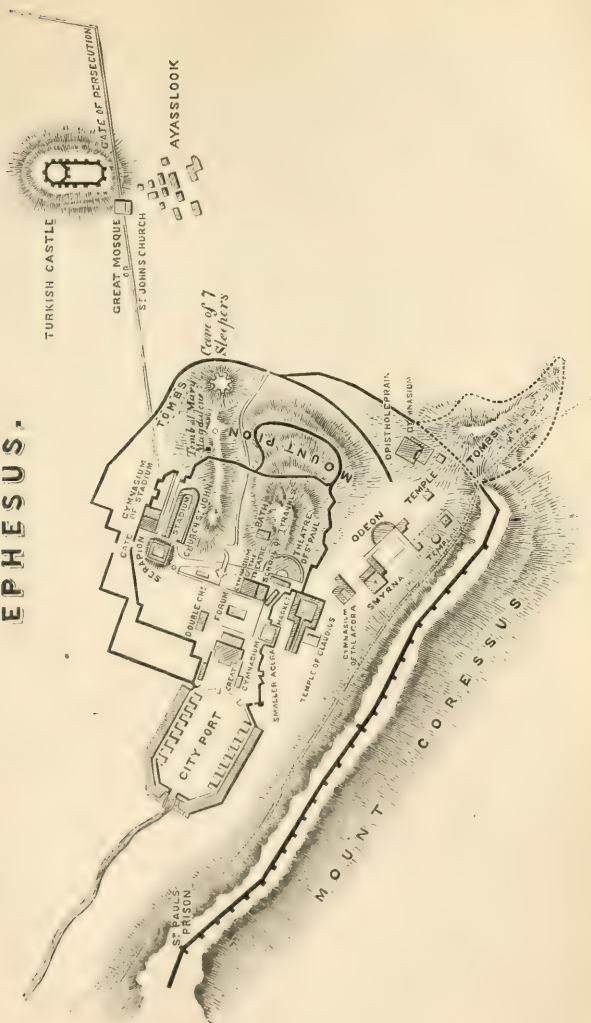
limits of which we are now riding, dates from remotest antiquity; the birthplace of gods and goddesses, sages, warriors, poets, and statesmen—in short, the stage on which the greatest events of the early world transpired, second in this respect only to Athens. Ephesus is now a series of shapeless ruins, extending for miles, overgrown with grass and wild brushwood, a patch of wheat or millet growing here and there; the soil, if soil it can be called, is composed of the crumbled fragments of the ancient city. At every few yards' distance walls and broken columns stand, like sentinels, in fantastic shape; while among the larger remains, the old market, a theatre, with the seats cut out of a rock, are still visible. We come upon what is really a part of the old agora: it is built of huge blocks, and nearly perfect, the walls still bearing the incisions indicating where the marble casing, that originally covered the exterior, had been fixed. Without dismounting, we ride into the interior, and find a number of dark apartments separated by walls five feet in thickness, now used as habitations by a band of gipsies and their companions—donkeys.

We also take a hurried survey of the remains of a stadium, the area of which is 150 yards in length, the lower side towards the city appearing to have been supported on arches, the upper ones resting on Mount Pion. We examine the ruins of another theatre, supposed to be the one in which Paul was “like to be torn in pieces,” when Demetrius and the silver-smiths thought their craft was in danger.* In the valley where excavations are being made, the columns of the Olympian temple have been exposed, portions of which are lying about prostrate and broken. On a mount stands the remains of the double church of St John, and, on the top of a conical hill, what is called “St Paul's prison,” a thick-walled ruin; between the two last mentioned is the site of the school of Tyrannus,† where Paul preached. Large portions of the latter are lying in masses many yards square, apparently overturned by an earthquake; for the tooth of time could never have shattered these blocks. I am, however, almost convinced that the existing ruins belong to the Roman period; the number of courses of tile or brick which enters into their

* Acts xix. 24.

† Acts xix. 9.

EPHESUS.



composition strengthens this hypothesis ; but it would require a volume to enumerate, much less to describe, the magnificence and the magnitude of these remains.

We ride slowly over the ploughed lands, our horses often turning up pieces of gray or white marble, exquisitely carved and sculptured ; stumbling among granite plinths, architraves, pediments, freezes, and broken columns. It may convey some conception of the size of the latter, to say, that, dismounting, I walked in the fluting of one of them with ease. Although we have ridden during four hours among these ruins, a small portion of them only has been visited. The ground over which they are scattered is so extensive ; moreover, the interest they possess is so deep and absorbing, that instead of part of a day, it would require weeks to examine them thoroughly. Yet, although the ruins are marvellous, and spread over a wide surface, still neither block, column, nor other fragment is to be compared in size, magnificence, and solidity with those of Baalbec, or even with the large stones near the Golden Gate in the eastern wall of Jerusalem. This, however, is easily accounted for ; the city has been a quarry, from which materials have been obtained for building during a period of two thousand years. Not only has Byzantium been enriched by her noblest triumphs of sculpture and art, but ancient Rome, and some towns of Italy, boast of possessing the spoils of Ephesus.

Riding up to the Odeon and Serapion, I endeavoured from them to form some idea of the points of interest of the ancient city. Here, thought I, as I sat musing on the past, St Paul lived and preached ; here, the elders of Ephesus laboured in the Lord's vineyard, and in some one or other of the buildings, now before me, they sealed the truth of their testimony with their blood. My mind dwells more on these than on Persian, Greek, Roman, or Turk, who have in different ages held these plains, or the armies that sweeping over them frequently laid waste this noble city. Just below where I sit a number of navvies are excavating and searching for Diana's ruined temple, under the direction and at the expense of an English antiquary. I now proceed to the spot where that shrine, another of the renowned seven wonders of the world, once stood, which perished by fire on the day Alexander the Great

was born. The discoveries made on the site of the temple are sufficiently encouraging to induce further search ; the marble of the portions laid bare is as pure in colour as the angles are sharp, and both appear as if they had been recently cut from the quarry. History gives us some account of the first great temple, which is said to have occupied 220 years in building.

A second edifice was erected on the same spot, its length 420 feet, breadth 220 ; the columns were sixty feet in height, a hundred the gifts of kings ; of the smaller pillars which formed the portico, four are still in the old mosque at Ayasalook. The ceilings of the temple, like those of Solomon's, consisted of cedar from Lebanon ; whilst its two-leaved doors were of cyprus wood, highly polished. Praxiteles, the greatest, save one, of sculptors, planned and designed its altar-pieces. Should the excavations at present in progress be successful in unearthing the remains of this gem, it will afford to architects and sculptors a truer type of ancient art than any other existing ruin. The temple of Diana, by an association of ideas, recalls names famed in classic narrative. Homer is supposed to have been born at Ephesus, if the people of Smyrna will allow me to say so ; but instead of a catalogue of heroes, to whom Ephesus gave birth, I shall name some of the temples that enriched it. The *diî majores*, Jupiter, Hecate, Minerva, Pan, Venus, Hercules, Apollo, and Neptune, had each a fane here—nine splendid edifices ; besides those erected in honour of deified philosophers, poets, warriors, and statesmen. But greater than all, although neither temple nor shrine was erected for, or dedicated to them, yet the ground is consecrated and the city hallowed by a long list of apostles, confessors, and saints, who were martyred within its walls. The site of the city is now a scene of awful desolation, overgrown with briars and thistles, the haunt and the lair of the hyæna and the jackal, one of which I have seen within these few minutes, skulking among the ruins of a theatre, probably that in which Paul “fought with beasts.”* Just now a native has caught a porcupine at my foot ; this surely is a fair field for reflection !

The river Cayster that once washed these walls, is now, with the entire estuary, overgrown with grass ; and the port

* 1 Cor. xv. 32.

which used to be crowded with heavily-laden argosies from every shore, is now a ploughed field. Although a desert of ruins, the landscape is very fine; the city seems to have stood in an amphitheatre of hills open towards the sea, not unlike the view from Haiapha, looking eastward. Skirting the slope of Pion, I observe the foundations of ancient walls extending at least two miles. We leave Ephesus and ride along a rocky path, turn sharp to the left, and ascend to the tomb of Mary Magdalene, and that of the seven sleepers, near which are a few native huts, erected for a festival to be held on the following day. The tomb of the penitent, if it be so, has been recently enclosed with fragments of marble brought from the ruined city below. On the summit of the same height are more ruins, seemingly the remains of a cathedral or a convent, from which there is an admirable view of the sea, seven miles distant. Re-descending to the tents, I once more inspect the tomb,—my guide, who is supported by the natives, affirming that the remains of the Blessed Virgin lie here, seemingly forgetting all about the Immaculate Conception and Assumption. We now regain the old track leading to Smyrna, ruins meeting our gaze wherever we turn our eyes.

Re-entering Ayasalook, by the columns of the aqueduct, that stand like giants, keeping the profane from the ruins of the great city, we once more enter the train, the evening being beautiful. I have time to meditate over this day's visit, a visit interesting to any one, but doubly so to a clergyman, on account of the connexion subsisting between Ephesus and the New Testament Scriptures. This is surely a red letter day in my life; I have stood upon the sites of two out of the seven Churches of Asia. Christianity did not cease in Ephesus at the close of Paul's ministry. Timothy succeeded as its minister, and here, too, St John the divine, after his recall, spent his latter years, and died. We know from Church history that a council was held at Ephesus, of which Cyril was moderator, and at which Nestorius was unjustly condemned: but afterwards the Church declined in purity, until at last God entirely removed from that city the candlestick of His gospel.*

* Rev. ii. 5.

I have observed to-day, both in coming and going, numbers of Albanians, who are generally handsome men, their dress extremely picturesque, closely approximating to that of the Scottish Gael, but lighter and gayer; it consists of a white calico kilt of many plaits, reaching nearly to the knees; leggings of a dark coloured cloth, ornamented with gussets at the ankles; a short jacket of blue or gray cloth, open in front, and sleeves, almost as far as the elbow, and braided like that of a hussar; a crimson or green silk sash, in which an ivory-hilted dagger, and a pair of silver-mounted pistols are thrust; a red tarboush, with a blue silk tassel, and thus he struts in the attitude of a Highland piper. We reach Smyrna, a journey of forty-eight or fifty miles, in two hours fifteen minutes.

Friday, 20th.—A wet morning; nevertheless, accompanied by our kind host, we set out to visit the slave market, bazaars, and other lions of the city. On arriving at the gate of the first named, we are informed that there are no slaves for inspection to-day, and, denied admittance, we therefore proceed to the bazaars; but after having seen those at Damascus, there is little to attract notice. The bustle, crowd, and variety of costume, the nationalities, and merchandise are similar to those seen in other Eastern cities—each street being allocated to the same description of goods, or to persons of the same trade. One or two minor differences are perceptible; the fabrics are not so rich, especially as regards silks and velvets; nor are the stalls so artistically got up, the covering being old rags, sacking, or anything calculated to keep out the sunshine. The streets of the bazaars are, as usual, narrow, and filled with dreamy Turks, and keen-eyed Jews, or it may be athletic Greeks, or supercilious Armenians, sitting on their little knife-boards smoking, or drawing their everlasting beads through their fingers. There are many ladies out of doors, uncovered, and others veiled and enveloped in a white sheet, with a dark-coloured handkerchief drawn tightly over the face, a fashion that gives a peculiar aspect to the females of Oriental cities.

Smyrna has more of the European element in its streets, shops, and style of architecture than Damascus, probably owing to its commercial relations, and its being a seaport, in constant contact with Western habits. Indeed, we are

obliged to take a back turning, for the pavement is up, men being busy laying down gas-pipes. After that innovation, who can say Turkey is behind in civilisation? From the bazaars we proceed towards the cemetery, and in passing along I observe that, in the heart of the city, there are many handsome streets; and were it not for the signboards, we might suppose ourselves in Europe. The shop fronts are of plate glass, the display of silk mercery is the same as in London, and the general features of the place and people, keeping out of sight the bazaars, exactly those of home. We visit the "Meles," an insignificant stream, on the banks of which Homer is said to have been born. It is crossed by a bridge forming the great city outlet, over which there is a continued stream of traffic, the goods being carried on the backs of asses, mules, and camels. Overshadowing the cemetery there is a large grove of cypress trees. I do not know whether this is the only burying-ground in the city; but it is very extensive, occupying both sides of the river. The tombstones are of two kinds: the horizontal, like those in the Jews' burying-ground, and the upright,—the latter, if for a male, having the figure of a rudely-cut turban on its apex; those for boys the same, but smaller in size.

Ascending Mount Pagus by a winding path we reach the citadel, a portion of the walls of which only remain, but many of its arches are vaulted and in good condition. This fortress at one time occupied the entire summit of the mountain, its walls still forming the limit of the plateau. From these ruins there is obtained a superb view of the town, the bay, and surrounding hill scenery. Immediately beneath is the Jewish quarter; in the centre of the city is that of the Armenians, those of the Greeks and Franks lining the shore. We descend by the declivity at the back of the hill, in order that I may stand on the ground upon which, in the year of grace A.D. 166, good old Polycarp suffered martyrdom. Having been offered his life, as the historians say, upon the terms of swearing by the fortune of Caesar, and to speak reproachfully of Christ, he answered nobly, "I have served Him these eighty-and-six years, and He has never wronged me, how then can I speak evil of my Saviour?" Continuing our descent, we visited the Church of Scotland's Mission-schools; the rooms

appear to be inadequately small for the number of children, too confined, and inconvenient for either health or efficiency.

As regards the Hebrew element in the population of Smyrna and adjacent Turkish territory, the Rev. Mr Coul informs me that the number of Jews is variously estimated, but may be approximately set down in round numbers at 20,000. Communities of them are also to be found in every town, village, and hamlet within a day's journey of the coast. At Pergamos there is a synagogue and a very intelligent rabbi; a goodly number of families are settled at Magnesia, near the *Hermes flumen*, and likewise at Cassaba, on the way to Sardis. Going by railway to Ayasalook, (Ephesus,) about half-way on the left, two or three hours' travelling on horse-back, keeping to the right-hand side of the plain, brings you to a largish town called Thyra, the Thyatira of Scripture and one of the seven churches, where a Jewish colony has established itself. At Aïdeen there is another. Then on the bay of Smyrna, say from twenty-four to thirty miles from the town, is Voorla, near the site of the ancient Clasomene, where a small section of the inhabitants are Jews, and there they also have a synagogue. Opposite the island of Scio, at Chesmey, on the mainland, are some Jewish families; so also at Scala Nuova, a little south of Ephesus, besides which all the larger islands of the Archipelago have their Israelitish contingents.

There were Jews in Smyrna in the time of the Apostles; how much earlier, very probably no one knows. Prescott, in his "Ferdinand and Isabella," and Da Costa, in his "Israel and the Gentiles," give full details of the expulsion of the Sephardim by the edict of 1492, and of a settlement of a portion of the exiles in Turkey, from which it appears that the most learned of them sought refuge at Salonica. Da Costa also supplies us with a narrative of Vatai Sevi, the false Messiah of Smyrna; but the particulars of these historic events, however interesting, scarcely come within the scope of the present volume. The Protestant mission has met with a fair amount of success, not perhaps so much in proselytism and baptisms, as in tangible influences for permanent good, the progress in this respect becoming more manifest from week to week. At the purely Jewish school in Smyrna forty or fifty

children are in attendance. At the mission school for the Greeks there are a few Jews, whose language is either Italian or modern Greek—that is, they are members of families who have come from Italy, Candia, Rhodes, or some other Greek island. Most of the adult Jews have some knowledge of Hebrew and of the Old Testament Scriptures, but, generally speaking, they exist in a state of apathetic ignorance.

An indirect benefit of the mission-schools is, that the Jews have at length set themselves to work in educating their children, having within the last few months established a public school, which, thank God, is well attended; the chief difficulty in dealing with them arising not so much from their ignorance or prejudice, as from their want of mental training. My friend further informs me, that his grand field-day amongst them is Saturday; when he holds a sort of *conversazione*, at which a portion of the Old Testament is read, first in Hebrew and then in Spanish, the passage being finally explained in the vernacular; next a chapter of the New Testament, accompanied by the usual exposition. These meetings, held in the school-room, are extremely popular; sometimes every inch of space is occupied, and many have to go away, owing to the lack of accommodation. My friend greatly laments not having the services of a native agent to work in the interior; he has appealed to London for aid in this matter, but hitherto without result. The missionaries labouring here among the 16,000 Christians, whether of the Church of Scotland or of England, are entitled to our sympathy, our prayers, and support. If the fruit be small, the blame, if there be any, rests not with them—"Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase."*

Smyrna was early privileged with the gospel, St John having preached and laboured during many years within its walls; it was to the angel of this church these thrilling words were addressed—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."† The tide of change has frequently rolled over her since the days when the candle of the Lord shone in her midst; she has often been razed, and, like her neighbour Rhodes, sprung again from her ashes. Nearly destroyed by fire in the terrible wars between the Turks and

* 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

† Rev. ii. 10.

the Greek Christians ; besieged and taken by storm in 1409 ; Greek and Mussulman alternately holding it, until at length the Crescent prevailed, and Islamism was established ; but now, under the Osmanli, commerce has once more visited this ancient port, with every prospect of increase and permanence.

This morning two men were hung in the public streets. Neither gallows, gibbet, nor scaffold was erected, the law having been satisfied by taking advantage of a projecting vine trellis, on the front of a house in one of the thoroughfares ; the desperadoes were a Turk and a Christian, the crime highway robbery. The crowds going to, and returning from, the scene of the tragedy, were apparently of the same type and character as those that assemble round Newgate on similar occasions. The demoralising lesson taught by the hangman in both countries seems to have lost all effect in deterring or checking crime. If capital punishments, which I hope to see abolished, are still to remain on our statute-book, then, in the name of humanity, let executions be private. Here I and my reverend companion, Mr Maury, with whom I have travelled, and whose society has been my solace night and day since leaving Jerusalem, part ; our routes lying henceforward in different directions, he proceeding direct to Athens, I to Constantinople. Having been introduced to the proprietor of an English newspaper recently established, I visit the premises, which are situated on the quay near the landing-place, and I am gratified to learn that there is a fair prospect of its success. The editor of this new organ of public opinion is a North American gentleman, with strong Federal proclivities.

CHAPTER LI.

TROY AND THE DARDANELLES.

THIS afternoon, securing my passage, and leaving my heavy luggage to be sent on direct to London, I bid farewell to my kind friends, and proceed on board the steamer, in which there is scarcely room to stand. I heard the captain coolly ask £2, 10s. from a gentleman, for permission to sleep on a sofa during the two nights of the passage. Smyrna has an imposing appearance from the bay; and, on this particular evening, it was bathed in sunset, mosque and tapering minaret glittering like burnished gold, the waters tinted with a crimson hue. The castle, with its battlements and walls, appears larger and more formidable; the houses rising tier above tier to Mount Pagus, and the foliage of the dark cypress mingling with the lighter-coloured vine, present a picture of loveliness that keeps me gazing until sundown, and excites a pang of regret when the bright vision fades from my view.

On closer inspection of the groups lying about on deck, I discover they are mostly *hadjis*, with a sprinkling of Jewish and Armenian merchants, on their way to Stamboul. It is not a little surprising, that, since my arrival at the East, through Egypt, at the Jordan, and now in Turkey, my *compagnons de voyage* have been pilgrims. The first with whom I travelled were on their way to Mecca, by the Red Sea; the second to the Jordan, with whom I bathed; while I am now surrounded by about two hundred, either coming from, or going to, some holy place. They are cosmopolitan in nationality and costume; in creed, chiefly Greek and Roman Catholics. Amongst them are a few Jews, who divide themselves into four distinct parties, according to their sects; some

of whom are truly devout, that is, if repeating and reading prayers be devotion ; for, since I came on board, they have scarcely ever laid aside their prayer-books. At a particular stage of their worship, each envelopes his head and shoulders in a striped bordered white cloth, with deep fringes, which are frequently gathered in the hand and devoutly kissed. At the same time they have small leathern cases strapped upon the brow and left arm, containing sentences from the law of Moses, literally, I believe, interpreting Deuteronomy vi. 8 : "Thou shalt bind them (the words of the law) for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

We have also a Mohammedan ulma or two among us, who, before they touch their prayer-book, or take it from the case in which they carry it, wash their hands, and also rinse their mouths. Surely such scenes as these are calculated to liberalise the mind ; on me they have even a graver effect. It is delightful to observe men of these nationalities and creeds all worshipping the same Creator and God. I do not hesitate to avow my belief, that "our Father in Heaven" lends His ear, and answers their supplications with the same grace and mercy as those of the Christian. What right have I, although a Christian and a Protestant, to condemn rashly, and cast beyond the pale of mercy and salvation, those who may differ from me in creed or faith ?—God forbid. Whilst I stood and prayed in the house of "Simon the Tanner," now a mosque, I could not but remember Cornelius the Roman soldier, the vision of Peter, and the voice from heaven, which said, "What God hath cleansed, that call thou not common." And, again, Peter's own words : "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him."*

There are also on board a number of Turkish soldiers, one an officer, with whom, during the evening, I became acquainted, drinking from the same goleh, and smoking cigarettes from the same tobacco-pouch. He is a Nubian, as black as a japanned tea-board ; we are fast friends. To a denizen of Western Europe, it appears strange to find rank and gentlemanly bearing in a negro ; but long ago, I laid aside the silly prejudice of blue blood or the skin's hue, being convinced that

* Acts x. 34, 35.

the colour of the cuticle or the facial angle has no influence on the affections of the heart, the intelligence of the head, nor the spirituality of the man. Let the negro, our dark-coloured brother, enjoy, for a few generations, the mental culture and political training to which we are accustomed, and, I vouch, that a change will take place in his intellectual and spiritual character, if not in his physical structure.

There is one drawback in this voyage,—no one on board can speak English, and, for the sake of change and information, I should be glad to meet with some one who did. The cabins, as already mentioned, being full, I am stretched with hundreds of others on deck, and have been amusing myself, by observing an old Turkish gentleman, who had availed himself of the prophet's licence, to have two wives, both of whom are with him ; never was benedict more caressed and ministered to, from the filling of his pipe to the feeding, dressing, and adorning of his person. Although I narrowly watched the party, there seemed neither partiality on his side, nor jealousy on theirs, his smiles and endearments being equally distributed between the two helpmates. Happy man ! Here am I—but darkness closes the scene.

Sunday, 22d.—It is difficult to observe the Day of Rest without ordinances, particularly when one's own heart and feeling may not be altogether in unison with its holy calm and sacred duties. After a few hours devoted to New Testament reading and meditation, I find it impossible to concentrate my mind on the subjects read, or to seal up the avenues of the senses from the scenes enacted and the language used around, both being too distracting for continued thought. Two young Jews especially attract my attention, from the apparent earnestness of their devotion. There is also a third Jew, in a second group, who, when not actually reading his prayer-book, to judge from the movement of his lips, is performing his orisons. While thus engaged, however, nothing seems to escape his notice ; for nearly two hours he has not ceased to rock to and fro on his seat, repeating and reading, as if he had a definite number of prayers to offer up in a given period of time. This muscular mode of worship must not only be a weariness to the flesh, but, in other points of view, deemed irreverent.

We have just arrived at Mitylene, the Lesbos of the ancients,

an island of Ionia, near the promontory of Ascanius. It is thirty-five miles long by twenty-six broad, separated from the mainland by a strait of from seven to nine miles wide, lying nearly opposite "Pergamus," and forming the western boundary of the Bay of "Adramittium." Presenting to the eye, from a distance, an assemblage of rocks and bald crags, yet olives, figs, cotton, and vines grow abundantly in the valleys and on the hill sides. Its wines were in high repute and great demand among the ancients :—

"Hic innocentes pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbra."—HOR., Lib. I., Ode 17.

But now there is little or no shade near the coast, under which to quaff the mantling cup, although there are forests inland. The town, standing on a promontory on the south of the island facing the east, opposite Anatolia, contains many ruins of what may have been large temples, at least judging from the size of the columns, friezes, and architraves. I am unable to state accurately the number of its population, but should suppose it to amount to somewhere about seven or eight thousand. The harbour is neither deep nor safe, although those of Gero and Caloni, on the other side, are so. The island, town, and port will, it is believed, soon recover their former wealth, cotton being already an important article of export. The merchants have a business-like air, and though the trade is chiefly in the hands of the Greeks, everything augurs a prosperous future for Mitylene. To the classic scholar few localities in the Levant are more interesting than Lesbos. "Laudabant alii claram Rhodon aut Mitylenen."*

Here Aristotle and his successor, Theophrastus, at one time delivered lectures. Alcæus, the poet; the burning Sappho, who sighed and sung her disappointed loves; Terpander, who added three out of the seven strings to the lyre;—all drew their first breath on this isle. But luxury brought corruption, and that, like a plague-spot, spoiled her beauty, tainted her morality, till she became a by-word. To be called a Lesbian, was significant of unnamed vices. Julius Cæsar came, took, and destroyed the city, which was afterwards rebuilt by Pompey. Excepting the ruins referred to, nothing

* Hor., Lib. I., Ode 7.

remains to indicate its original greatness. There are the same bald rocks, once clothed with vegetation ; and the same blue waters laving the beach ; but her argosies, merchants, poets, philosophers, and warriors, have all passed away and perished. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

A number of our passengers leave, but crowds of others come on board. If our present passage be taken as a fair criterion of cargo and passengers, the ship must pay the company rather handsomely. Steaming up through the beautiful Bay of Adramittium, the town of Adramyt lies on our right, in the district of the ancient Mysia ; Pergamus being some twenty or twenty-five miles inland. After passing Assus, three hours more brings us to Tenedos. We run in, close up to the haven, where we lay to for a couple of hours. The island from the sea presents a bleak and barren aspect, or rather a congeries of jagged rocks. Its appearance, however, improves upon closer acquaintance : a few fertile spots can be detected here and there, which are carefully cultivated with wheat, barley, and rye, whilst vines seem strewn about in all directions. The wine grown in the island is held in high esteem both in Turkey and Greece : like old port, the longer kept, although changing colour, it retains its flavour. The town is fortified, and possesses a good landing-place or pier ; but passengers are not permitted to go ashore ; I have, therefore, to content myself with examining the outlines through my glass. Before steamships were known, the island must have been highly useful as a harbour of refuge for vessels bound to Constantinople, and even now is much resorted to by sailing ships. There is little or no trade, except the export of the native wine. The steamer only calls once or twice a month for passengers and light merchandise. The scholar will attach more importance to its classic associations than its modern history ; indeed, as regards the latter, like the knife-grinder, "it has no story to tell." In the times of Homer, it must have possessed temples and other buildings, one of the former being dedicated to the sun.* Virgil alludes to it as the place where the Greek fleet made a feigned retreat, thus :—

* Iliad i. 45.

“ Est in conspectu, Tenedos Notissima fama,
Insula dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
Nunc tantum sinus, et statio male fide carinis.”

Æneid ii. 21.

Soon after leaving this fair isle, we descried and bore down on a British ship of war, lying near the entrance to the Dardanelles. Although a man of peace, I feel a degree of pride in seeing the Union Jack floating from her mizzen-peak. The captain and first lieutenant came on board, and remain with us till we arrive off the forts, where we drop anchor and go ashore. The entrance to the strait is commanded by two forts, Sestos on the European, and Abydos on the Asiatic shore; the latter is apparently well fortified, but whether pregnable or impregnable, I am not sufficiently conversant with Vauban to determine. The town, though small, has a number of handsome buildings, shops, cafés, and a large hotel facing the water, with a handsome promenade skirting the beach; the consular residences have flags flaunting gaily in the breeze; and this being a fête day, the inhabitants are enjoying themselves.

We are now in the immediate vicinity of the site of ancient Troy, yet, although it lies only some three miles inland, but few seem to take any interest in the locality. It is supposed to have been situated midway between the Menderes—probably the ancient Scamander—and the Thymbrius. The ground, to some extent, presents the appearance of having been turned over; there are few remains, excepting some large dressed blocks, shattered shafts of limestone and marble scattered here and there, together with fragments of broken pottery. This may have been the *locale* of the New Ilium of Strabo, yet why may it not be the spot upon which both the new and old cities of that name stood? This morning little meets the eye beyond wild gorse waving, or a few goats browsing upon the rocky hill slopes, or in the marshy hollows; certainly no one standing in this solitude could suppose it to have been the site of illustrious Troy, around whose walls the enraged Greeks gathered their armies, (B.C. 1188,) and only captured, by stratagem and the help of the gods, after a ten years' ever-memorable siege.

Had I never read Homer or pondered over Virgil, I might perhaps not have given a passing thought to the ground on

which the "heaven-defended city" stood, but having in my younger years—whether to my profit or disadvantage, is not the question—become familiar with their writings, how can I, being in the neighbourhood, nay, though miles distant, do otherwise than visit the "Plains of Troy," and explore those scenes so beautifully sung—

"Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis ;
Illic Æacides, illic tendebat Ulysses ;
Hic lacer admissos terruit Hector equos." *

It is neither my intention, nor am I able, to settle the questions of sites and rivers: these have been pretty fully examined by Chandler, Chevalier, Clarke, Hobhouse, and others. The Troad contained other cities, such as Sigeum, adjoining the mound, known as the tomb of Achilles; Alexandria Troas, founded by Antigonos, which became one of the most flourishing of the Roman Asiatic colonies. It is twice mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles,† and the ruins are now known by the name of Eski-Stamboul.

If the late eminent Greek scholar, Porson, or the equally lamented Sir D. K. Sanford, had been with me, it might have been worth while to have hired a gang of natives, and tried to unearth something tangible of Ilium's proud seat, and set the question at rest, whether or not the Mendere be really the Scamander, or in a word, whether this indeed be the site of Troy. Time may yet produce another Layard, who will explore and bring to light the cities of the Troad as he did that of Nineveh. The old blind poet, with prophetic inspiration, seems to have foreseen the disputes and denials that were to rise in after ages regarding himself, the site of Troy and his heroes, when he penned the lines,—

Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπται,
'Εκ Διός,‡

which may be freely rendered—"O unhappy Troy, many and great evils from the gods are in store for thee! Could a greater calamity befall either nation or individual than to be denied existence." Although only half sated with my brief

* Ovid, Ep. 1, line 33. † Acts xvi. and xx.

‡ Iliad, B. 33.

visit to this classic ground, I regard myself fortunate to have even stood on the site of the world-renowned city, and therefore return more than pleased to the ship with my two companions who had accompanied me, having only been allowed three and a half hours for our excursion.

We are now on board. The bell rings, and we are again off, and in a few minutes steam across to Gallipoli, where we cast anchor and remain from three to four hours. The situation of this town is not only commanding but really beautiful, and I should suppose salubrious, from its position and cleanliness; it lies cosily under the walls of the old castle, and occupies the space between the shore and the summit of the hill on which it is partially built. The population, judging from the six or seven mosques, whose domed roofs and minarets rise from amongst the houses, must be considerable. Cafés line the whole length of the beach, some of which, erected on pile foundations, are seemingly suspended over the rippling waves, resembling in this respect the taverns on the Thames at Greenwich and Gravesend. The shops are well supplied with provisions, the streets with well-dressed passengers, the place quite a hive of industry, and the style of the houses indicates a well-to-do population. I saw neither jetty nor quay, although there are two harbours, nor a single ship, nothing but two or three small craft, which, both here and at Abydos, come out with dealers in oranges, roast fowl and bread, the latter made up into rings, that sell at three a penny, whilst in another small skiff there were for sale Etruscan-shaped jars, handsomely coloured in purple and gold and green and gold, which found a ready market at two francs each.

Leaving Gallipoli we steam this lovely Sunday afternoon through the Dardanelles, the connecting link between the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora, as also the line of demarcation between Europe and Asia. The strait, about forty miles in length and from a mile to three quarters of a mile in breadth, being the key to Constantinople, is strongly fortified on both sides. It has its modern name from the two castles at the entrance already described; the ancient designation, "Hellespont," by which it is best known, is said to be derived from "Helle," a daughter of a king of Thebes, but more probably it comes from "Hellenes," the ancient as well

as modern appellation of the Greeks. The current sets down strongly from the north, and the wind blows from the same direction, but neither have much effect upon the steamer, which cleaves its way steadily through the blue waters. The surrounding scenery is picturesque, mountains closing in both sides, the sea sparkling and winding between them. I fancied, in looking up the Marmora, the view resembled Loch Fyne or the fiord of Christiana. The entrance is two miles wide, defended by the forts on either side—that of the Asiatic coast (Koumkalessi) mounting eighty guns and four mortars; that on the European side (Sertil Bahr-Kalessi) mounting seventy guns and four mortars—besides the hills which are crested with batteries. Twelve miles above the new, are the old castles of Europe and Asia, which defend the narrowest part of the channel, three-fourths of a mile wide. The Sultanieh Kalessi is not only the strongest, but the place where the Seraskier Pasha resides; these are all connected with each other, and well armed. The Asiatic shore is the most picturesque, having beautiful scenery of hill and dale, rock and crag, whilst the other is steep, bold, and rugged.

Some writers say, it was at Abydos, on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont, that Xerxes constructed his bridge of boats to convey his troops across. The inhabitants of this locality have been greatly commended by the ancients for the stand they made against Philip of Macedon, who only subdued them at last by a stratagem. It was here that Leander of old crossed nightly, by swimming, to visit his mistress, a feat which our own Byron, though lame, also performed; indeed, I should have no great hesitation myself to make the attempt. But to descend from the romantic to the affairs of our everyday life aboard ship, I may remark in passing, that in the various foreign companies' steamers—Greek, French, and Italian—there is shameful and total disregard of common decency, from the deficiency of proper conveniences for the use of second and third-class passengers. I cannot describe the painful and revolting scenes. Let the companies look to this.

CHAPTER LII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Monday, 23d.—At 5 A.M. we arrive off Constantinople. The view of the city from the entrance to the Golden Horn, an arm of the sea so-called from its antler-like form, is magnificent ; the deep limpid waters washing the Seraglio point and



the sea wall ; the offing crowded with ships and steamers ; while hundreds of cäiques, clean, varnished, and carved, are flitting about ; the bridges of boats crossing the Horn, thronged with ever-fluctuating crowds ; the high rising ground on

which the city stands; houses interspersed, as in Damascus and Rhodes, with gardens and trees; six or seven large mosques, each domed like St Paul's, with white tapering minarets glancing in the early sunbeams, constitute a picture of natural grandeur and eastern magnificence unequalled of its kind. Behind the spectator stands Galata, a similar city with equally crowded streets, mosques, minarets, and busy shore; while the passenger traffic on the floating bridges, connecting the two cities, is as great as that of London. One is amazed at the extent, beauty, and splendour of the Turkish capital—such, at least, are my first impressions of Stamboul, which may be modified on a closer inspection of its chequered interior.

No sooner is the anchor dropped than we are surrounded with crowds of boats and cäiques. Hailing one I am soon landed at the Custom-house stairs, where my box is examined and passed, without either browbeating or a demand for bakhshîsh. Obtaining a dragoman, whom I discover to be a Jew, we hire a cäique, and are landed at Haskeui. The getting on board and landing from one of these slim, delicately-trimmed cäiques requires some degree of caution, it being necessary to step exactly into the centre, and squat down on a crimson pillow in the bottom, for there is no seat except for the cäiquedji or boatman, who rows with a pair of oars, each of which has a large block at the extremity near his hands to balance the blades, boat and oars being as clean as soap and water can make them; the tholes to which the oar is attached by means of a leathern thong are of iron, and made to work easily by being well lubricated with olive oil: the whole affair is so smart that both man and boat might be put under a glass case. I receive a warm welcome at the house of my friend the Rev. Mr Christie, of the Church of Scotland's Mission to the Jews.

After a brief interval of repose my friend accompanies me to the city. Of course we go by water; landing, we traverse the drug bazaar and call at a bookseller's shop, in which Bibles in French, English, and Arabic are sold without let or hindrance. We attend a public meeting of the Bible Society, where I heard with lively gratitude of the successful sale and distribution of the Word of God, not only in this capital but also in the provinces. Vividly did St Paul's vision cross my mind, when he saw a man of Macedonia crying—"Come over

and help us!" Haskeui is a district on the Galata shore of the Golden Horn, better known as Cassim-Pasha, which lies almost opposite Eyoub. This quarter is chiefly inhabited by Jews. There are about a hundred Scottish families, engineers at present in the employ of the Government, working in the arsenal, adjoining the mission premises.

Taking a cäique, my friend, his wife, and I, proceed to the Sweet Waters, a beautiful and picturesque retreat at the head of the Horn, where the sultan has a harem surrounded with beautiful gardens, decked with lawns, walks, and greenhouses, from various points of which strains of music issue. Being a place of popular resort, the Greenwich Park or Primrose Hill of Stamboul, there are numbers of stalls erected under the shade of the trees, on which fruits and confections are displayed. Amongst these there is a peculiar delicacy seemingly formed of ground rice, flooded with cream and sugar, eaten with a miniature silver shovel from a crystal dish—the price one piastre. Hundreds of Turks with their wives and families, when the business of the day is concluded, retire hither in the cool of the evening to smoke and sip coffee. On our return we meet numbers of cäiques, each containing a family, but when the party consists of more than four, a larger craft is necessary.

I have not only an opportunity of seeing a large body of Turkish soldiers encamped on the left shore of the Horn, but of witnessing in front of the camp a wrestling match, between two Athletæ, the sultan's cäiquedjis. The men are both young, and in first-rate condition. They were naked to the waist after the fashion of pugilists in England, their hair cropped close, the whole body—head and all—drenched with oil, rendering them as slippery as eels. A circle is formed and lined with hundreds of spectators. The competitors, issuing from tents at opposite sides, face each other; each lays his right hand on his opponent's shoulder, swinging his left as if watching a favourable place or hold. They close, and now with muscle strained and strength exerted, sway to and fro in the struggle, or catching the leathern waistband and using foot and knee, make every effort of skill to overthrow each other. It is not deemed enough to bring to the knee; the vanquished must be laid flat on mother earth. The body slips and again slips from the grasp; they tug, roll, and lift each other in

turns, but are so equally matched in weight and training, that victory decides for neither.

Round follows round with the same result, and at last with graceful *congé* they retire, making room for another pair. Judging from what I see of the physique and skill of these hardy boatmen, they would prove themselves ugly customers to some of our crack wrestlers. But enough of this amusement and description, which is perhaps better suited to the columns of a sporting paper, than the pages of a sober journal. In sailing down the Horn this evening I have leisure to examine both shores; the old castle of Belisarius in ruins crowns the height on the right hand side. We land and reach our quarters before dark, the fare for the whole afternoon excursion being only fifteen piastres. This finishes my first day's ramble in the Turkish capital.

Tuesday, 24th.—Immediately after breakfast, getting on board a *cäique*, I proceed to Galata, and land at the lower bridge of boats that crosses the Horn. Calling at the office of the Austrian Lloyd's, I book a passage on board one of their steamers to start on Saturday for Greece. Having now several days clear for lionising, ere I begin operations, it may not be out of place to say a few words, generally, of the Moslem metropolis.

This venerable city, the capital of the Greek colony of Byzantium, was founded by Bejzas, a Megarian, in the year 656 before the Christian era; not a vestige, however, of the original structures remains, the oldest section of the existing city being the quarter of the Ottoman Seraglio. It obtained the name of "Constantinople" from Constantine the Great, who ascended the thrones of both Eastern and Western empires about the year A.D. 326. Since it came under Moslem sway in 1453, it has been the capital of the Turkish empire. Its situation, from whatever point of view regarded, commercial, æsthetic, or political, is the finest imaginable; it occupies a triangular promontory at the junction of the two seas, the Marmora and the Bosphorus, and is separated by the Golden Horn from its suburbs, Galata, Pera, and Haskeui. Its length is about three and a half miles, by from one to four in breadth, and nearly fourteen in circuit.

The city is built on seven hills, each of which is surmounted

by a mosque, or some other public building, adding variety and beauty to its external aspect. Of the mosques may be mentioned, first "the royal," or those erected by pious sultans. These are seventeen in number, and stand conspicuously upon four of the seven hills—the chief are those of Othman, Achmet, Selim, and Soliman the Magnificent. The city walls run over the other three heights, and on one of them still stands the pillar of Arcadius. There are in all 332 mosques, or something like one to every 1500 of the population, a multiplicity of temples, that may convey some idea of the influence, exercised by religion, over the Mussulman. His charity and humanity are also indicated by the fact, that there are in the city 133 hospitals for the sick, and maintenance of orphan children. Education is promoted by forty colleges, supported by Government. Cleanliness and comfort are provided for by 130 public baths. There are not less than 200 khans, whilst cafés, caravanseries, pillars, and obelisks are almost innumerable.

Crossing the bridge, we proceed to inspect the church of "Hagai Sophia," the largest Mohammedan mosque in the world, having ample room or worship accommodation, which is kneeling, for 23,000 persons. This edifice, an ancient Christian church, stands at the western declivity of one of the seven hills. It was begun and finished by Justinian between the years A.D. 531 and 537, and had originally the form of a Greek cross, in length 269 feet, and 243 in width, surmounted by a large dome of an elliptical shape, 115 feet wide at its greatest diameter, being larger than that of St Paul's, but some twenty feet less than that of St Peter's. The whole rests upon four massive arches, and these upon equally gigantic columns. There are other eight smaller domes on the roof; which are not of uniform size. This magnificent structure has four fine minarets, each erected by a different sultan, and it is said that every new emperor adds a minaret to some one of the larger mosques during his reign. The entire building is, however, miserably patched; a confused mass of heterogeneous materials, of different ages, questionable styles and uses. Were it not for its size and historic associations, the mosques of Soliman and Achmet are far superior, in an architectural point of view—the latter having six minarets—in this respect unique.

The terms for admission are a firman, and a fee of eighty to a hundred piastres, therefore I content myself with simply inspecting the exterior. We often complain of St Paul's being shut in by the surrounding buildings, a grievance which the dean and chapter, aided by the municipal authorities, should, no doubt, strive to remove ; still this, our metropolitan basilica, is not desecrated with shops and questionable stalls, fastened to its walls, and thrust under the shadow of its wings, as the Turks have degraded their great mosque. We do hide our churches, and sometimes also make them a show—as in the case of St Paul's and Westminster Abbey ; in this we servilely copy the Turk ; but there are none of our churches a den of thieves, or a repository for stolen property. Many of the columns and some of the finest works of art in this mosque are the spoils of the temple of Diana, or have been rifled from buildings at Ephesus and Corinth. Like St John's in Damascus, it was converted into a Moslem place of worship, when the Crescent swept over the East. I hope that the time is not far distant when these cathedrals will be restored to their original use.

We next visit the grand bazaar, which well deserves the name, consisting of a number of streets and cross streets—in short, a miniature town, piled with merchandise and thronged with customers. Its avenues are more spacious, the shops more regularly arranged in colonnades, the roof higher, more effectually covered in, lighted, and ventilated, than any of the bazaars in Damascus ; the class of goods displayed, though less purely Oriental, are equally chaste in design and rich in fabric. The crowds in the passages have more of the Western costume, English, French, and Italian being very generally spoken. They squat less than the merchants at Damascus, many of them walking about proclaiming and displaying the goodness and cheapness of their wares ; whilst others sit on chairs at their counters in the European style. In making purchases to the extent of a few pounds, it may be mentioned that, as a rule, the money accepted is one-third less than the amount originally asked—three embroidered table cloths, priced at more than 500 piastres, I bought for 300, reminding me of the German proverb, “ Give a man of Cologne only half of what he asks.”

I spent three hours in threading the almost interminable labyrinths of streets, and had I not known something of London, Paris, and Damascus, I might have imagined that the wealth, rich fabrics, and especially curiosities, had been collected from the whole world, and placed within these bazaars. In the antiquarian and gem departments, English is spoken more generally than any other language ; the touters, whatever they may say to the contrary, are seldom the proprietors of the goods. Elbowing our way through the crowds, and traversing some narrow dirty lanes, we reach another lion, called the Old Cistern, situated in a piece of waste ground. There is an opening, the descent into which is effected by a rotten ladder of some fourteen steps, that shakes with the weight of the person on it. Descending cautiously, I land in almost total darkness, stench, and rubbish ; ultimately I perceive that the place is of great extent, being 336 feet in length, and 182 in width, in short, a vault supported by numbers of marble columns half sunk in the soil ; the roof is substantial, the columns, considering the many centuries they have stood the wear and tear of time and man's violence, more ruthless still, are in good preservation, the Turks affirming their number to be 1001, but there are only 636. I stopped a short time to look at the silk winding, for the place is now a kind of factory, and is cool even when the thermometer stands at 90°.

The Turks deserve great credit for utilising this cavern ; it is so little they do in that way. (I fell in with an instance of their shortcomings in this respect a few minutes after on visiting the Hippodrome, where the late Palace of Industry is still standing unoccupied.) The vault is supposed to have been a cistern to supply ancient Byzantium with water, but for some cause or other has been used for centuries as a receptacle for rubbish. With regard to the exhibition palace just referred to, had there been more glass used in its construction, possibly it might have been turned to some useful purpose, but like buildings everywhere in this country, it will soon become a ruin ; already the boards are flapping in the winds, the windows broken, the weather having free access to the interior. In the same square, surrounded by a railing, stands a bronze serpent, said to be from Delphos, and part of the Python

goddesses' apparatus, from which issued the ambiguous responses of the Delphic oracle. The interior appears large enough to admit the body of a man, which may probably account for the voice heard from the *adytum*.

A gateway is pointed out, said to be the origin of the term "Sublime Porte." It is a superb entrance, leading to some noble buildings in the vicinity of the Seraglio. In the square there are a few fine old trees; one I measured, being only four feet less in girth than the big tree of Damascus. Observing a crowd standing at the window of a private house, I discovered the object of their curiosity to be an old imbecile, to whose ravings they were listening with as much attention as if he had been inspired. It is believed that the rhapsodies of fatuous or idiotic persons are oracular, their intellects being left, say the Turks, in heaven; good spirits, and even God himself holding direct communication with them. Happening to utter rather loudly, and it would seem rashly, in addressing my companion the Turkish substantive "bosh," we had to decamp forthwith to avoid being roughly handled. It is pleasing to observe in traversing the city the number of schools in which the Moslem youth receive instruction, in what the village dominies call the three *r's*, a commendable trait in the Osmauli character.

A law has been enforced since 1846 binding, under penalties of fine and imprisonment, every citizen or father of a family to enter his sons' names upon a register, and to send them, each on reaching six years of age, to a public school, or, if they can afford the means, to have them educated at home. In the city of the sultan, there were some few years ago, I do not know the precise date, upwards of 400 public schools, in which the children were gratuitously taught, the attendance numbering 28,000. There are also secondary or advanced schools, attended by nearly 2000 pupils, who must have been five years at the primary establishments before they are admissible; thus securing a thorough systematic and consecutive course of instruction for persons intended for public departments. Besides these, there are the colleges already mentioned; the chairs filled with competent and well-paid professors, who lecture on medicine, surgery, mathematics, history, and agriculture.

Education is both narrow and sectarian, reading being mainly restricted to the Koran; but schools are as common in Cairo and Damascus as in the cities of Britain. The "kouttab," (school,) is often found in singularly out-of-the-way places, as under the shadow of a mosque, a tumble-down court, or a spreading tree—in a word, in any sequestered nook the hum of infantile voices may be heard at any hour of the day. There being no school furniture, master and pupils frequently make the circuit of the mosque once in the twenty-four hours, in order to shelter themselves under the cool and shady side of the premises. The "fakeer," (schoolmaster,) squats with his pupils, each boy having a board, on which is written his letters or lesson: these he bawls out at the top of his voice; consequently the hubbub is deafening, and anything but pleasant. The lessons are generally committed, with more or less accuracy, to memory; consequently there are few Moslems who cannot repeat several chapters of the Koran. To judge from the appearance of the dominie, he must be as indifferently remunerated as schoolmasters were, till recently, in Scotland. Many who fill this office have doubtless been selected on the principle mentioned by Mungo Park in his African travels; that is, any individual who, from age or infirmity, has become incapacitated for labour, or herding cattle, receives the appointment of village schoolmaster. There are no public educational institutions for girls, but governesses are sometimes hired to instruct them in prayers, and certain portions of the Koran—the Turk no longer ignoring a wife or daughter's moral claim to social accomplishments and religious training.

One of the sights of the city is the magnificent tomb of Mohammed, grandfather of the present sultan; it is a masterpiece of beautiful Italian architecture, built of parti-coloured and highly-polished marble; the interior, judging from a peep I had at a window, contains a divan, rich shawls, gilt rails, in harmony with the garniture and taste of a royal "wely" in Turkey. I had supposed, till to-day, that Damascus was the best supplied city in the East as regards water. It may be so with reference to private houses and courts; but unquestionably Constantinople is second to none in the number of its public fountains; many of them are fine structures, the gifts

of private individuals. No city is better situated for drainage, having steep declivities on two sides running down to the sea. Notwithstanding this natural advantage, and an unlimited supply of pure water, the streets and courts reek with filth, and stream with pools of foetiferous water, exhaling miasmata, and poisoning the atmosphere. It is not at all astonishing to me that fevers seldom leave the city, nor that epidemics frequently decimate the population. I have been wandering for eight hours over these abominably paved streets, which are as bad as those of Jerusalem or old Demas. So, hastening on board a cäique, I am glad to stretch my legs, and reach Haskeui.

Wednesday, 25th.—We proceed, after breakfast, in a cäique, to the lower bridge of boats, and embark in a steamer for a trip along the Bosphorus. This strait connects the Black Sea with that of the Marmora, and separates Thrace from Asia. In length about seventeen miles, varying from a half to two miles in width, a strong current sets down from the Euxine, rendering the navigation difficult for sailing ships. The rocks forming the shore consist chiefly of trap, calcareous spar, and porphyry, whilst agate, chalcedony, and jasper are common. Nor is there a doubt, judging from the colour of the land springs, but that iron and other minerals are present. Midway between the Black Sea and the Horn stand two castles, one on either side, named Anatolia and Roumelia; these are the only defences of Constantinople towards the north. Some say it was here Xerxes threw across a bridge of boats on his ill-fated expedition and disastrous war with the Athenians, and where he also committed the foolish act of having the sea flogged, because a tempest had destroyed his bridges, and interrupted the passage of his army.

The steamer plies daily on this passage; and this morning is as crowded as a *Citizen* or *Express* on "Old Father Thames." From the deck there is a splendid view of the noble city—the Horn, Galata, Scutari, and Kadakoi, forming a panoramic circle of inexpressible variety and beauty, the shore on both sides being fringed—from Galata to Buyukderi, and even beyond, especially on the European shore—with continuous ranges of buildings and detached

villas. The sultan's new palace is a marvellous creation of loveliness, built of white marble, and standing close to the margin of the strait; the architecture a happy mixture of the Greek, Italian, and Gothic, the latter predominating—the whole surrounded with walls and gilt railings, the gates artistically designed, and beautifully executed. The gardens are tastefully arranged,—oranges, citrons, and other fruits abounding. The mansions scattered here, and peeping from among foliage there, are more like palaces than the dwellings of private citizens. These, with the verdure-clad hills, gardens, lovely views, and the clear swift-running Bosphorus, form an earthly paradise more like an enchanted landscape than a scene on this sin-deformed world. Each of these princely residences has a canal-communication with the strait, by which the proprietor, stepping into his *câique* at his hall door, may, in ten minutes, be rowed to the Asiatic side, or, in thirty, to Stamboul.

Our passengers present as mixed and motley groups as ever crowded a Gravesend boat on a Whit-Monday. There is very much, indeed, to sustain the resemblance: two or three waiters are bawling among the passengers, endeavouring to attract customers for coffee and tobacco. Here, it is true, there is no short measure—a pint bottle for a quart, or cigars made up of cabbage-leaves, at threepence—the Turk, not unlike his London *confrère*, being as much addicted to his cup and narghilly as the other is to his pipe and pot; but both here are of the best quality. The steamer touches at various points at villages, to embark and disembark passengers. We soon reach Therapia, thus called by the ancients on account of its salubrity. In a few minutes more she arrives at Buyukderi, near two forts, which form the rubicon between the Russian and Turkish waters, in terms of a treaty signed after the Crimean war. It was stipulated that no vessel of either nation should pass this barrier. We land at Roumelia Hassar, a small village a mile or two farther up the strait, and walk back on foot to Therapia, where we dine at a large hotel on the margin of the sea. The *cuisine* of this establishment is unexceptionable, and the charges moderate. There are numbers of English and Scottish surnames observable on the sign-boards—remnants, probably, of the Crimean campaign.

We have the rare good fortune to witness a Greek funeral, and at once join the train. It consists of from thirty to forty men, in their ordinary attire, headed by a priest, arrayed in a long dark robe, having a coloured surplice, with yellow fringe, his high black cap hung with crape. In one hand he bears a small brass crucifix, in the other a prayer-book ; next a boy, also in a surplice, follows, carrying a cross ten feet in length, followed by five other youths, each with a lighted wax taper in his hand, eighteen inches long ; lastly, two other lads, one with a censer dish, from which he swings clouds of incense, whilst the other sprinkles holy water from a basin. At every hundred paces or so, the priest and boys chant a prayer, in the drawling, nasal tone peculiar to the Greek Church. On arriving at an open grave in the rear of the village, the ground neither levelled nor fenced, the procession stops. The coffin, of plain deal, rough as from the carpenter's shop, wedge-shaped, and unpalled, the bottom sparred like a bottle-rack, is placed upon a frame, the priest reads, and the boys chant during ten minutes alternately. The coffin is then lowered with cords ; a little earth, put into the priest's hands, is flung into the grave at the words "dust to dust ;" another prayer is read, followed by a loud Amen ! All who formed a part of the cortège throw a little of the soil upon the coffin, and the grave is quickly filled up. The priest disrobes, the cross is uncraped, the ashes of the encensoir are thrown upon the grave, the candles extinguished, the dresses and other paraphernalia tied up in a cloth, and the ceremony is over.

We start on our return at 4 p.m., and steam, in exactly nine minutes, across to the Asiatic side of the strait. The shore is a series of sequestered glens and nooks, eminently picturesque, at the base of the giant mountain, nor are there wanting, to complete the picture, hamlets, villas, and occasionally white-domed mosques, shooting their tall, slim minarets aloft, through and among the dense green foliage. Near the city there are factories, breweries, and numbers of gentlemen's seats—all denoting a wealthy and industrious population. Nature has bestowed upon the district, with liberal hand, mountain, rock, ravine, and stream, a generous soil, and genial sky ; nor has man been niggardly in applying industry and skill to mul-

tively its products, and perfect the loveliness of the landscape. Were beauty of scenery and purity of air ever likely to induce me to abandon my native land, in my present mood I should most assuredly pitch my tent in this Eden-like locality—a predilection that bears no mean testimony to its attractions, when expressed by a Scotsman. The time occupied in steaming from *Buyukderi* to *Stamboul*, including all stoppages, is an hour and a half—the fare, four and a half piastres.

There are three modes of viewing Constantinople to advantage. The first, from the heights above *Haskeni*; this embraces the city on both sides of the Horn, from the *Marmora* to the outlying suburb of *Pera*. The second, from the top of the white tower of *Galata*; this is the best to obtain an idea of the shipping, wharves, factories, and mosques on both sides, together with the public offices and government works. The third by *câique*, starting from the *Seraglio* point, and rowing along the east side of the Horn as far as *Eyoub*, then crossing over to *Kalidy-Ogloa*, and down to *Foundukli*. By either of these three modes a pretty accurate conception of the extent, public buildings, trade, and commerce of the Moslem capital may be obtained.

It may be readily conceived that a city and capital containing a population of not less than from 500,000 to 600,000, must have busy streets; these, whether the leading thoroughfares or the more aristocratic parts of the city, are narrow, crooked, steep, ill-paved, and, as we have already said, are undrained. There is only one good street, it may be said, in the whole capital, viz., that known as “*Adrianople*,” running from the gate of the same name to the *Seraglio*. The houses, without exception, are low, small, and mostly built of wood, hence the frequent conflagrations; or if of stone, only rubble. The city is surrounded with walls, in some parts triple, flanked by towers. They are of varied height, age, and state of preservation, but much dilapidated.

This city had originally forty-three gates, eighteen of which opened on the land side, twelve towards the Golden Horn, and thirteen facing the *Marmora*; of these, only seven remain, or are used. The Castle of the Seven Towers, once a place of great strength, has long since been converted into a prison; but, in a word, however beautiful *Stamboul* is in external

aspect, like other Eastern cities, it is foul and foetid within, rickety as a house of cards, and as liable to fire as a heap of tinder. Cafés form an important element in the East, and Stamboul can count hers by hundreds, a description of which would alone fill a volume. They are of a better class and more handsomely furnished than those of Syria; nor is it at all rare to see marble tables, plate-glass windows, mirrors, and other casino attractions, in some of the more aristocratic parts of the city. The *café chantant* and story-telling establishments are quite thronged in the evenings; yet as far as I observed, there was nothing at all resembling what is known in London and Paris as the “comic;” both performers and audience seem never to forget the staidness and propriety habitual to the Osmanli character. Sobriety, they say, becomes all men; but alas! poor Yorick! change is making rapid progress. The tidal wave of Western customs and habits has already reached thy shores, and is flooding thy cities; French dress, shops, and pastimes are becoming the rage—new scenes and sayings are indulged in by “young Turkey” that were unknown to their forefathers, which are fast breaking down the exclusiveness, and obliterating the bigotry and prejudices of the Turkish character and creed. What the issue may be, Heaven only knows; one thing, however, is evident, that Arabian, Egyptian, and Turk will soon be as much Gallicised as ourselves.

We have already remarked in these pages that the Barada has done much for Damascus; but the Golden Horn does even more for Constantinople, for in addition to conferring beauty on its situation, bearing wealth on its bosom, it forms also the great highway from south to north of both the city proper and Galata. There is no accounting for tastes, or as the old Latin aphorism has it—*Sua quemque voluptas trahit*. To me there is nothing more delightful, at least since I arrived here, than to spend a forenoon in sailing or being rowed in a clean and well-appointed cäique, managed by a handsome young Turk, in his baggy trousers, white as the driven snow, fez, and white linen, clean as a new pin, though barefooted and barelegged—civil and courteous withal. When once the fare is arranged, he will neither demur, back out, nor beg for an additional piastre. Bakhshish is often asked, it is true, and even

demanding by rough shoremen, but the very term seems to be utterly unknown to the handsome cäiquedji of the Horn.

The currency, which has long been a cause of complaint and embarrassment to all who have monetary transactions in the state, is being rapidly placed on a sounder basis. Not only is the decimal system introduced, but a uniform value of the different coins is nearly established, the Turkish *lira*, or pound, being the standard. This is an important step in advance, but one which had indeed become a necessity, the difference between the values of the piastre varying in different localities to the extent of twenty per cent. This, together with the organisation of a police force, and other municipal reforms, will, it may be hoped, raise Turkey from her condition of chronic disintegration to a career of growing prosperity. She has an intelligent people, a magnificent country, and great mineral resources locked up in her mountains, only waiting the advent of wealth, skill, and enterprise for their development ; so, with God's blessing, there are strong hopes that she may yet become great, glorious, and free.

Thursday, 26th.—The schools supported by the Church of Scotland are under the superintendence of one of her licentiates, who personally undertakes the instruction of the boys, whose zeal and energy, I am happy to say, have been followed by unusual success. The girls are under the care of a young Scottish lady and a native teacher. I examined the children in Italian and English, and can report their progress to be satisfactory. The Scriptures, Shorter Catechism, or Paraphrases, are read and repeated daily. The number of children is at present small, owing to an anathema having been pronounced a few months ago, by the Jewish rabbi, against those parents who permitted their children to attend the Mission schools. The effect has been the withdrawal of a few of the more advanced girls. A priest's malediction, I am happy to say, like a Papal bull in Europe, is fast losing its much-dreaded power, three or four of the pupils having already returned. The children are of various nationalities, and of different creeds, embracing Scots, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews ; yet it is somewhat remarkable there is neither a Turk, nor a Turk's child, in any way connected with the establishment.

A singular report is current to-day that in this, the metropolis of Mohammedanism, five hundred Mussulmans are ready to abjure Islamism and embrace Christianity—a result, it is said, wholly attributable to a partial circulation of the Sacred Scriptures. Many entertain more hopes of sudden movement towards Christianity from among the adherents of Mohammed than the followers of Moses. From the attention I have given to this subject during twenty years' public labour in London, in addition to the information I have collected abroad, adult converts from Judaism are exceedingly rare; and even of these, the change in some have seemingly been from selfish motives, whilst in other instances the result has been German rationalism. God forbid that I should be understood as affirming, that among the adult Jews received into Christianity there are no genuine conversions. I know there are many who, amidst scoffing and persecution, not only hold the faith "once delivered to the saints," but who are adorning "the doctrines of God their Saviour by lives becoming the gospel." My thorough conviction is, however, that it is to the young, whether Moslem, Hindoo, or Jew, our efforts are to be directed; the mind ought to be seized ere it has become biassed and encrusted with bigotry or educational prejudices. Still the Church cannot, nay, must not, slack her hand, while the command of her Lord remains, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel;"* but while she is thus faithful to her Master in preaching the gospel to the adult, she is equally bound, with a better hope of success, to persistently educate and train the young. Were there suitable premises in Smyrna, Beyrout, and here at Haskeui, there need be no limit to the number of pupils, nor bounds to success. It rests with the Church to place in the hands of the missionary committees the means, and results more gratifying and abundant than ever enthusiast conceived may be realised.

It has been long acknowledged that the existing premises are inadequate to the requirements of the mission station. This afternoon, I went and examined a piece of ground for sale, situated in the Jews' quarter, the price £500, seemingly suitable for both building and mission purposes. The purchase would have to be effected in the name of a Turk, as no

* Matt. xxviii. 19.

foreigner can hold real estate in the country. This is easily arranged by either a long lease or purchasing through a native. I drew up a scheme, and guaranteed a portion of the purchase money, which is to be laid before the Foreign Mission Committee, and there the matter rests.

In the evening, I strolled a few miles into the country, visited the east side of the Sweet Waters, and came in by the Jews' Cemetery, which lies above Sudludje. The tombstones present the appearance of having been disturbed, being tilted and at different angles; they are profusely covered with Hebrew inscriptions, and seem to be as numerous as those on the slopes of the Kedron. The soil in this part of the country is light, but loamy, and of good depth, capable of producing either white or green crops; unfortunately, however, as far as the eye could reach, towards Pera, ancient Thrace, or down the declivities in the direction of the Horn, all is in a state of nature. Were government a little more active in the matter of police, life and property safer, this beautiful plain and these undulating fields would be fertile and productive as a garden. I returned by the Jewish quarter, which presents the same features of cocked fish, cries, and old clothes, that characterise Petticoat Lane and Houndsditch. The Jew, like the Irishman, seldom loses his innate idiosyncrasy, or abandons his social proclivities, carrying with him his habits and modes of life, like his features, not only from generation to generation, but from continent to continent. He is the same whether he sells pencils under the sweltering equator, or spectacles at the north pole. Wondrous people! found everywhere, isolated and unmixed, and likely to remain so until the period arrives "when they shall be grafted in, for God is able to graff them in again."*

* Rom. xi. 23.

CHAPTER LIII.

GALATA AND SCUTARI.

Friday, 27th.—Once more to Galata in a cäique. The distance, a mile and a half, is accomplished in twenty-five minutes. We called upon two of our enterprising countrymen from Aberdeen, who, as builders, have succeeded in establishing a first-class business. And where are there not Scotsmen ! and they generally succeed. We ascend the White Tower of Galata, the first object that catches the eye of the stranger coming down the Bosphorus, or on turning the Seraglio Point, from the Marmora. I do not know its height, but the summit is reached by 229 steps, divided into eleven flights, the first five spiral, built in the thickness of the walls, the other six of wood, run up in the interior. The fifth floor is used as a barrack, the admission free. The view from the top is extensive, embracing the shipping of the port, the Bosphorus, Scutari, the whole city, the Horn, and miles across the plains of Thrace.

Galata is the port and harbour of Constantinople, and, it may be said, the Liverpool of Turkey ; the streets wide, shops elegant, banks spacious, steam-ship and other offices numerous, boat-building sheds, anchor and chain-smiths' premises, ship-chandlers and wine shops in abundance ;—these form the streets and line the quays. English, French and Italian are more generally heard than Turkish. The British flag flying from two or three ships in the offing sends a thrill through my heart, and I walk more erect, as if feeling myself under the protection of its folds. Glorious old emblem ! thou hast braved, “a thousand years, the battle and the breeze ;” long may thy red, white, and blue quarterings wave on every sea, to protect and accom-

pany the commerce of Britain to every nation of the civilised world. I paid a visit to three or four photographic studios, and was kindly received as an amateur; their stereos and whole plates are good, but their *cartes* were somewhat below par. The trade is wholly in the hands of foreigners. I heard of no instance of a Turk being engaged in photography; this, however, does not prevent him from having both himself and the fair inmates of the harem *photoed*, a privilege for which he pays the artist liberally and ungrudgingly.

Having heard much of the dancing dervises, I also pay them a visit; but on going to their mosque, in expectation of witnessing their mode of worship, I found it closed. The premises are large, having a well-paved court, a garden, and the indispensable fountain. A large crowd had assembled, among whom the devotees, known by wearing cylindrical white felt hats, freely mingle. After waiting patiently three hours, we are informed there is to be no service to-day, and consequently no dancing. We are thus obliged to depart, chewing the cud of disappointment.

On returning to Haskeui, I made a thorough examination of the lower part of Galata. The streets, I must confess, are strongly *aromatic*, smelling dreadfully of Rosmary Lane and Wapping. I have the good fortune, however, to witness an *exorcist* in the practice of his vocation. He is seated on the steps of a mosque, dressed as a Turkish priest, wearing a green turban—therefore, a descendant of the prophet. His *modus operandi* is somewhat as follows:—The patient, a stout young fellow, stands in front of the operator, who begins by making upon him a number of mesmeric passes, from his neck downward; he then gently rubs the chest, the affected part, blowing violently with his mouth at the same time; next, he authoritatively commands the pain or spirit to descend, directing his efforts to another part of the patient's body; groaning, and afterwards bellowing, he winds up with a prolonged sh-sh-sh. My friend informed me that in commanding the evil spirit to depart, he used the name of Jesus, which brings vividly to my recollection the words of St Luke:—“Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul

preacheth. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?''*

He again made a few more passes, but this time from the knee to the ground, occasionally asking the patient whether he felt the pain or spirit descending. The answer at length was in the affirmative. Hereupon the priest laughed, apparently satisfied with the result of his manipulations. Now, taking a small board, measuring fifteen inches by five, in which there were a number of broad-headed hobnails, he struck them repeatedly with a hammer, implying that he had nailed the spirit to the board. The patient declares himself cured, pays three piastres, and disappears; another patient takes his place, the same process is gone through, the result being the same. Exhibitions such as this are not unusual in Stamboul. I hazard no opinion of either the operation or its result, but leave them in the same category as the cures said to have been effected at the tomb of Abelard, in Pere-la-Chaise. Probably the whole affair may be referred to the old proverb, *Fancy kills, and fancy cures*. Confidence in the physician, and faith in the medicine, though the latter be only a pill of dough, or a draught of water, coloured with burnt sugar, will be followed sometimes by curative effects, which, without belief in their efficacy, genuine medicines would fail to effect.

Accompanied by my friend, I start in a *câique* for Scutari, the double fare nine piastres. Landing near the cemetery, in which so many of our brave soldiers are buried, we first inspect the hospital, where, too, the philanthropic Miss Nightingale, laying aside, at the call of duty, the timidity incident to her sex, performed for many long and weary months the sad offices of a nurse, fulfilling the part of a ministering angel. Well did this noble-minded lady and her heroic band of coadjutors merit the eulogium, that they combined the courage of men with the sympathies of womanhood. Nor should the army surgeons be forgotten; they also performed their arduous duties faithfully, affectionately, and devotedly, although unrewarded by the country they served; nevertheless, enjoying, as they do, the satisfaction of an ap-

* Acts xix. 13-17.

proving conscience, they will one day receive the commendation of Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." * The hospital itself has been converted into a barrack, and is now, together with a new building, full of soldiers. The cemetery is enclosed with walls and railing, the graves and gravestones in beautiful order. A fringe of young trees is planted on the side next the Marmora, the walks gravelled, the grass cut, headstones and monuments painted for preservation, many of the graves adorned with flowers, shrubs, and "immortelles;" in short, nothing has been omitted that could impart beauty and order to this hallowed spot—

"Where sleep the brave, who sunk to rest,
With all their countries' wishes blest."

The extent of the enclosure is seven acres; the keeper and family are English; he is only allowed two assistants, a staff, I may remark in passing, as insufficient for the work as their salary is incommensurate with the present high rate of rent and provisions. The government has been liberal in enclosing and ornamenting the grounds. Near the gateway there is a magnificent square obelisk, bearing on each of its sides an inscription in Turkish, French, Italian, and English, to the memory of the departed who are interred beneath. The ground has been but little disturbed, six interments only having taken place during the past four years. With deep interest I read the names of Campbells, Colvilles, Hughes, and Williams. Some of the epitaphs are so affecting as to bring tears to the eye. I could not help exclaiming, "Sleep on, ye brave but not forgotten ones! At many a hearth in England, Wales, and Auld Scotia, your names and deeds are cherished as household memories: to you belongs the victor's laurel, as well as the soldier's grave."

Breaking away from this sorrowful but sacred spot, lest the vivid recollection of widowed mothers and orphaned children should unman me, I quit the scene. A book is kept in which visitors are requested to inscribe their names. Whilst complying with this usage, I suggested that the nationality of the visitor should in every case be inserted. Scutari, the ancient

* Matt. xxv. 40.

Crysopolis, stands on the Bythynian shore, about a mile and a half off the Seraglio point. The population has been variously estimated at from 30,000 to 40,000 and upwards. The situation, from being placed on several hills, is romantic, and picturesque in appearance when seen from the opposite shore. In its buildings and streets the same style is adhered to as in the capital. The sultan's palace, a few handsome mosques, a college of dervises, with public baths and bazaars, form the principal places of interest. It is still the rendezvous for the merchants and caravans which annually travel to and from Persia and Armenia. It is also celebrated for the decisive victory obtained by Constantine the Great over his rival, Licinus, but to my countrymen more dear because of its hospital, and the green graves that cover the sleeping dead.

The Golden Horn, the ancient *Κερας Χρυσιον* or Sinus Byzantinus, the promontory on which ancient Byzantium was originally built, is the finest and safest harbour in the world. It is capable of containing a thousand sail of ships of the line, and ships of the heaviest burden may discharge their cargoes close to the quay. It extends inwards from the Seraglio for about four and a half miles north-west, varying in breadth from one-eighth to a quarter of a mile. It has two light-houses and a battery at the entrance. Galata, which forms one side of the Horn, was built by the Genoese in the thirteenth century, and walled in the fifteenth. It is divided into three quarters, has twelve gates, and is about four miles in circuit, and may be regarded as Stamboul in Europe. Twenty minutes' steaming lands us at the lower bridge; the fare, two and a half piastres.

CHAPTER LIV.

GREECE.

Saturday, 28th.—Leaving Constantinople, and my kind friends of Haskeui, I embark on board the steamer *Stadium*, (No. 30,) and start for the Piræus at 10 A.M. There are about fifty passengers on board, mostly of the second and third class. The chief engineer, who has been fifteen years in the service of the Austrian Lloyd's, is a native of Bristol, and it is pleasing to remark, that he is not only a steady, but a religious man. It is painful to witness the ungodliness of many of our countrymen, especially seamen, in distant lands, who, by their intemperance and recklessness, have brought reproach upon our country and our country's Protestantism.

The west coast of the Marmora is low and uninteresting; whilst that of Albania is just visible. The shores of the Bay of Nicomedia, which stretch far to the east, rise in the distance inland; but night closes in, and the land gradually disappears. My fellow-passengers seem to be Jewish and Turkish merchants, *en route* with goods for the Greek markets. There is not, I believe, amongst them either a sight-hunter or pilgrim. For the first time during my journey I am the only *hadji* on board an Oriental steamer.

Sunday, 29th.—The breeze has freshened considerably this morning. On coming on deck, I observe that we are just steaming out of the Dardanelles, and entering the Grecian Archipelago. Now we are abreast of the celebrated isle of Lemnos. The coast line presents a series of rugged cliffs, on which neither village nor habitation is visible. The southern declivities are clothed with a carpet of verdure. Cotton and the vine are, I am aware, grown to a considerable extent in the

valleys. Thousands of acres on these islands, though now utterly waste, were once under cultivation, covered with happy villages, large towns, and a thriving population. Shall a period ever come when these lands shall be restored to productiveness, and again have a population commensurate with their fertility? The want of Sunday's rest and privileges is a great privation when the mind is jaded, and the spirit needs refreshment. There is to those who have been accustomed to Sunday services a desire for religious communion; man being social in his instincts, naturally desiderates a brotherhood of feeling and fellowship; public worship is a special provision, marvelously suited to meet the moral and spiritual cravings of the renewed man, which no amount of private reading, prayer, or meditation can wholly supply. I have read, re-read, and repeated, during the course of this day, the 122d Psalm, and feel something akin to the state of mind expressed by David so beautifully in the 42d Psalm: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God;" but alas! to-day I cannot go up "with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day."

Although there was little attention paid to Sunday observance on board the French steamers, there is still less observable in the Austrian Lloyd's; the difference, however, may be owing rather to the class of passengers on board than to the officers or nationality of the ship—possibly it is my own heart that is at fault; man often makes himself what he is, more, too, from innate affections than the influence of others.

During the last four hours we have been steaming among clusters of islets, some of which present traces of cultivation and pasture. Few of the Greek islands have wood growing, either to hide the rocks or crown their heights, which certainly detracts from their beauty; their characteristics may be summed up as an assemblage of huge, bare, jagged, rocky islets; one could almost fancy that, in the times of the Titans, they had been thrown down at random in some gigantic pastime. The question naturally presents itself to one's mind, Whence came the fleets and armies of which Homer sang, and Herodotus wrote? whence the tribute that enabled Pericles to raise the glorious temples at Athens? These islands must

then have been crowded with teeming villages, busy towns, and a thriving commerce ; without that, we cannot realise the Iliad of the bard, nor the sober page of the historian. I trust these islets and islands will again be repeopled, once more lift up their voice, and this time echo the song of praise to Jehovah, and rejoice in the glad tidings of the gospel of His Son. Great things are expected of young King George of Denmark, and I earnestly hope that Europe may not be disappointed.

At three P.M. we are in the midst of a group of islands, which are almost as thick around us as corn-stooks in a harvest field. We often pass within thirty feet of the shelving rock, upon which one might easily pitch a biscuit. The view again opens up, the summits of some mountains being dimly seen right ahead. In another thirty minutes, we are encircled by a larger group, through which we thread our way like a person in a crowd ; at different points the passage presents a strong resemblance to the Kyles of Bute, or perhaps more like the Channel between Jersey and Sark. Not a living creature, except sea-gulls and a large bird, I suppose to be an eagle, is to be seen on these bleak rocky shores. At 4.30 P.M. we cast anchor in the harbour of Syra or Sciros, one of the northern Cyclades, disembarking in one of the untidy shore boats, (how unlike the smart *caïques* and clean *caïquedjes* of the Golden Horn.) Here Greece is everything, and everybody is Greek, and for the first time I hear the modern euphony of that glorious old tongue, in which the greatest of poets and philosophers wrote their immortal works, and where I make my first acquaintance with the Greek flag, which might, from its white and blue stripes, be mistaken for the *drapeau* of the United States. The inhabitants are beyond doubt intoxicated with their newly-acquired liberty, and inform me, in confidence, that Stamboul in the course of half a dozen years will once more form part of the Greek empire, forgetting that a nation's greatness, and a people's happiness, depend less on kings, governments, and extent of territory, than upon the national will, morality, and individual rectitude ; "righteousness alone exalteth a nation," is an aphorism for all time.

The island is ten miles in length from south to north, and about one-half these dimensions in breadth, as rocky as Goat-fell or the back of Ben Nevis. It produces, however, capital

wines, figs, and other Eastern fruits. The harbour is safe and capacious, in which there are a number of ships, Greek and Italian, loading and discharging. The population has more than quintupled during the last thirty years. The streets of the town, which has the same name as the island, are thronged with well-dressed people. There are many handsome shops, cafés, churches, public buildings, and family residences, presenting the variety of Stamboul in costume, and much of Ramsgate or Rothesay in its watering-place appearance. Like Jaffa or Galipoli, the town stands on the shore, creeping up the hills that form the background; these are crested, one with a church, and another with an old castle.

Being a rendezvous for the Italian, French, and the Austrian Lloyd's steamers—the latter company refitting both ships and engines here—there are many resident engineers, the majority Scotchmen, with whom I soon fraternise, and begin to realise the truth of the sarcasm, that “my countrymen are never at home except when abroad.” They have a nice little church and excellent school premises; unfortunately, however, they are at present without a pastor. Whether this want will be supplied by the Church of Scotland or not, I cannot say; but am half inclined to the opinion, that had these people been heathens at Timbuctoo, or on the verge of the Arctic regions, their claims would have been listened to, and their spiritual necessities supplied. It is strange that our sympathies are excited, and no expense spared in providing for the welfare of the Hottentot, while our white brethren, with equal if not stronger claims upon our affections, are allowed to perish at our doors! How opposed to the spirit of 1 John iv. 20, 21.

Syra stands high in classic lore. Pherecides, one of the most ancient of the Greek philosophers, and a disciple of Pittacus, was a native of this isle, under whom, while here, Pythagoras is said to have studied. The fact, if it be so, set me a pondering whether there might be anything in the surrounding scenery, the soil, or salubrity of the air, sufficient to produce, on such an unpromising rock, either a philosopher or a mind capable of discovering the 47th problem of the first book of Euclid; but I fail to perceive any physical cause to account for this being the birthplace of Genius, any

more than Arran or Jersey. Might we not refer it to the same source as that to which Curran attributed Scottish intellect—a clear atmosphere and scanty fare.

Once more on board, the anchor is weighed. We steam along in-shore for an hour, and then shoot straight as an arrow for the Attic shore. Darkness setting in, I fling myself on a Greek couch, and endeavour to woo gentle slumber; but in this instance, from the jabbering of four Italians, who talked the whole night, found, like all similar instances, the effort in vain. It blew half a gale during the night, while the air was as cold as charity. We have just past the headland of Negropont, the ancient Eubœa, and are bearing down upon the southern Cyclades, rendered famous by Homer and our own Byron. At 4.45 A.M. we enter the bay, and at 5.30 A.M. cast anchor in the harbour of the Piræus.

Monday, 30th.—The coast before us is bold, rocky, and mountainous, treeless, and seemingly void of population; but the morning sun shines with unusual brilliancy to one entering Greece—and especially the port of Athens—for the first time. It is neither beauty of scenery nor loveliness of atmosphere that could either add to or detract from the charm inspired by being within the limits of this classic land. Hailing a small boat, with four other passengers, I am rowed ashore. Four francs is demanded for my individual fare; a battle ensues—that is, a *logomachy*—it is Greek meeting Greek. I at last flung them a franc, and got out of the squabble. Having given up my passport before the steamer left Constantinople, I am informed it will be obtained on reaching Athens. The Piræus, or port of Athens, has the appearance of a modern town, having a handsome square, wide streets, gaudy shops, and a large and convenient fish and vegetable market. The harbour is well sheltered, ships of 500 tons coming close to the quay.

After a hasty survey of the place, I step into a coach, of which there are numbers plying for hire between this and the city, which is seen nestling under Hymettus and the shadow of the Acropolis. The road is straight as an arrow, running in the old line between the ancient Phaleric and the Piræic walls, which were erected by Themistocles some three or four thousand years ago, to connect the harbour with the city. There are only portions of them remaining, that stand

at different distances in fields or among vineyards, like hoary sentinels, as if watching the city and the shrines of Athens' gods. The road is being planted on both sides with trees, French fashion, while houses of entertainment are numerous. From the amount of traffic, the levelness of the plain, the railway in contemplation will not only be cheaply constructed, but be a boon to the citizens, and remunerative to the shareholders. The public vehicles are particularly clean, having a white linen covering thrown over sides and seats; they carry four in and two out, are drawn by two excellent horses, well harnessed and driven, and are far superior in appointments to our four-wheeled cabs, the fare for the journey being one drachma, (8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.) the driver is civil, which may be said to be generally the case when the fare is a fixed tariff.

As I draw near the glorious old Acropolis, now rising on my right, my mind and memory are in a tumult of emotion, wandering in recollection back to college days, Sir D. K. Sandford's Greek classes, and dear old *Alma Mater*. Ah, what weary steps I have travelled, and strange scenes I have witnessed, since youth flushed my heart and gilded my hopes; but stay, I am in the land of Homer—Attica holds me. Shades of the mighty dead, forgive me. I have just been calculating what premium rail and gas will bear in a few months on the Attic Bourse! Avaunt, Mammon! Begone, share lists, gas, railway, and telegraph premiums. *Favete linguis!* Who, although devoid of classic attainments, or even the pretension, could stand in Athens, the most renowned city of antiquity, without having his feeling for the æsthetic and classic strongly stirred—a land standing first and alone in the genius of its people, immortalised by a literature second only to that of inspiration—a philosophy that moulded and swayed the minds of men, till Bacon introduced the inductive system of reasoning, an oratory of which Philip of Macedon could tell the power—a poetry so sublime that it still moves the heart and melts the affections; the land of Homer, Theocritus, and Sappho; the birthplace of the Arts, her painting unapproachable, whilst her sculptures continue to this day the models of our ablest masters. Every stream, fountain and river, mountain and valley, nay, every step, has a history embalmed in either epic song or classic story. Hastening along the crowded

thoroughfare, and through a large square, I reach the Temple of Æolus, or tower of the winds, and gaze with rapture on its beautiful design. This gem, built by Cyrrhestes, is octagon in form, and though much mutilated and time-worn, is still as splendid specimen of Greek taste. Representations of the various winds run along the frieze on each side, the figures in *alto relievo* expressing, by appropriate gestures, the rising storm or the gentle calm, vividly calling to mind the expressive lines :—

“ Celsa sedet Æolus, arce,
Sceptra tenens, mollit hic animos et temperat vias
 . . . facit tempestatumque potentum
Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem,
Impulit in latus : ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbina perfiant.
Incubere mari, totumque a sedibus imis,
Una Eurusque Notusque.”

Æneid I. 84.

I soon climb the hill, and sit down on a broken column of the Acropolis, to luxuriate on the wondrous view before me, the city and surrounding country, the banks of the Ilissus, the windings of Cephissus, Mount Hymettus, with its twin peaks and woody precipitous flanks, the road leading from the ferry of Salamis, contrasting curiously with the Phaleric Way, the ruins of the Academy on the north, the Lyceum on the east, the Stadium on the south, and looking to the west the glorious temple of Thesus ; these are seen at a glance. The eye wanders with pleasure over a scene unsurpassed—Palestine excepted—in the world ; the picture, looking city ward, is filled in with cathedral and church, palace and school, and finally rests with awe and astonishment on the gigantic isolated columns and broken architrave of Olympus, which remind me strongly of the ruined colonnade of the temple at Baalbec.

Skirting the mountain on the right, I examined the extensive excavations that are going on in the ancient Dionysian theatre, which contained seats for thirty thousand persons. There were anciently within these walls statues of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and of the comic dramatists Aristophanes and Menander, whose writings are quoted by St Paul. The circular seats are still in good preservation. A few of the columns and pedestals are still *in situ* ; the sedilia remain just

as when the senators rose from them after witnessing some public spectacle. The names are still legible ; groups of sculpture, comprising heads, legs, torsos, and inscriptions, are strewn about ; in a word, the place is a quarry of antiquarian treasures. Winding round the hill, under the frowning battlements, which are pierced with windows and arched doorways, I walked up the incline to the principal entrance, and sat down on a marble block which is covered with Greek characters, and again gazed awe-stricken on the marvellous and magnificent ruins on every side, indignant, too, to know that some of these are not worn by time's gradual and remorseless tooth, but by the shot and shell of the Turk. Were I not a Christian and a clergyman, I would, this morning, on looking upon these shot-riven columns, execrate the vandalism that could level their artillery against these works of art and beauty. I cannot help fancying the thousands of years of eventful history, the illustrious dead, whose names fill the pages of the world's records with all that Greece and its capital have done ; these, like Banquo's ghost, seem to flit before my mental vision and crowd upon my memory ; I feel fascinated and spell-bound ; it is only with an effort I can rise and leave the spot.

Crossing a field, probably two hundred yards wide, I reach and mount the ever-memorable Mar's Hill, now a bare and rugged rock, on which the great apostle of the Gentiles stood when addressing the Athenians, and directing their minds from dumb idols to the true and only living God. On this height a tide of deeper emotions, stronger and purer than those experienced in looking at the merely beautiful, the grand, or the antique, wells up in my heart. "I am now," speaking audibly—a habit I have fallen into of late, probably from being much alone in my wanderings—"on that place where Paul stood and preached that wondrous sermon recorded in Acts xvii. Here Dionysius the Areopagite and Damaris were converted, a philosopher and a woman, showing that 'in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, but a new creation.'" I fall upon my knees, and pour out my soul in prayer, and afterwards read the whole of the afore-mentioned passage of Scripture, under such emotions as I never before, and may never again experience, while perusing that portion of the Divine Word.

This may be regarded by some as verging on superstition or an undue veneration for holy places. It may be contended that wherever the knee is bent, and God invoked, that place becomes holy ground—granted: probably, I have seen as much superstitious worship of holy places as falls to the lot of most clergymen—nevertheless, truth compels me to state, that in the Holy Sepulchre, at Gethsemane, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, I have prayed with an earnestness and fervour, which, I am certain, was intensified by the scene and the associations with which they were connected. Nor is it possible, judging from my own feelings, for a Christian to stand on Mar's Hill, read the same verses, look around upon those monuments, the Acropolis on the right, the Temple of Thesus at his feet, and reflect that these edifices and scenes were under the eye of Paul when he stood on this spot and said, “Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.” If a man could behold and only half comprehend these things, and not feel his devotion quickened into fervour, his faith rise higher, his prayer become more earnest, his soul and spirit, so to speak, sublimated and spiritualised, then his moral constitution and mental idiosyncrasy must be very different from mine. I cannot leave this mount. I am again, as it were, on Olivet, in Gethsemane, or on the shore at Capernaum.

Sitting down on a squared and levelled ledge, the ancient *Bema*, I surrender myself to meditation. Methinks I behold St Paul on this very platform. There on his right rises the temple-crowned rock, crowded with shrines and fane dedicated to strange gods and goddesses, ornamented with all the adornments that wealth could purchase or genius achieve—the whole designed to gratify a voluptuous, yet a religious taste. Every avenue leading to the hill swarms with priests, and the great apostle himself is encircled by sages, philosophers, and magistrates; the city below the Areopagus, crowded with orators, poets, and artists; besides, thousands of youth drawn from every corner of Greece to the schools of Attica. A thousand interesting objects fill his eye and overwhelm his mind with emotion. The din and turmoil of the busy crowd, like the surging sea



I. THE ACROPOLIS

II. TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

III. MARS' HILL.

on a shingly beach, reaches his ears. His generous heart bleeds until he weeps over a city "wholly given to idolatry." Ascending on his way to the height he must have observed and been amazed at the number of temples, and the infinity of deities, their numbers in Athens equalling, it is said, the population—namely, 60,000. Well might he exclaim, "In all things ye are too superstitious," that is, exceedingly religious, given to idol or demon worship. Paul himself, a Roman citizen, skilled in philosophy and master of various languages, knew and therefore appreciated the acquirements of the Athenians; but he also perceived that they were spiritually blind, "and his soul is stirred within him." He fully comprehended the mental superiority of his audience who had assembled this morning to hear him speak of "Jesus and the resurrection." Hence his solicitude and zeal that men almost like gods in knowledge should become godly. Happy day for Greece, and happy day for the Athenians, that the apostle of the Gentiles proclaimed from Mar's Hill the story of the cross and the future inheritance.

Again I lift up my voice in prayer to God, that He would, in His own time and way, cause His gospel once more not only to visit this classic land, but that it might throughout the whole world have "free course and be glorified." It requires but little observation to perceive that the present inhabitants are very different in most respects from the Athenians of old—they seem to lack the genius, literature, abilities, and inspiration of ambition which distinguished their ancestors. At present they are living wholly upon traditions and long departed greatness, like the Jerusalemites in our Lord's days, who boasted of being Abraham's seed, and rested satisfied: so the men of modern Athens repose in self-satisfied tranquillity, recounting the bygone glories of the poets, statesmen, and warriors to which their country gave birth. Futile satisfaction! A living dog is better than a dead lion, or a young living nation than the ashes of a dead state.

A short distance from this ever-memorable pulpit of the apostle, stands the school and prison of Socrates. He also was a great preacher; one, too, who taught his countrymen to some extent, though dimly, the same doctrine as the disciple of Gamaliel—that is, one God, and a resurrection to eternal life.

The former of these men was a heaven-inspired Jew, the other a heaven-taught heathen, "having diversities of gifts, but the same spirit;" both were ardent philanthropists, both apostles, and both were martyrs to their respective creeds, and to the truths of divine inspiration; the one a Greek and the other a Roman citizen, yet possessing many attributes in common. Both saw the Greeks given to polytheism, their capital to idolatry, and both equally deplored these errors. When the wisest of his countrymen was questioned as to the extent of his knowledge, he replied, the only thing he knew with certainty was that he knew nothing.

In the immediate vicinity stands the "pnyx" or platform from which Demosthenes harangued the citizens and turned the statesmen against Philip of Macedon. Surely this is a memorable spot. The pulpit of Paul, the bema of Socrates, and the platform of the greatest orator of the old world. Oh, that as a minister of the glorious gospel, I could catch a ray of the illumination that shone in the first, something of the humility of the second, and a spark of the fervid eloquence that characterised the third! Then should my life not have been spent in vain; I would be better fitted to declare the love of God, and the saving grace of Christ Jesus.

I feel, whilst standing on this, I could almost say sacred, spot, my heart expand, my affection become wider, and my whole being, as it were, etherialised. At this moment, I can well conceive the sensations of Peter, James, and John, but *a quo intervallo*, when they stood on the Mount of Transfiguration. Greatly have I enjoyed my morning's meditation; "surely it is good to be here." I am strengthened in faith, warmed in love and devotion. So it should ever be in communing with God, reading His Word, or visiting places consecrated by the great, the wise, and the good.

Having thus spent two hours in reading and meditation, I descend the bare, but interesting rock; and crossing a ploughed field, in which two men are turning over the ground; the soil, like that of Ephesus, is profusely mingled with marble, brick, and tiles; in short, the *débris* of ancient Athens. They are looking, I am informed, for antique coins, glass and metal ornaments—relics that find a ready sale amongst connoisseurs, collectors, and travellers.

The next point is the Temple of Theseus, a noble ruin, almost entire, considering its antiquity and war's merciless violence. It was erected immediately after, and in commemoration of, the victory of Marathon, when the Persians were driven from Grecian soil. The material is pure marble, which has now, however, from years and atmospheric influence, assumed a yellow tinge, not unlike the limestone walls of Jerusalem, or the freestone of which many of the houses in Glasgow are built. It is a beautiful structure, surrounded by lofty fluted columns; the esplanade or approach lined with rows of statuary, sedilia, and inscriptions; many of them, though sadly mutilated, are of priceless value. The interior, now used as a museum, is filled with a fine collection of Greek, particularly Athenian antiquities, which have been accumulating for several years. Having completely fatigued and exhausted my body, without at all satisfying my mind, for the eye is never sated with the beautiful, I hasten into the city, and betake myself to a restaurant, to recruit and refresh the outward man. The furniture of the establishment, attendance, and dishes, were all such as would be found at a second-class eating-house of a similar description in Paris. The charges extremely moderate.

Four different calls had to be made before I obtained my passport from the police, and the manners of the officials were more brusque than affable. I secured lodgings with a private family, and there became acquainted with a young man, a native of Alexandria, a student at one of the Athenian medical schools, who on receiving his diploma intends returning home to practise in the land of the Pharaohs. He is well read and intelligent, whilst his manners are as gentlemanly as if he had been brought up in Belgravia, or *né* in the Quartier St Germain. Jaded by lionising and excitement, I retire early to rest, thus closing my first day in classic and historic Greece.

CHAPTER LV.

CORINTH.

Tuesday, 31st.—I engage as dragoman a young Dane, who speaks less or more fluently eight different languages. He has come to Greece, he informs me, to follow the fortunes of his countryman, King George, who is at present visiting Corfu. In a few minutes we are at the gate of the Acropolis; here I paid three drachmas (2s. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.) for our admission. A guide accompanies us, but more to prevent spoliation, or to check pilfering, than to afford information, whatever may be said to the contrary. We are now within the citadel of Athens. If the Tolbooth of Edinburgh was the “Heart of Midlothian,” this may be called the soul of Greece. The Acropolis is supposed to have been founded by Cecrops, about B.C. 1556, and if so, is coeval with Moses. Though properly a fortress or citadel, the buildings consist chiefly of temples erected by the Athenians in honour of their deities. These, surrounded by a battlemented wall, are congregated on the levelled summit of this rock or hill, that rises, like a huge pedestal, from the Attic plain, to the height of 500 feet, and is only accessible on the eastern side. The gateway or “Propylæa” of the stronghold is a noble pile, majestic in its simplicity, and is supported by six fluted marble columns, twenty-nine feet high, flanked by the Temple of Victory. It was not, however, till B.C. 440, at which period architecture had attained its highest pitch of excellence, that the Acropolis was enriched by its grandest trophy—the Temple of Minerva, better known as the Parthenon, and universally admitted to be the most perfect structure ever fashioned by mortal hands.

This masterpiece, the joint work of Ictinus, Collicrates, and Carpion, adorned by the master mind of Praxeteles and by the chisel of Phidias, the prince of sculptors, was constructed during the sumptuous sway of Pericles. It was built entirely of white marble, in form an oblong, in style the purest Doric, and occupied an area of 223 by 102 feet, having on the sides nineteen columns six feet in diameter and thirty-four in height, the pediment decorated with marble figures representing the birth of Minerva, and the combats of the Centaurs with the Lepithæ. It was despoiled of some of its chief ornaments by the vandalism of Lord Elgin, and Britain became the resetter of the stolen property, an act as unjustifiable as it was barbarous; yet though plundered by collectors, battered by the hammers of the Iconoclasts, and the bullets and bombs of the Turks, it still continues a monument of unparalleled beauty. The names of its architects, and all who had a share in its erection, will be borne down to remotest posterity, even though the ruins still existing should be utterly demolished, and not a "wreck" left behind.

The temple at Baalbec may have been more gigantic than that of Minerva, but in comparison it is a rude undigested heap; the one may be compared to the finest porcelain, or Sevres china, the other to common delf; the one might have been erected by men of untutored genius and giant force, the other could only be designed and executed by the breathings of inspiration; the former wholly material, the latter purely ideal; the one heavy prose, the other the æstheticism of poetry; the first an abode for mortals, the second of immortals. Never in my life did I wish more to possess Ruskin's power of word-painting, or George Gilfillan's rich vocabulary, than at the present moment; I am too prosaic to describe in fitting terms such a gem of art and triumph of genius.

Within the temple there are four statues of draped females, which excel all I have ever seen in delicacy of chiselling and grace of proportion; each fold of the dress is a study, so is the veil, and the face-like tracery. I gaze on these monuments with ever-increasing pleasure; they are so life-like, that under the eye of the spectator they seem actually to breathe. Again and again I return to admire them, and freely would I give all I possess to become the owner of such glorious works.

A number of navvies are busy excavating, and although shafts have been sunk twenty feet under the actual level, they have not yet reached the foundation of the Parthenon. A large space is partitioned off for fragments of sculpture either dug up or collected amongst the ruins, one department consisting entirely of heads, another of arms, and other mutilated portions of statuary. In a further section there are thousands of inscriptions on slabs, pedestals, and sedilia, in every shape and size of the Greek character, some in the uncial without stops, others so minute as to require a glass to decipher them. They are embedded in plaster, not merely for preservation, but in order that they be more easily read or copied. There is little doubt but that the fine arts, especially the formative, were much influenced by the Greek mythology, without some acquaintance with which, an understanding of their gods, temples, and sculpture, is simply impossible.

According to the best authorities, they worshipped twelve distinct deities, the *dii majores*, besides a host of heroes and virtues, to whom they paid a lesser degree of homage. Their first attempts at sculpture were undoubtedly representations of their penates. Hermes originally was little more than a simple pillar or cube, and latterly a stone was added for a capital, which ultimately assumed the appearance of a head. It is related by Pausanias that Diana was represented by a column, Jupiter by a pyramid, and Castor and Pollox by two posts with a cross-piece, expressive of mutual affection; in short, the sculpture of Greece and the pottery of Corinth were as rude as our own country's products before the time of Wedgeworth; but happily for Greece, Dedalus arose, who threw around the sculptor's art new power and beauty. Next was born the art of painting, modeling in clay, casting in bronze, and engraving on gems. In successive ages great men appeared, such as Alcamenes, Agelades, Scopas, culminating in the names of Phidias, Praxiteles, the authors of these wondrous creations.

A man, who occupies the porch with a stall, has specimens of marble, Mar's Hill quartz, tear-bottles, sepulchral lamps, and photographs, for sale, the former of which, if *bona fide*—sometimes more than doubtful—are not out of place; from whom I purchased a few as souvenirs of my visit to the Athenian Acropolis.

Leaping into one of the modern Athenian stage-coaches, I am forthwith conveyed back to the Piræus, where I take up my quarters at the Lord Nelson—a private lodging being, for the nonce, unattainable. The *Gibraltar* ship of war is lying in the harbour. I meet with one of the officers, glad, like myself, to see a countryman in a foreign land, and so we fraternise. From him I learn that his ship has been on the station for three months. The officers have heavy duties to attend, balls and supper parties engaging them every evening. The sun has been terrifically hot all day, the thermometer ranging from 80° to 90° in the shade, a heat sufficient to produce sun-stroke, unless great caution be exercised. No doubt the Greek dress, with its chaste and flowing drapery, besides being picturesque, is well adapted for such a climate, but the head-gear—the red fez—is anything except calculated to protect the face from the ardent rays of the Attic Phœbus; whereas the Turkish turban, with its many folds, whether of muslin or glaring coloured silk, effectively shades the brow. However, I have donned the national fez, out of compliment to the people amongst whom I am sojourning; but it has left me browned, burned, and blistered. A Spanish sombrero, or an old Scottish bonnet of the '45 type, would be a better investment for the traveller in either Greece or Turkey.

Now seated, the time evening, on a projecting balcony overlooking the harbour, I hear three Scottish engineers talking on the pavement below, in the beloved accents of my native land. They are connected, I have learned, with the man-of-war in the offing. The scene is pure, peaceful, and lovely; the setting sun, throwing his slanting rays, and bathing, in gorgeous glory, mountain and plain, sea and rock, reminding me of those two or three Claudes in the National Gallery. The view is extensive, embracing the whole bay, the Acropolis in the distance, with the everlasting hills in the background, seemingly chiselled out, and standing in bold relief against the sky; whilst the subdued hush of the rippling waves, as they play murmuringly along the beach, the boats flitting past between shore and offing, the splashing of the oars or the jerk of the rowlock, strains of music floating over the bay from some ship just dimly visible, the boatman's song mellowed by distance into melody, lights sparkling, like shifting stars, from

the ships at anchor, the hum from the streets, mingled with the occasional barking of dogs, so pleasingly lull my senses, that I fall into a deep reverie, which is at length broken by the commonplace but necessary communication, "Supper is ready."

Wednesday, 1st June.—A steamer is advertised to sail to-day for Kalamaki, a village lying in the Gulf of Salamis, on this side the isthmus, a few miles from Corinth. It being announced that the boat will remain long enough to admit of the passengers visiting Corinth, I proceed on board. The deck is crowded, from stem to stern, with Greek passengers, affording me an opportunity—the first I have had—of mingling with all classes of the community, and becoming acquainted with some of their habits and usages. They are extremely Turkish in outward appearance, though to tell them so would be to expose one's-self to their anger, if not their dagger, for no nation do they more thoroughly detest. It was at Syra that I first heard their jubilation of nationality, their cherished anticipations, and their hopes of soon being united into a great people, the same spirit seemingly animating all ranks and ages. The greater portion of our passengers belong to the army, and are on their way to Patras. Unwittingly, I am in the midst of a group of officers, who, through an interpreter, question me about England, her commerce, her army, her navy; but, above all, her home and domestic policy.

Though better acquainted with theology or my Bible than with the ever-shifting quagmire of politics, yet, to the best of my information and ability, I furnish a reply to their questions, stating the sources of our national greatness. Much of what I advanced was assented to, and if not, the only form of dissent was the French or Italian shrug. It was easy to understand from their remarks that, in the event of Greece becoming free, that Britain, and her free institutions of press, platform, and pulpit, would be her model. But what are aspirations without inspiration! Ah, Greece, if thou art to be liberated and regenerated, and thy capital transferred to Stamboul, other means and measures must be adopted than the dagger in embroidered baldrick, silver-hilted pistols, silken sash, and fancy dress, only fit for a lady's boudoir. Not thus were the thirty tyrants expelled, and freedom established in

Attica ; not thus was Thermopylæ defended, and the victory of Marathon achieved. In a word, you must fling aside your gewgaws and trappings, and be men, as your fathers were in the classic days of Grecian story. The renown of Themistocles, Epaminondas, Miltiades, and other heroes, whose names adorn the page of your country's annals, will not deliver your beautiful but enfeebled fatherland. You invite my opinion ? Well, there must be stern and even Garibaldian simplicity, endurance of toil, Mazzinian patience, and great trust in yourselves.

“ Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ? ”

Having, at last, a little more leisure to look around me, I direct my attention to the coast of Salamis. The country is rugged and desolate, not a house or habitation, an ox or an ass, nor a single living creature, has been visible since we left the Piræus ; bald, gray rocks and bare mountains is the universal characteristic of the coast and islands of the blue Ægean. Kalamaki, our destined port, appears on the right or north-east corner of the bay, embosomed in foliage, and reposing under the shelter of a shrubby hill. We drop anchor about 200 yards from the beach. Our little steamer, the *Hydra*, named after an island and town lying east, population 40,000, has done her work cleverly, the voyage having been accomplished in something under four hours. We are rowed ashore at a cost of twenty lipta, (twopence, English.) This harbour is the point of debarkation for passengers between Athens and Corinth and Patras. The town consists of a few cottages and fishermen's huts, but it has no less than four cafés, all, however, equally wretched.

On shore there are some native carts, drawn by two horses, for the conveyance of luggage ; there are also coaches to convey the passengers to Corinth and Patras. Availing myself of one of these, which go at a tolerably fair speed, we are driven over a hill and through some downs to Lutraki and Cenchrææ, of which last, Phœbe, the servant of the Church, was a native.* The path is rugged, and there are some rough chasms here and there on the way, but, generally speak-

* Rom. xvi. 1.

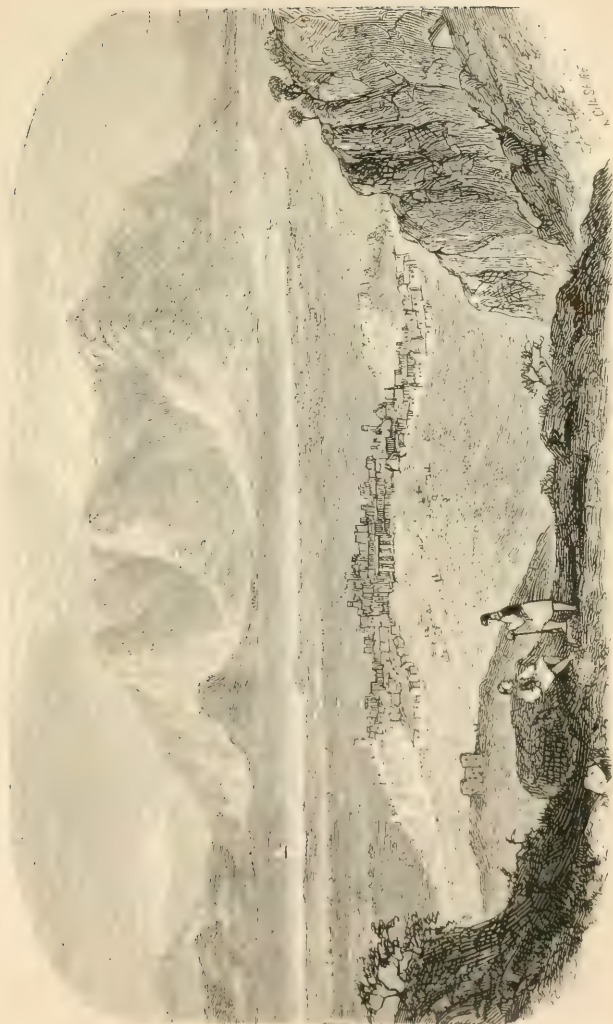
ing, the surface of the country is level. Twenty minutes brings us to the remains of the wall that stretched across the isthmus, near which was the Stadium, where the Isthmian games were celebrated. Before entering Corinth, we visit the amphitheatre, which measures 290 by 190 feet; the structure is in a good state of preservation, and, as at Pompeii and Ephesus, has rock-cut arched passages, through which the gladiators and wild beasts passed to the arena.

Modern Corinth is a short distance from the site of the ancient city. A few fluted Doric columns still standing isolated and alone, except where united by an architrave, are the sole survivors to tell where Corinth stood, and what Corinth was. The Corinthian Acropolis, or Acrocorinthus, however, is the real object of interest to the traveller. Like its Athenian prototype, it stands on the summit of a height rising 1400 feet from the ground, and is seen from a great distance:—*“Qua summas caput Acrocorinthus in auras tollit, et alterna geminum mare protegit umbra.”** Strong by nature, having deep ravines and precipitous sides, it is now purely a fortification enclosed by walls, with portcullis, drawbridge, and bastions. The interior is a quarry of ruins, the *débris* of temples, palaces, and mosques; the view from the plateau is to the scholar no less beautiful than interesting. Immediately under the eye is the double-sea'd Corinth, that once rivalled Athens in art, and surpassed her in commerce; the eye wanders over the isthmus separating the Gulfs of Ægina and Lepanto, and also that bearing the name of the city, stretching as far as Patras. The seats of the muses also form a portion of the map—dark Parnassus and Helicon; while through a break in the clouds, the snow-capped Olympus, the abode of the Greek deities, lifts its head. My time being limited, I hasten down over ground that has often been drenched and deluged with blood; for during the war of independence, Corinth was taken and retaken thrice. But the ancient city has deeper interest for me than all these.

Here Aquila and Priscilla lived, laboured, and preached after their exile from Italy, and here St Paul himself laboured for nearly two years † in the ministry of the gospel; and it was to the Church of Corinth he wrote two of his

* Stat. Theb. lib. 7, 106.

† Acts xviii. 1-7.





most precious epistles. A desire to visit this place and Mar's Hill has brought me to Greece, otherwise I should have returned from Asia by the Black Sea and the Danube. Having seen all I could see of the Corinthian capital, I enter one of the light waggons, and am driven across the isthmus. I ask myself on the way whether these six columns can be all that remains of ancient Corinth, that excelled even Rome in art, commerce, and maritime glory? It is so; yet though thy commerce and navy exist no more, thy laws forgotten, and thy legions are dust—though the names of thy statesmen be forgotten, thy orators, poets, and sculptors be blotted from the page of history—though thy palace be in ruins, thy gymnasia, and thy temples levelled, and thy doubled-headed harbour filled with sand; though all these be so, nay more, though thy foundations are obliterated or swept from the record of history, yet the Church of Corinth, the Corinthian saints, and the two inspired letters shall remain imperishable—nay, while time shall last, and language be spoken, these writings of the apostle will be treasured and embalmed in the memory of all believers, when other cities which now fill a large space in the world's esteem, and dynasties yet to be founded, have become great and are forgotten—Corinth, thy name shall be preserved on something more enduring than even *as perinnis*.

Whilst the steamer lies hissing and waiting for some important personage to come on board, I dine in one of the cafés. A fowl was served up, which I vainly endeavour to bisect or dissect, so that I am strongly inclined to the opinion that the creature was contemporary in point of age with the one upon which my operations at Hasbeiyeh were equally futile. The fish were as dry as those of the Jordan; but the wine was capital, and the cost of the whole only 140 lipta (1s. 2d.)

The country round Corinth, though similar in appearance and outline to that around Ephesus, is scarcely so fertile, being both mountainous and rocky, the hills on every side presenting bare and sterile declivities, which proclaim their poverty to every passer-by; whilst, again, Corinth and Athens lie not only on the same mountain range, but have many other points of similarity. Each has chosen for the site of its

Acropolis an abrupt rocky eminence, adapted for either temple or defence, and each is likewise surrounded by a framework of hills—both in close proximity to the Mediterranean, for convenience in case of war, or the facility of trade. Possibly other reasons than those mentioned may have induced the founders to select these localities in preference to others. The question is an open one, and may be discussed by any who choose to take the subject up.

Once more on board the steamer, I discover the chief engineer is from Cornwall, the second from Glasgow; both possessing the intelligence expected in skilled mechanics. It is only justice to say, that wherever in the course of my wanderings I have met with men of this class, whether in the northern states of Europe, the cotton factories of Egypt, the Levant, or the Rhine, I have ever found them as a class superior to the ordinary run of artisans. Whether this superiority and information be the cause of their having become engineers, or their pursuits the source of their pre-eminence, I am unable to determine; probably each has its share in forming their character. I am not surprised to find countrymen so far from home, but I did not expect to see Paisley-made engines, and to sit beneath an awning in the Bay of Salamis manufactured in Leith. My country-folks are said to be patriotic, yet there may be some cold-blooded Scot who never experienced the *perfervidum Scotorum*, who can forget the “Land o’ Cakes;” but with me that were simply impossible. I plead guilty to the infirmity of having strong hankerings for the north side of the Tweed—those on the south, I trust, with the frankness which they so generally display, will throw the mantle of forgiveness over the fond partialities and ultra-clannishness of a Scot of the old school. Just before sunset we steam into the smooth harbour of τὸ ἄστυ.

Thursday, 2d.—I took a run up this morning to Athens, and directing my steps to the north side of the city, pass under the Adrian columns, near the famed Ilissus, and approach the ruined temple of Jupiter Olympus, which, when entire, must have been as magnificent as its ruins are still beautiful. It was erected, like all other Athenian monuments, of pure white marble, quarried and brought from the neighbouring mountain of Pentilicus. The edifice had a

façade of 400 feet, supported by 120 fluted columns, with Corinthian capitals, of which twelve or fourteen are all that remain. Their volutes are quite perfect ; one that lies prostrate measures upwards of sixty feet in length. I have twice visited these noble relics, and am surprised that the authorities should permit rickety booths to be run up under the architraves, desecrating by their presence this once splendid fane, originally dedicated, according to old Homer, "to the father of gods and men." These columns differ considerably from those of Baalbec, the latter being composed of three blocks only, whilst those of the former are made up of many, each stone being about three feet in size.

I made every effort, by descending the channel of the Ilissus, to discover some vestige of the school where the wonder of his age, and it may be said of posterity, delivered those lectures on poetry, ethics, and anatomy, which still command the admiration of philosophers, and constitute a textbook known in our universities as the Aristotelian System of Physics. Not a remnant of the Lyceum, nor a memorial of the Stagyrte, is left, his very name being only known amongst the literati of the Athenians.

I cannot leave Athens without saying a few words on its modern appearance and condition. The city consists of four principal streets, which cross at their centres, and run at right angles. The palace, a large substantial building, without the smallest pretension to architectural beauty, is rather commodious than imposing. There is a fine old cathedral, besides a number of churches. Protestantism, it is said, under a few zealous missionaries, is gaining a footing ; the Scriptures in Greek, as well as a variety of religious tracts, being freely circulated and gladly received. The Greeks are a reading people. There are numbers of booksellers' shops, besides two daily papers, the price of each twenty lipta, (twopence,) which seem to be as universally read as our own daily morning papers. The leading thoroughfares — Hermes, Æolus, and Minerva—are watered daily ; the shops are fitted up with taste and magnificence, the goods being displayed in plate-glass windows, whilst within are smiling and trimly-dressed shopmen, together with other attractions that would not disgrace Regent Street.

As a nation, the Greeks are well bred, obliging, and polite. They dress well, and are proficient in all those nameless traits that distinguish an accomplished people. Money-changers ply their vocation *al fresco*, as in Cairo and Jerusalem. French and Italian coins are current, the gold of England only; the lesser Greek coins, from the *lipta* to the *drachma*, are based on the decimal system, a hundred *lipta* making a franc; the former is a small copper coin, equivalent to a French cent. The last place I visit, before leaving the city, is the recently-excavated synagogue, the oldest in Greece, and the one to which tradition assigns the honour of being that in which Paul "disputed with the Jews."* That it is an ancient building, its massive walls, granite columns, and deep foundation, abundantly prove; its existence and locality were unknown to all, excepting the Jews, till of late. To me it had almost as much interest as the Areopagus itself, near which it stands.

Bidding fair Athens a long adieu, thirty minutes coaching lands me again at the Piræus. Calling at the French steam-packet office, I engage a berth for Naples, *viâ* Messina. The scale of fares of this company are as follows:—First class, (with rations,) 311 francs; second class, 229 francs; third, 129 francs; fourth, (without rations,) 76 francs. The first inebriated person I have encountered since leaving London, to the shame and reproach of my countrymen be it said, is an Englishman, an officer of H.M.'s ship *Gibraltar*, who is reeling about the shore, Jack-tar fashion, sillily scattering his money right and left.

* Acts xviii. 4.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE ADRIATIC AND SICILY.

Friday, 3d. — Bidding good-bye to a few acquaintances, engineers and others, I quit the Hellenic shore, and am rowed on board the *Ganges*, which runs once a fortnight to Marseilles, discharging her Italian goods and passengers at Messina. We have only thirty-five passengers with us. Steaming through the Cyclades, whose names have an Attic ring, the sea calm as a sheet of glass, without a ripple to disturb its mirror-like surface, the sun sets in a flush of saffron glory, as if some mighty conflagration were being reflected in the western sky; the water a crimson lake; the whole a scene that a poet alone could adequately describe. Night closing in, shuts out external objects, and I retire to rest.

Saturday, 4th. — We are this morning off Cape Matapan; the most southern point of Europe, the Tænareum of the ancients—the high land in the distance crested with snow. There are only four English passengers on board, the others being Frenchmen, Italians, or Greeks. There is a youth acting as stoker on board, a native of Belgrade, who had been stolen and sold into slavery, but had made his escape; like many of his countrymen, he possesses a wondrous facility in acquiring languages, though unable to read or write, he speaks six different tongues with tolerable fluency. The Belgradians are usually masters of three or four; nor is it rare to find a Greek or a Russ speaking half-a-dozen. It is now blowing fresh, but our good ship is seaworthy, and we dash onward. Ah! a sudden gust has deprived me of my wide-awake, a French beaver, that has defended my head from the sun by day, and been my

cap and protection from the dews of night. I grieve at being deprived of my travelling companion, frequently lost, and as often recovered. Alas! its career is now terminated in the boisterous Adriatic. The gale is increasing, the angry waves are rising higher and darker, hissing past the ship like furies, whilst she pitches and plunges, snorting and creaking as if alive and oppressed. The passengers ensconce themselves in their berths, or in odd corners, while the steward is in constant requisition. It was on this track that St Paul on his way to Rome was tossed for many days without seeing sun or stars.* We are under the same almighty Arm that preserved the apostle and his shipmates. Occasionally taking a look at the captain to scan his countenance, I observe it betrays anxiety, but no fear. It now blows a gale; the passengers are ordered below; everything is made taut; and I seek shelter in my berth. The night is long and dreary, possibly not one of the passengers closed an eye, either owing to the rolling of the ship, the fury of the sea, the howling of the wind, or other concomitants of a storm.

Sunday, 5th.—I am thankful to observe on coming up this morning that the gale has moderated, and that the sea is considerably calmed down. Among the passengers are two Greek and one Roman Catholic priest, of the Franciscan order; all three are bearded, the latter habited in the common serge dress, with hood, and the ever-present cord and crucifix of his order. One of the Greek priests is a young Hercules in *physique*, his beard would not have disgraced Jupiter, his hair flowing over his shoulders; he is dressed in an outer garment of fine broadcloth, of an olive-colour, reaching to his heels, the sleeves extending to the points of his fingers, and lined with fur; the under garment is of silk, his trousers bagged in the Turkish fashion. The other passengers are merchants, and, with the exception of two soldiers, are on their way to Marseilles. Some portion of our machinery has given way, and we are creeping along, at the rate of six knots an hour.

It need not be repeated that on board a French, or any foreign steamer, this Sunday is no exception to the others I have passed on board ship. It is no easy matter for the Christian to restrain the imagination from wandering, when

* Acts xxvii. *passim*.

surrounded with the means of grace and with the quiet of isolation—nay, even in the house of God; how much more difficult when environed with frivolous pursuits and worldly occupations, with mirth, folly, and jollity in full play; nor need it be said, how readily the contagion spreads, and how soon “evil communications corrupt good manners.” No man knows his weakness until he is tried, and the tried man is charitable. At 7 P.M. we are forty-five miles distant from land. Stromboli has been showing his crest and shoulders during the last four hours. If neither life nor property were injured, I am foolish enough to wish to see an eruption; but not one additional puff does the mountain emit, though all on board are most desirous for a convulsion. As far as daylight is concerned, the Sunday passes peacefully if not profitably, rendering to God its solemn account, and night throwing her starry mantle around us, we all descend to the cabin. The saloon is brilliantly lighted, and is, I perceive, expensively and chastely furnished, that is, in accordance with the French taste, an abundance of gilding, couches, and mirrors. A group of Frenchmen are playing cards, another are at dominoes, while the Greeks for the most part are fingering their beads, their universal custom when in thought or idleness. At 10 P.M. the lights are extinguished, and each retires to his berth.

Monday, 6th.—At 4:30 we cast anchor in the harbour of Messina, the commercial capital of Sicily, where I first witness an Italian sunrise. Phœbus, as the poet has it, with rosy fingers, tips the Sicilian mountains, dyeing the rippling waves in sapphire and azure, as higher and higher he climbs the eastern sky, flinging around a rich flush of light and effulgence until the whole strait is filled with a sea of golden radiance, bringing out clearly and distinctly every spire, tower, and minutest detail of the city; whilst every crevice, rift, and crag of the rugged volcanic mountain sparkles with freshness and loveliness. Sunrise is beautiful everywhere, but especially so in Italy; morning is always lovely, but a morning in the Straits of Messina is one in a thousand. The town is picturesquely situated on the beach, at the base of a high, craggy, verdure-covered hill. Both shores of the strait are fortified, whilst two or three martello towers guard the entrance. The

houses along the quay are lofty and elegant, with polished fronts ; the style a mixture of Greek and Italian, tastefully blended.

A wide street, running parallel with the beach, forms a spacious quay, at which numbers of ships are lying, and where the French and Prussian flags mingle with those of Italy and England. We land near the spot where Garibaldi disembarked with his handful of troops, in the face of King Bomba's army of 35,000 men. The chief thoroughfare bears in some of its features a resemblance to the Trongate of Glasgow. No one but must be charmed with this Italian town ; the regularity of its rectangular streets, paved from wall to wall with lozenge-shaped flags ; scavengers with covered barrows, similar to those of Athens, keeping them clear of refuse. The implements of the men employed at this work differ from those of the Athenians in this, that the latter, on the ground of economy, have broom and shovel both on the same handle, one at each extremity.

The town has some beautiful buildings, three or four squares, besides fountains ; whilst churches, with doors open from morn to eve, stand in every street. The interiors of the latter, especially that of the cathedral, with its massive silver candelabrum, altar paintings, marble columns, mosaic floors, and magnificent sculptures, give the stranger a high opinion of the wealth and power of the church in Italy. The Messinians have shown excellent taste in taking advantage of the many natural beauties of the ground and scenery in and near their lovely town ; for wherever a view or *vista* of sea or mountain can be obtained, a portal, archway, or portico has been erected, and the picture is thus in a manner permanently framed. The city, strait, shipping, fort, citadel, churches, and the Somerset-house-like aspect of the buildings facing the shore, make up an effective *coup d'œil*, not only charming in itself, but affording an earnest of the beauties yet in store for me in fair and sunny Italy. The inhabitants are well-dressed, industrious, and singularly affable ; labouring and working men's wages average six carline (2s.) a day, bread and vegetables the same price as in London, red and white wines a carline ($4\frac{1}{2}$ d.) a quart.

We embark on board the *Quirinal*, and a little past noon

leave Messina. I find among the passengers a Greek merchant who had been my fellow-passenger in the steamer between Beyrout and Smyrna, and who had also crossed my path at Ephesus. We steam close in shore, thus enabling us to have a distinct view of the coast of Calabria, and the southernmost part of Italy. The configuration of the strait would lead to the conclusion that both shores were at one time connected; that is, that Italy and Sicily were united, but have been torn asunder by some convulsion of nature; or possibly in the course of ages the strong currents that run here may have worn a channel between them. This was the opinion of Pliny, (lib. 3, cap. 8,) and also that of Virgil. Whether this view be correct or erroneous, the channel is wider now than it was 3000 years ago, and is still becoming broader. Long have I been anxious to see the famous phenomena known as Scylla and Charybdis, celebrated by Homer and the ancients; this morning I am gratified by actually passing between the two. Scylla is a projecting rock about 200 feet high, on the Italian side; Charybdis, a whirlpool on the Sicilian or opposite coast, caused probably by the current, impeded by the rocks and being driven to the other side, which, as the water surges along, makes a rushing noise among the hollow caverns with which the shore is indented.

The disturbance, however, is not greater than in St Andrews Bay, Fifeshire, nor for a moment to be compared with the tides' turmoil in the Pentland Frith; in short, it is a mere aqueous commotion when we contrast it with Coryvreckan, between Easdale and Lismore in the Western Highlands. Fishermen's boats, it is true, are sometimes caught in the eddy through mismanagement, but are seldom or never lost. Ulysses might now pass with his whole fleet in safety, if possessed of only half the skill of a Deal boatman. Neither captain nor any one on board except myself seemed to fear or even to know the quotation—

"Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim."

The shore is rugged, bold, and picturesque. The town of Scylla lies at the northern entrance of the strait, "laving its feet," as Homer has it, in a beautiful bay; on the lovely beach of sand there are numbers of fishermen with their

boats, some drawn up high and dry, others afloat. The population is possibly about 6000, but before the serious earthquake of 1783, the number may have been larger. The Sicilians soon forget earthquakes and the ravages of lava; houses are speedily rebuilt, and towns flourish as well after as before a catastrophe.

Judging from the number of towns and villages that line the shore, the population must be great. Six towns of considerable magnitude are now visible within a space of three or four miles. At a narrow point of the channel is an old town, with a castle, erected on a crag, as if it and Reggio, on the opposite side, were joint sentinels, defending the entrance. Stromboli reappears, distant about three hours' steaming. Etna also lifts up her snowy shoulders and dark peak, sending forth clouds of light vapour. It is singular to see a snow-clad mountain emitting smoke and occasionally flame—the close proximity of heat and cold, or summer and winter, both so strikingly defined and contrasted on the same height. The Lipari islands, now lying over the port-bow, form a semicircular chain, of which Stromboli is the extreme link seaward. After losing sight of the mainland, Etna and Stromboli seem, if not opposite, at least within sight of each other, both vomiting clouds of vapoury smoke; the sea is calm and as smooth as a mill-pond, and all on board are in buoyant spirits.

I have been endeavouring during the last hour and a half to convey to an Italian priest some idea of our barbarous tongue, as he calls it, which, nevertheless, he seems anxious to acquire. Who knows, should he succeed, to what use he may apply it! Probably in an attempt to pervert some ignorant ritualistic Protestants from their faith in God's book to that of legends; from God their Saviour to the Virgin Mary, a creature. A desire is widely felt and expressed, by the Catholic hierarchy, that Protestant Britain should be converted to the Romish faith. Heaven, I believe, has another and a very different destiny in reserve for our church and nation, than that of becoming retrograde and recreant to their own prestige and to His most holy Word. We have not forgotten the dark ages of Popish supremacy and cruelty; the fires of Smithfield, the Grassmarket; and the sufferings of

our forefathers. The blessings of civil and religious freedom, purchased with the blood of the saints, is too dear to us to permit them either to be filched or lightly thrown away. An open Bible, liberty of conscience, and a free press—these, Britain, are thy heritage and birthright, which thou art bound to transmit, unimpaired and intact, to latest posterity !

At 5.30 P.M. we are directly opposite Stromboli. The mountain is covered with vegetation for two-thirds of its height. The whole island on which it stands is well cultivated, dotted with villages and farm-houses. A small town lies under the shadow of the volcano, the inhabitants seemingly ignoring fiery lava and disastrous earthquakes. Clumps of rocks and islets rise in different directions, and assume a variety of fantastic forms, which vary as we change our point of view. The crater of Stromboli before us is apparently of large dimensions, and seems as if it had eaten away part of the summit, leaving a deep hollow basin, from which dense clouds of smoke are continually issuing. The quantities of lava, at different periods vomited forth, form ridges, extending from the crater along the flanks of the mountain to the sea. Night coming on, the external world of mountain and islet is shut out, and we retire to rest.

Tuesday, 7th.—At 5 A.M. this morning we are just off Ischia, ten or twelve miles from Naples. Boats with vegetables proceed every morning from this part of the coast to the capital, carrying passengers at the rate of a carline per head. As we steam up the bay of Naples, the scene before me baffles my power of description. I have seen many views this justly celebrated bay, but all fall short of the reality. Vesuvius, on the right, rears its majestic outline, the summit veiled with a fleecy mist. This, as the sun rises higher, vanishes ; and, as light is thrown upon the mountain declivities, a beautiful living verdure is revealed. The crater at this moment is quiet, nor are there any indications of the least eruption, though I had hoped to witness some such manifestation. Ah, well, I myself find it difficult, at all times, to control my feelings, bid my tears to cease or flow ; it may be so also with volcanoes. But what a scene of loveliness and beauty meets my gaze ! The city, lying along the line of the bay, studded with spires and campaniles, whilst palatial residences, mingled

with elegant villas, rise in graceful sequence to the summit of the height, which is crested with a fort or castle. Naples, as it were, stretches out her long white arms, and embraces the whole semicircle of the bay, which is again hemmed in with vineyards and gardens, whilst the environs are profusely gemmed with smiling villages.

We are landed in small boats at the Custom-house stairs, where, having nothing excisable, and my passport being *en règle*, I found the officers extremely civil. I hurry off with a porter to the *Hôtel du Globe*, situated near the theatre, and abutting on a magnificent fountain, enclosed by a railing, the steps literally covered with lazzaroni. The hotel is entered by a coach-house-like gateway. Ascending a flight of marble steps, I knock up the sleeping cerberus, and secure comfortable apartments. After brightening myself up a little, and taking some refreshment, I hasten out, hail a cab, and am driven to the station of the *Via ferrata*. Cabby demands four carline, but having read the tariff nailed inside the vehicle, I hand him a twelve *grani* piece ($4\frac{1}{2}$ d.) Like his brethren elsewhere, he looked at it with an air of contempt, and then at me, as if doubtful whether to reject or accept it. Seeing me firm, he chose the latter alternative. I took a return ticket for Pompeii—fare, three carline.

The Neapolitan railway carriages are well fitted up, the guards attentive, the average speed about twenty-six miles an hour. The line, like our own city railways, runs for some distance amongst streets, walks, and gardens. In a few minutes we are beyond the limits of the city proper, and among suburban villas. The whole way from Naples to Torre del Greco, some four or five miles, is a continued series of gentlemen's seats, vineyards, and gardens, the latter irrigated with water lifted by wheels and driven by donkeys. I fancied everything had an antiquated appearance, but this impression was corrected by the density of the foliage, and the flush of verdure, for nature is ever young, especially in Italy. Forty minutes' railing lands us at Pompeii. The entrance to this long-hidden but now partially excavated city stands a few hundred yards from the railway station. An Italian gentleman and myself form a party, for a single individual is not admissible; the entrance fee is two francs each.

CHAPTER LVII.

POMPEII AND NAPLES.

USHERED within the gateway, we are in the midst of the resuscitated city of Pompeii. Volumes might be, and indeed are, filled with the marvels of this singular place. What one feels and thinks in such a spot will depend much on temperament, but still more on education or reading. The guide, an Italian soldier—for the military alone are employed in this kind of duty—speaks very bad French, and, to add to the perplexity, my companion only understands his own beautiful vernacular; all three are, therefore, at sixes and sevens. Nevertheless, we spent four happy and interesting hours perambulating this city of the dead, leaving no spot of interest unexamined; trudging up and down the well-worn streets, looking into shops, bakeries, and wine-stores; in the latter, large jars are standing as they were left on the awful night of the catastrophe. The *taberna* of the “Lion and Bull” has its sign inlaid in mosaic on the pavement, and also in the lobby or court of the front entrance.

Who could tire of admiring the curiosities congregated here? The streets, like the Appian Way, are paved with large square and polygonal slabs of lava—the joints as close as when laid down 2000 years ago. The foot-pavement on each side, four feet wide, is raised ten inches above the carriage way. At the crossings, stepping-stones have been let into the pavement with such exactness that carriages might pass through between them; the ruts of the wheels at these points are consequently deeply worn. The gauge or space between them being something over four feet, the carriages must have been about the same width as those of our own day. The build-

ings are all roofless, the streets eighteen feet wide, just sufficient to allow two carriages to pass.

The houses are peculiarly constructed. On entering, the visitor passes into a square, paved with parti-coloured mosaic, surrounded with pillars ; this was always uncovered. A fountain generally stands facing the entrance, while round the sides are rows of small chambers, of from ten to twelve feet square ; these apartments had neither fire-place nor windows, the doors serving the double purpose of entrance and the admission of light. The bath is a prominent feature, and in many of the houses is still entire. The rooms have no communication with each other, all opening into the court-yard. The Temple of Isis, with its Doric columns, is still standing, with its original sacred lamps and tables. There is a small Grecian temple, of which only two pillars remain entire. The Forum and two theatres have been laid bare, one in an excellent state of preservation, the seats, rising in twenty-four tiers, affording the spectators a full view of the stage, while acoustics have been obviously attended to ; the arrangements for spreading the awning may also be distinctly traced. Vomitories, stage, proscenium, the magistrates' balcony, the green room, as it might be called, the dens for the wild beasts, and the arena, are all as fresh as if the audience had just quitted the edifice. Within these walls, probably, Christian martyrs may have sealed the testimony of the truth with their blood.

The horrors of that awful night in which the city was destroyed cannot be conceived ; it was not overthrown by a stream of liquid fire, like Herculaneum, from which escape was possible ; nor thrown down by the shock of an earthquake, like Lisbon, in which terror was of brief duration ; but overwhelmed by a dense and continued shower of ashes, inflicting a lingering death by suffocation. In the words of Pliny the Younger, "a darkness suddenly overspread the country, unlike that of night, but the palpable obscurity of a closed room. Men, women, and children, screaming and crying, sought for some one dear to them, but whom they could only distinguish by the voice ; many prayed for death, others implored the gods for aid, and not a few supposed that the world had come to an end. The earth kept shaking, whilst men, half distracted, wandered about in delirium, ex-

aggrerating their own fears, and exciting those of others by their woeful predictions."

There was neither shelter, hiding-place, nor refuge ; cellar, closet, and garden were alike unavailing, for death pursued the refugees to their innermost retreats. Twenty skeletons were found in one underground vault, wherein an entire family had apparently sought shelter. Other fragments of humanity have been discovered in the gardens, where probably the inmates had fled for refuge ; others again had been arrested in the place where they stood or sat, one bearing a lamp, and another a dish, whilst some were found laden with their riches or jewellery, and in this posture death had overtaken them. This may convey some idea of how continuous the shower of ashes must have been. As regards my own impression, I can almost fancy myself among the ancients. The place seems to carry me back to far distant ages ; the grave-like silence that prevails, bringing forcibly to my memory the story in the "Arabian Nights" of a city that had been transformed by some genii into lifeless stone. The sun shines, the air is filled with melody, wild flowers spring up, and the trees are in bloom, but no footfall is heard. Here are streets, but no traffic ; footpaths, but no pedestrians to elbow and jostle each other ; a forum, only second to that of Rome, but no tribune mounts the nostrum, to arouse or lull the passions of the auditors ; shops, with names, signs, and effigies, indicating the kind of articles sold within, but no smiling shopman nor anxious customer ; stables and mangers, but no steed in the stall ; temples of the gods, but no crowd of suppliant worshippers ; altars still standing, but no priest, victim, nor sacrificial blood ; theatres, no longer trodden by masked and buskinned actors ; prisons, without an inmate—empty are the cells, and open the doors ; sentry boxes, no longer tenanted ; schools, but no grateful hum of youthful voices ; and tombs, filled with dusty urns.

A thousand circumstances transport the spectator at every step and turn to a thronged and business-like city. I stood for a considerable time musing on two or three skeletons preserved in a glass case—a ghastly sight. There they lie, the whitened bones, in plaster, exactly as death found them. The last moments of these unfortunates must have been

violent ; especially two, who seemed to have yielded in writhing agony to the fell destroyer, the limbs and upper extremities stiff and contorted ; another, a prisoner in his cell, had been chained to a wall, when death came, throwing open the portals of mortality, and released his spirit.

On leaving this city of silence and of death, the saying of the sage—"There is nothing new under the sun"—occurred to my memory. The same idea had crossed my mind on visiting Bulac, whilst examining its treasures of ancient Egyptian art. The impression is still further strengthened to-day with what I have seen. These streets, shops, dwelling-houses, and paintings, show the progress and proficiency that had been attained two thousand years ago in mechanics, the sciences, in arts, and in the manufacture of those articles that minister to luxury, or the ordinary comfort of every-day life. There is one point especially that calls for remark : the Romans of the first century were not only a luxurious, but, sooth to say, a libidinous people. I will not describe the disgusting images and indecent pictures that disfigure the house fronts, pavements, and bedrooms. These are as common in the apartments of the wealthy senator, as in those of the lowest denizen of the place, and are evidences of the depth to which female modesty and virtue must have fallen, before public immorality could have become so universal, and human frailty so prurient. This may have been the crying sin and crime that brought down the Gomorrah-like vengeance of Heaven on the inhabitants of the doomed city. What is knowledge without God, science without virtue, or both without morality ? The answer is,—a curse to a people and a bane to a nation. The classic, the æsthetic, backed merely by human learning—what are you all if not accompanied by the spirit of that gospel which demands holiness of heart, cleanness of hands, and integrity of conduct ? I am more than ever, this day, struck with the importance of the question,—What does the world owe to Christianity ? Nor did I, till now, understand the full force of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

My Italian friend and myself, wearied with our long walk and exposure to the sun, seek repose and refreshment in the "Hotel Diomede," where I meet with two young American sailors, who, like myself, are strong Northerners. We immedi-

ately fraternise, and in half an hour's conversation I learn more of the true state of Federal feeling, than by six months' poring over the lucubrations of "our own correspondents." After our repast, I take a glance at the position of Naples; there may be similar views and similar realities on the shores of the Adriatic, or between this and Genoa, nay, bays and landscapes along the coast of our own island home, equally fine, deficient only in climate and architectural monuments. Our friths and inland seas may not have a Naples, with its splendid cathedrals, temples, and picturesque villas, a Vesuvius for a back-ground, with Ischia, Castellamare, and Baiæ, an Italian sky, a glaring sun high overhead, giving tints to the picture, and shades to the mountains. These accessories render Italian scenery sublime,—without them it is inferior to our own.

Leaving Pompeii, I return to my hotel at Naples, and luxuriate in a bath, and afterwards hasten to the central omnibus depôt. Entering one of the vehicles, I proceed with it to its destination, and, *seriatim*, traverse the various omnibus routes in the city and environs, thus becoming acquainted with its several outlines, a point of some importance to the stranger. The streets, admirably paved and cleanly swept, have broad footpaths and elegant shops; while the bulk of the people out of doors seem well, and even fashionably, dressed. The houses, built of stone, are lofty; but, as is too often the case in continental cities, the streets are narrow. Naples undoubtedly is deficient in squares and open places, to act as lungs for the pent-up inhabitants; there being only two or three such spaces in the entire city—the largest is opposite San Carlo and the Palace, where a frame for fireworks is now in course of erection. As might be expected, in a city containing a population of half a million, a sea-port, and until lately the seat of royalty, there is a large amount of traffic—cabs, citadines, omnibuses, and waggons, being everywhere in motion; but whether horse-flesh be scarce, or whether from a love of variety, it is quite common, near the Mole, to see a horse and an ass, or sometimes two asses with one horse, yoked together in the shafts of a cart. I have even observed a team, consisting of a horse, with an ass and ox on either side, drawing, *dispari incessu*, a water-

cart ; yet, at the same time, cab, 'bus, and private carriage horses, are as carefully harnessed, groomed, and tended as in England.

My attention is specially directed to the priests, who form a large item in this ever-shifting panorama, so that in numbers, dress, and *bonhomie*, they cannot be overlooked by a stranger. Their costume—nearly the same as that of the priesthood of France, with the exception of bands—consists of a long black cloth surcoat, reaching to the heels, a three-cornered hat, looped up ; old men and dignitaries wearing black small clothes, and stockings. Amongst such a number, there will, of course, be well-educated and intelligent men, as well as many who never rise above mediocrity. It is worthy of remark, nay, it may be affirmed, that the priesthood in France and Italy are popular, and the members of the clerical profession seem to be more of, and among, the people than in England ; that is, in other words, there seems to be less difference in their relative social position than with us,—priest and peasant, dignitary and artisan meeting, talking, and joking on terms of perfect equality. There is nothing observable of the “ Stand back, I am holier,” richer, more learned, or of a different class from you.

The social edifice in Italy may be as high or as low as ours—that is not the point ; but there are few or no gaps, no yawning chasms between rank and file, and more especially between pastor and flock. Whatever be the Italian opinion of the Romish Church and its dogmas, it must be admitted, that the masses not only respect, but are affectionately attached to their spiritual guides. Were an ecclesiastical revolution to take place, which is not at all improbable, the temporal power, the Pope, and many other human excrescences, now disfiguring the Papacy, will at once go by the board ; but, to a moral certainty, the priesthood as men, *padres*, and brothers, will outlive the catastrophe, and probably be the very first to inaugurate and welcome the new order of things—so strong is the link binding people and priest, and priest and people together.

I am unable to state accurately the number of religious houses in Italy since she became a united kingdom under Victor Emmanuel, but prior to the expulsion of the Austrians,

there were, in Lombardy and its capital, Milan, 2382 religious houses; of these, 1506 for males, and 876 for females. The number of inmates approximated to 28,991, the males being 14,807; women, 14,184. Amongst these, the mendicant orders numbered 8229 persons. There were in this section of Italy thirty-eight archbishops, and an indefinite number of suffragans—while of priests and lay brothers their name was legion. It might be a curiosity to contrast the numbers at the present day in France of similar fraternities with the above. There are in the latter country 12,000 communities of women, containing 90,000 nuns; and 2000 communities of men, representing 17,000 monks; adding the combined number of priests and nuns who are immediately under the orders of the Pope, the amount is not less than 200,000. The revenues possessed by these bodies is an annual income of 500,000,000 francs. Let it be remembered that in their hands, as teachers, are half the children of France, receiving primary instruction, whilst the more advanced or secondary number 55,000; the government colleges not having more than 63,000. The foregoing numbers, in the words of an eminent Frenchman, have sworn fealty and submission to the Pope—all less or more enemies, from their training and education, to their country's civil code of laws and rights. The Jesuits especially have in their power the scientific, polytechnic, military and naval schools. Such is the power of the *parti prêtre*.

Naples is said to contain 300 churches; nor is there any reason to doubt the statement, although out of this number scarcely more than thirty can interest the stranger—indeed, only a moiety of these buildings are worthy of inspection. Judging from my own observation, I may say that the Church of S. S. Giovanni e Paulo well deserves a visit, on account of its paintings and architectural features. Santa Maria Maggiore should also be seen for the same reasons. San Severo, a little bijoux, crammed with beautiful sculpture, seems to me more of a private chapel than a public church; the groups and isolated statuary have all been erected to commemorate the collateral branches of a single family; this, however, does not lessen the correctness of taste, the chasteness of its design, or the beauty of its execution, nor does it detract in any way from the skill

of the hand that cut these exquisite figures, and emancipated so many life-like forms from rude blocks of marble. The Cathedral possesses the body of S. Gennaro, whose blood is said to liquify twice or thrice a year. San Martino, however, excels it in paintings and marbles; its magnificent altar-pieces, mosaics, massive columns, painted and stained windows, groined roofs and floors, leave nothing to be desired for a mass-house, but is too highly ornamented and incongruous in a sanctuary designed for worship, and especially for the proclamation of the gospel. Anything that can be denominated preaching, exhortation, or exegesis, seems to be rare in Naples. I saw or heard mass in many churches, chapels, and cathedrals, but on no occasion did I ever hear an address from the pulpit.

A visit to the Museo Borbonico, which is open daily, and free to the public, is well repaid. Here are literally heaps of works of art and articles of *vertu*, vases of every shape and material; ware from Etruria, gold and silver ornaments from every part of Italy; paintings in fresco, the colours as bright and brilliant as if laid on yesterday. What the Temple of Theseus is at Athens, or Bulac at Cairo, this collection is to Italy, for here the accumulated treasures dug from amongst the ruins of the past have been collected and enshrined; statues, slabs, inscriptions, utensils, ornaments, and tools are stored up in endless variety. I had no time to examine the royal library attached to this museum, which contains nearly 300,000 volumes, and a large number of papyrus scrolls. To do justice to Naples, in visiting its churches and palaces—in examining its galleries and museums—would require weeks of daily attention, whilst the details would fill volumes. The first of these is not in my power, the latter is not my wish. Travellers, however, whose arrangements will allow of a lengthened sojourn, would do well to devote at least a fortnight to these attractions.

Wednesday, 8th June.—Leaving the hotel at six A.M., I secure a return ticket at the railway station for Torre del Greco, the destination of tourists who intend to scale Vesuvius. Reaching this village, which is merely a suburb of the capital, and the *habitat* of coral-cutters, and ascending the mountain a little way, where I obtain from amongst the vineyards a view

of the city and bay, what a glorious prospect bursts upon my gaze at this spot! To the north stretch the plains of Campania Felice, rich in foliage and verdure; on the west Torre del Greco, Portici, and the capital itself, crowned with the castle of St Elmo; skirting the coast, the eye following the shore till it rests on the promontory of Posilippo. While a little beyond, in the same direction, is Cape Misseno, forming one side of the Gulf of Baia; far away to the south hills, bays and capes, fringed with scattered villages, as Sorrento and Castellamare, present a scene of unsurpassing beauty. Hiring a machine, resembling a gardener's cart, minus the springs, I am conveyed over lava-formed roads up towards the cone—the jolting may be good for rheumatism, but certainly not for one's bones. I am more than half-pleased to learn that our conveyance cannot ascend any higher, so on foot we cross the hard torrent of sharp, black scoria, that cuts our shoes to ribbons. The stream of lava on which we are walking, formed some three or four years ago, was originally a molten river a quarter of a mile wide, and five or six feet deep. Two dwelling-houses, with their gardens, which the stream, dividing, passed untouched, are worthy of a visit. Ah! we look for the cone in vain. An impenetrable hood of mist has enveloped, in a few seconds, the entire summit of the mount; we are, therefore, obliged to descend without having reached the crater, and are jolted back to the village of Torre del Greco.

This coral-manufacturing town, like many others in the locality, is built over an interred city, and has itself been many times partially destroyed by rivers of liquid lava emitted from the fiery furnace overhanging it. Not only the black ashes under my feet, but these layers of scorice and clinkers were once sheets of gliding, rolling fire. The road is composed of successive beds of hard lava. At certain cuttings there are older strata, in layers differing in colour; yet sooth to say, upon this soil of cinders and ashes, beautiful vineyards, mulberry-trees, figs, apricots, and cherries cover the surface. Houses are creeping and again encroaching on the mountain, as if the inhabitants were regardless or forgetful of former desolation and destruction. In short, the people are building over graves; the town is seemingly bent on maintaining a

persistent struggle with one of the most terrible forces in the natural world. Nor must I omit to remark that, in and around where I stand, the most generous of all the gifts of Bacchus, the deservedly famous Lachrymæ Christi, and other choice wines, are produced.

Instead of returning to Naples, I run down to Castellamare, a delicious summer resort, lying embosomed among hills. There is, however, little worth seeing about it, except the baths, barracks, and cathedral. The scenery of the environs is magnificent, the sea breeze refreshing, the walks among vineyards and gardens delightful. Having seen the chief lions of the place, as also had a glimpse of the orange gardens of Sorrento, the evening finds me among crowds, listening, at the mole, to the amusing stories told by lazy half-clad lazzaroni. No one would think of visiting Naples without running down to Baïæ, a favourite bathing-place, eight miles from Naples. The beauty of its position, the mildness of the air, and the abundance of its hot-springs, in all probability were the origin of its celebrity amongst the ancient Romans :—

“ Amœnis

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet.”

The town was built on a narrow strip of land ; beautiful buildings and walls were erected in and around it, but earthquakes, the sea, wars, and centuries here have played such havoc, that now it is only a mass of ruins. Nevertheless, it is worth visiting on account of its salubrity and antiquity. Returning the same day to Naples, I called at the British Consulate and had my passport *viséd*, (bakshîsh, two shillings.) As we have no political relations with Rome, I am happy to say, for which I shall start to-morrow morning, I have to call on the Spanish minister to subscribe my *visé*, and have to disburse at his excellency's office another bakshîsh of four shillings and sixpence. Lastly, I made my appearance in the Strada Toledo, before the *préfet* of police, who, by the way, is a most urbane gentleman, and whose official stamp is subject to no fee. Everything being now *en règle*, I am ready to depart, except as regards a supply of the sinews of war. This obstacle, however, is soon overcome by means of presenting a circular note

of one of the London banks to its correspondent here. The question often occurred to my mind, where can all the money go? Like other travellers, I am astonished at its speedy evaporation, for which I can give no satisfactory account, but begin to calculate, with my present resources, the chances of getting home.

CHAPTER LVIII.

NAPLES TO ROME.

Thursday, 9th June.—I rise at 4.30, and thunder at the door of the sleepy *cameriere*, pay my bill, out on the street, and hail a cab, secure a ticket, and start at 5.30 for Rome. No one who arrives and departs from Naples by sea, can form an adequate idea of the beauty of its environs, the fruitfulness of the gardens, and their high degree of cultivation. For the first seventy or eighty miles the railway runs through an immense garden, in which fig-trees, apricots, and Indian corn are grown by a system of irrigation as ingenious as that successfully pursued in Egypt, whilst vines in waving festoons, suspended from tree to tree, occupy to a considerable depth both sides of the line. In those parts of the country clearest of fruit-trees, Ceres waves her golden hair in fields of wheat and barley, the greater quantity of which is now being carried in, although June has just begun. There are many level plains in this territory, but the most important is that through which I am railing this morning, and in an angle of which the capital I have just left stands. It is known by the name of *Terra di Lavoro*, the ancient *Campania Felix*; and it is well entitled to the proud distinction, for nature here scatters in profusion her choicest gifts. The plain extends forty miles in length, averaging from fifteen to twenty in breadth; the soil being a deep loam, is beyond comparison the most fertile, except the Nile valley, in the world.

The peasantry of this delightful country are as remarkable for their good common sense, as they are for sturdy independence. This does not result from the extent of their education, which is confined to the breviary, or if it takes a wider

flight and range, it only embraces one or two of their country's poets. The Italian peasant cannot be called ignorant; intelligence beams in his eye, and a sort of *insouciance* or sauciness lights up his handsome countenance, notwithstanding his homely garb and labour-hardened hand. This may be attributed in a great measure to his having a better dwelling, better food, and better clothing than the day-labourer or farm-servant in England. These accessories, though influential in moulding character, neither convey wisdom, nor develope that *bonhomie* one so often meets on the Continent, and even among the peasantry of Syria. May not the mainspring of this superiority of the Italian arise from his being the possessor of a well-stocked garden, producing all that a family requires, besides a patch of ground, which he rents or holds in fee-simple, thereby differing only in degree from the lordly proprietor? This, I have little doubt, is the source of his independence and information, and may be the parent of that *amor patriæ*, so conspicuous in his character.

It is not uncommon in this part of the country for women, even far advanced in years, to engage in out-door labour; nay, I was surprised to observe the sex employed as navvies on an embankment, carrying soil in baskets on their heads, liker beasts of burthen than the fairest and most delicate works of God's creation. Italians! this is neither gallant, manly, nor consistent with the hope you cherish, the object of which is now within your grasp. As men freed from the trammels of political bondage, and about to be elevated to civil and religious liberty, I trust that in this change enduring and affectionate woman will not only be benefited, but upraised to her true position, when surrounded with those safeguards and attentions her nature and organisation require, and which affection and Christianity alike imperatively demand as *her* due and *your* duty!

The train stops only a few minutes at Castel Nuovo and Acerra, small villages, with a rustic population. We also stop a brief period at Cancellò, and next at Caserta, at both of which it seems to be a gala or fete day. Many passengers leave us here with baskets of fruit and vegetables for the market. The first large city we reach is Capua, having walls, barracks, and a strong garrison, with a population of 16,000.

In a historical point of view it is remarkable as being the scene of the turning-point in the career of Hannibal. After defeating the armies of the Republic, the Carthagenian commander, instead of proceeding on to Rome, then completely at his mercy, came here. This sealed the fate of Carthage. The African soldiers, enervated by the luxuries of Capua, were easily overcome by the Romans; this dalliance of Hannibal having given them time to re-organise their shattered legions. No city in Italy or out of the capital is said to be so rich in ancient inscriptions. The cathedral is large and imposing, whilst time-honoured ruins are scattered over the old town. Although only twenty-eight miles from Naples, a magnificent view is obtained of Vesuvius and the surrounding country.

On our right runs the glorious range of the old Apennines, crested Rhineland-like with peaks, ruins, and castles. It is a question not easily answered how the latter are reached, if they really be the dwellings of human beings. The country, composed of hill and dale, still continues beautiful. We pass a number of small villages, such as Sparaniso and Riardo. After three hours' railing (seventy miles) from Naples, we arrive at St Germano, a city of 10,000 inhabitants; romantically situated under Monte Casine, embosomed among picturesque rugged mountains. It possesses a number of handsome churches, shops, and cafés, whilst it is almost overshadowed by the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre, and a large benedictine monastery. This is said to be one of the most delightfully situated inland cities of Italy. The railway here takes an abrupt turn in a north-westerly direction, and crosses a plain, cultivated like a garden, the trees for miles garlanded with vines.

We next arrive at the stations of Isoletta and Ceprano, both towns lying basking in the valley, three-fourths of a mile distant. We have now entered the States of the Church, where our passports and luggage are taken in charge, the latter scrupulously examined; and, although nothing declared contraband by the *Index Expurgatorius* is detected, a series of delays occur, and no small amount of arrogance is displayed. This is my first appearance in the Papal dominions, and contact with the soldiers of his Holiness, who, by the way, are fine strapping fellows, wearing cocked hats, blue

long-tailed coats, white facings, ornamented with shoulder-knots and cords of the same colour, the whole equipment not unlike the uniform of our English lackeys. Numbers of priests are moving about, some of whom I infer from their peculiar costume must be dignitaries. With one of the *padres* I had a half-an-hour's chat; who gave me some useful information as to economising my time in seeing the lions of Rome. Like other foreign priests of the Romish Church with whom I have come in contact, he is not only affable in his manners, but a well-informed, a well-read, and a well-bred man.

From some cause or other, we are detained at this uninteresting station from 11 A.M. till 4.10 P.M. I did grumble, for two reasons; I could neither learn the reason of the delay, nor yet ascertain at what hour we would start. I discovered, however, that among the railway officials there were as ardent Garibaldians as I am myself, and that the king-maker of Italy has not only partizans here, but at every station between this and Civita Vecchia. It is evident to the casual observer that every department of the Papal territory is leavened with correspondents and friends of United Italy, and that thousands of willing hearts, and strong arms, are biding their time in patient readiness for the coming struggle, which in all probability will commence on the day that the French troops finally evacuate the States of the Church. At length we resume our journey, our route lying through the plain of the Apennines. The population, judging from the number of villages, one of which appears every two or three miles, must be dense. Frosinone, perched on the top of a mountain, in the midst of wild and beautiful scenery, confronts Ferentino, having a similar position and like accessaries. Near Velletri there are numbers of ancient ruins and fortifications, and the lovely little town of Civita Lavinia. The beauty of the scenery and villages is probably much enhanced by the clearness of the atmosphere. The slanting rays of the setting sun not only fling a rich tinge over the foliage, but imprint a vividness to the dead walls and spires of the towns. As we are now nearing imperial Rome, every hill, vale, and ruin becomes more and more interesting. The line crosses several deep ravines, spanned by elegant and substantial viaducts. Gentlemen's seats increase in number

and size. Ruins frequently start up, looking like gray sentinels jealously watching our progress. Suddenly we come upon a succession of huge piers, bearing a strong resemblance to railway arches, narrower, perhaps, but thirty feet in height, with which we run parallel for a number of miles. These magnificent aqueducts give me my first impressions of ancient Rome's wealth, public spirit, and sanitary arrangements; by these arches, carried over hill and through valley, water was conveyed from great distances to the city in no stinted supply, unlike the parsimonious dribbles of our London water companies.

On noble structures such as these emperors, decimvirs, and other magnates freely spent colossal revenues, in order that the inhabitants might have in full abundance, pure and untaxed, this prime necessary of life, in their streets and dwellings. These gigantic aqueducts are at once evidences of Roman civilisation and Roman ignorance. They appreciated the blessing of water, but knew not the most elementary principles of hydrostatics. This, however, was not the fault of the ancients, but their misfortune. We received an accession of passengers at Velletri, amongst whom there was a buxom farmer's wife, with a baby in her arms. I was at first surprised, and latterly amused, at the mode in which she had swaddled the piece of humanity in her arms. It is bandaged from its chin to its toe like a miniature mummy; indeed, the infant might have been held out horizontally by either extremity with as little deflection as a railway girder. It is marvellous how nature can perform her varied functions when the child is rolled up in such a way; arms, legs, chest, and abdomen, being closely bound and confined. The question naturally occurs, what is the result of such practices? Do many or few survive this mode of treatment? Not having seen any Italian tables of mortality, I cannot solve these problems; but if the question is to be answered by the symmetry, health, and strength of juvenile and adult, it must be admitted that no finer specimens of physical beauty and proportion are to be found than amongst the Italian peasantry. At 8.30 we run into the station, and are now within the walls of imperial Rome; deducting the five hours' stoppage at the frontier, there remains eight hours for the 162 miles railing between Naples and the metropolis.

Is this imperial Rome? Are these dingy houses and dimly

lit streets the Eternal City? Are these tailors, barbers, coffee-house keepers, and cameo-cutters the sons of the world's conquerors? Are these fat, frowsy dames, and those haggard half-shod females, the Roman matrons and mothers "who would not suckle slaves?" It is scarcely conceivable that any one of those emaciated-looking loiterers had the right to exclaim,—*Civis Romanus sum*. How are the mighty fallen! My first impressions of Rome are decidedly unfavourable, but may be modified in daylight. Alighting at the Piazza d'Hispania, near Mount Pincio and the Piazza del Popolo, around which the English do most congregate, I secure quarters, and thus obtain repose, after a day's journey through a country that for beauty and variety is only exceeded by the shores of the Bosphorus.

Friday, 10th.—Domiciled in the metropolis of the old world, I am really at a loss which way to turn; whether I should begin my perambulations with the ancient or the modern. After some hesitation, I adopt the latter course, and hailing a cab, drive through some narrow lanes to the Corso, or Regent Street of modern Rome. The existing city occupies the Campus Martius of the ancients, a position considerably north of the seven hills. There is nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the actual inhabitants. For the most part they are unhealthy looking and poorly clad—the former arising, probably, from their contiguity to the marshes, the latter from the lack of trade. The whole productive operations seem to be sculpture, painting, the preparation of mosaics, and cameo cutting. How the people contrive to exist by these industries is to me a problem.

The population, a little over or under 120,000, is not cooped up or packed closely together, except perhaps in certain localities, such as the vicinity of the Corso and the Capitol. The walls are said to be fourteen miles in circumference, enclosing an area of irregular shape, the greatest length (three miles) lying between the gates known as the Porta del Popolo and that of San Sebastiano. Not one-third of this space is inhabited: a large portion is covered with ruins, nay, there are even fields and extensive orchards scattered about. I had expected that a city situated on seven hills would have presented an appearance resembling Constantinople, or have

had an aspect like that of Edinburgh, with ridges, valleys, and terraces, its "Castle Hills and Cowgates;" but there is much less ruggedness than in either of these cities, most of the streets standing on a plain north of the hills, and nowhere more than fifty feet above the level of the sea. With regard to the heights themselves, a recent writer assigns them the following elevations:—

	Feet.
The Capitol,	160
Palatine Hill,	170
Tarpeian Rock,	151
Aventine Hill,	156
Celian,	148
Pincian,	218
Esquiline,	218
Quirinal,	158
Ancient Forum,	38

It is to be observed, however, that the level of the plain may have been raised by the deposits of floods and the *débris* of ages. The more solid geological formation is chiefly volcanic tufa, mingled with sand and scoria.

The trade of the city is in a great measure confined to the central portions east of the Tiber, and to both sides of the fine street known as the "Corso." The shops are well supplied with merchandise, and the people with well-appointed cafés and restaurants. In the neighbourhood of the Pope's summer palace, the Quirinal, and the Via Vaccina, are a number of elegant villas and private residences. On the north or opposite side of the Tiber, there is little for the sightseer, except the Castle of St Angelo, St Peter's, and the Vatican; but these are a host in themselves. The streets, with one or two prominent exceptions, are wretchedly paved; the houses, chiefly built of tufa or brick, plastered to resemble stone, are mean, low, and dingy. The "closes," as we would say in Scotland, or entrances to common staircases, are, even in the finest streets, singularly filthy. The ground floors are often used as stables, coach-houses, and workshops, whilst noblemen dwell in the apartments above. I am not, of course, speaking of the "palazzi," many of which are fine buildings, though perhaps somewhat overloaded with architectural ornamentation. There are only two or three good streets in the whole city, namely,

the Corso, the Strada di Ripetta, and that known as the Babuino. The shops, anything but elegant, can scarcely be compared with those of third-class towns in England, and are inferior even to places of business in Messina. The traffic being small, the prevailing quietude of the thoroughfares is rarely broken.

I begin my tour of the sights by driving to San Pietro. We rattle along the Corso, and cross the Bridge of St Angelo, which, though narrow, is a beautiful structure of white marble, with four or six statues on each parapet, the whole design chaste and graceful. The bridge is terminated on the west by the castle of the same name, a round tower, with a circular battery, irresistibly reminding the spectator of a bride-cake or a huge pork-pie. Were it not for these red-breeched Frenchmen who crowd the streets and fortress, Rome, no doubt, would be in the hands of the citizens,—an event that looms heavily in the distance. I should like to be present when the whole ecclesiastical clamjamfrey of Pope, cardinals, priests, monks, with their stoles, pyxes, dead men's bones, rotten rags, holy water, and censers make their final exit from the city; then our modern Brutus may exclaim—

“Rome is free!—Cæsar but a name!”

Id est, Pio Nono. But hold—I am at St Peter's. The building, like our own St Paul's, is partially hidden by houses and streets abutting upon it, which detract materially from the general effect. Alighting at one of the porticoes, and looking back on the grand piazza, or area in front of the edifice, with its oval colonnade, fountains, lamps, and obelisk, one is struck with the magnificence of the spectacle. The glorious fabric itself, entirely cased in marble, stands on a gentle eminence, in form a Latin cross. A wide flight of marble steps leads to the principal entrances; the façade, a row of Corinthian columns, eighty feet high, supporting a ballustrade, with statuary representing our Lord and His Apostles. The semicircular covered galleries of the colonnade, consisting of 284 columns, surmounted by 192 statues, form corridors to the entrance of the Vatican and its gardens. The nave of the cathedral is upwards of 600 feet in length, the transept 444, the east front 400 feet in height, that of the entire edifice, from the pave-

ment to the cross, 448 feet. It occupied 166 years in building, and cost £10,000,000 sterling; covers eight acres of ground; the repairs costing £6000 annually. It is difficult to describe the interior, so vast yet so compact; the noble proportions; the immense size and the exquisite harmony of its nave, aisles, and chapels; the columns of variegated marble, eight feet in diameter; the wondrous ceiling of mosaic, richly gilded; and its gorgeously painted glass windows, each worth a king's ransom. Amongst the most prominent objects of interest is a fine transparency of the Holy Spirit, represented by a dove with outstretched wings; the gigantic bronze and marble statues of prophets, disciples, apostles, and popes; the mausolea in alto relievo of the Pretender, Cardinal York, executed by Canova at the expense of George IV.; the elaborate and beautiful bronze *Baldacchino*, or high altar canopy, 120 feet high; the throne, a design of the highest merit; the hundred lamps, that burn night and day; bronze angels, golden crucifix, and candlesticks; the gorgeously dressed altars; multitudes of paintings;—these, and a thousand other works of art, fill the mind with awe. Amazed and astonished, I sit down at the base of a column, opposite Jupiter Tonans, now converted into St Peter; a few worshippers are kissing his toe. How wonderful the changes that occur in the course of ages! A heathen god transformed into a Christian idol! I have the good fortune to hear a *miserere*, or mass for the dead. A *tableau* is brought up from the vaults, to represent the gloom of death; but the whole ceremony has a theatrical air, and the effect incongruous. I retire half disgusted from the scene amidst the voices of priests and the solemn chanting of the acolytes.

Hiring a cab outside the piazza of St Peter's, we drive to the Church of San Paulo, situated about a mile and a half beyond the walls, on the road to Ostia. Passing the English cemetery near the pyramid of Caius Cestus, where the remains of Shelley and the unfortunate Keats are deposited;—though the latter had only written "Endymion," he would have done enough to immortalise his name. A few minutes more, we arrive at the gate of the fine new temple dedicated to, and intended to enshrine, the name and remains of the great Apostle. Outwardly, the edifice is at present nothing but a shell of plain

brick, awaiting the time when some future pope will encase it in marble—a time which possibly may never arrive. Without exception, the interior of this church is the finest I have yet beheld. Although not so awe-striking as that of St Peter's, it is more elaborate and artistic. The floors and walls are inlaid with white and gray marble; the pillars of porphyry, agate, and granite; the windows a series of gorgeous paintings, *chef d'œuvres* of Italy's greatest artists. A magnificent canopy covers the shrine of St Paul, under which his mortal remains repose. Splendid malachite altars, statues, gilt and decorated roof, hundreds of mosaic portraits of poets and saints; in a word, art and science have been judiciously applied, under the controlling eye of skill, and have succeeded in producing a rich and harmonious result. Neither priest nor worshipper is present, with the exception of four persons on their knees at the foot of a beautiful staircase, which, on ascending, I found led to nowhere.

Leaving this edifice, I hasten back, and in twenty minutes am standing under the Arch of Titus, a noble specimen of the glory of old Rome; on the inner side and façade a series of cartoons are cut in alto relievo, representing the emperor's triumphal entry into Rome, after the conquest of Jerusalem, attended by captive Jews in chains. Among the *spolia opima* in the cortège, may be observed the seven branched golden candlestick, and the table of show-bread, taken from the Temple of Solomon. With the exception of a few stones loosened at the top, this relic may be pronounced almost entire. At a short distance stands the Arch of Constantine, reminding us that the first Christian emperor was a Yorkshireman, and that the great foundress of cathedrals and finder of the cross an English lady. This trophy, standing at the base of the Palatine Hill, is ornamented with fluted Corinthian columns, supporting a few bold, well finished bas-reliefs, representing Dacian captives; the summit at one time was crowned by a chariot of victors, but has given place to weeds and coarse grass.

Having concluded the examination of these remains, I next take my stand within the walls of the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, better known as the Coliseum, by far the most stupendous existing relic of ancient Rome, and a monument that deeply

impresses the mind with the grandeur of the people who could erect such a marvellous structure. After climbing and clamoring over its ruined walls and shattered arches, I sit down on a broken pillar, in the grass-grown court, where, in bad taste, ten or twelve altars have been erected, at which mass is occasionally performed. What an animated scene this pile must have at one time presented ! From the ground to the uppermost tier, its seats were wont to be filled with Rome's statesmen, warriors, poets, and play-loving population. Here Caligula, Nero, Diocletian, and other tyrants gloated over the gladiatorial shows of captives and Christians engaged in mortal strife with each other, or with ferocious beasts. There are few antiquities in Rome more remarkable than this noble ruin. Although it has been stripped, shaken by earthquakes, and pillaged by sacrilegious hands, it stands, like the pyramids, an enduring testimony of power, and the genius that characterised the architects of the past. It is elliptic in form, its longest diameter, *extra muros*, 620 feet, its shortest 513, covering $5\frac{1}{2}$ English acres, or about one half the space occupied by the Great Pyramid of Cheops ; the walls, 180 feet in height, enclosed seats for 87,000 spectators, whilst sufficient space was left in the arena for a thousand gladiators to struggle in deadly conflict.

I returned to the city by the Appian Way, a broad, well-paved road, as straight as an arrow. How many of the great ones of ancient times have travelled on this path ; Brutus, Cato, Pompey, the noble Cicero, and one greater than them all, Paul the Apostle.* Although 2000 years have passed away since this road was constructed, its large square stones are still closely joined and in good repair. Near the city it is fringed with tombs and vaults, in which may be seen the *columbaria*, or pigeon-holes, in which the burnt ashes of the dead were deposited.

Afterwards I visit the forum, situated near the base of the Capitol. When Rome was at its zenith, this was one of the grandest architectural sights in Europe. Sitting down under the shadow of the few monuments that are still erect, I endeavour to recall some of the incidents that formed the brightest page in Rome's history. Here the Cæsars often

* Acts xxviii. 15.

sat, the decemvirs quarrelled, and the tribunes of the people harangued. There lay the dead body of Cæsar, and here Mark Antony stood and pleaded over the gashed remains. Here Brutus and Cassius watched the changing multitude, whilst was shown the rent the "envious Casca made." Where are now the actors that once fretted their brief hour on this noble stage? Tell me, ye columns and architraves, where are the mighty ones whose names fill the page of history? where the legions that overran the known world, from the *Ultima Thule* of the north-west to the Caspian on the east, Thebes and the Red Sea on the south, and Mauritania on the south-west? Where the senators whose legislation still forms the basis of European jurisprudence, and where the orators, whose magic eloquence finds an echo in every heart?

Without waiting for a reply, I hasten to the baths; or *Thermæ* of Titus, Caracalla, and Diocletian, which are still extant, or at least portions of them; but are now little else than an assemblage of holes and corners, applied to uses such as their founders never dreamt of in their philosophy. Regaining the Corso by way of the Viminalian Mount, and returning to the forum, I stop to admire Trajan's column. This monument turns out more attractive than I had anticipated. Its *fac-simile* in Paris, surmounted by the "Petit Corporal," though a very good imitation, does not inspire one with a high impression of its excellence. The original is a marble pillar in tolerable preservation, 115 feet high; within, a staircase leads to the summit, now surmounted by a statue of St Peter, *vice* Trajan deposed. From base to summit are a series of spiral cartoons in *basso relievo*, illustrating the victories gained over the Dacii by the imperial personage the column commemorates—the whole forming a work of art as chaste in design and proportion, as it is perfect in execution.

Another column, that of Marcus Aurelius, 122 feet high, proudly lifts its graceful, though much mutilated form, in the "Piazza Colonna," one of the few squares I have yet discovered in Rome. Like Trajan's pillar, it is surmounted by a noble statue of St Paul. The proportions of the shaft are harmonious, and its bas-reliefs bold, but time

and man's more ruthless violence have left them mutilated and defaced. In some places no vestige of the figures remains, and in others the delicate tracery of the sculptor has been almost entirely obliterated.

Like most visitors to Rome, being anxious to examine the Church of St John Lateran, I proceed there forthwith. I make this a special pilgrimage, more from knowing that the famous Papal rescript, fulminated against England, was dated from the Lateran, than on account of its fame in other respects. The edifice was erected in honour of John the Baptist and Plautius Lateranus, a Roman martyr, put to death by Nero. It is the parish church of the Pope, and the one in which the so-called successors of St Peter are inaugurated. Being the oldest Christian church in Rome, it is also declared by the monks to be the most ancient in the world; be this as it may, it is really a fine structure. There are five entrances, one of which has a curious bronze door, said to have been looted from the Temple of Peace. The interior is partitioned off into aisles, adorned with statues of the apostles, among whom St Andrew holds a prominent place; a peculiarity, indeed, observable throughout the rest of Italy. One of the chapels, the Corsini, cost £30,000. The most cherished of its relics are the cradle of Christ, the chair of St Peter, and some rare paintings.

Immediately across the piazza there is a small chapel, in which is contained the Santa Scala, or stair of Pontius Pilate's palace. Indulgences are granted to those who crawl on their knees up the twenty-eight steps, encased with wood, of this relic without touching it with their hands or feet. There is a small picture in the chapel, said to have been begun by St Luke and finished by an angel, but which, as a work of art, is creditable to neither. I met a priest here who spoke English, and whom I asked why lamps were kept burning in St Peter's; the reply was, to honour his ashes that lay there. I hazarded the remark that we have no scriptural authority to suppose that Peter had ever been in Rome. The worthy but credulous monk regarded me with a look of unutterable horror, drawing back, and looking at my feet, doubtless expecting to see them cloven; he actually shuddered at having come in contact with such hardened infidelity. Thank God, there is

now no Inquisition, else my imprudence might have resulted in the stake and a yellow cap. Mass was being performed in two of the chapels—the audience in the one a French soldier ; in the other, four women and a dwarf. I may remark, in passing, that the worshippers in St Peter's this morning, although mass was being performed in three or four chapels, and the chanting of the *miserere* equal to an opera, yet, with all these attractions, music, painting, and sculpture, the congregation did not exceed thirty.

I likewise visited the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, a large and beautiful building, which, if it has a fault, it is that of over-ornamentation. The interior is divided by two rows of Ionic columns, and possesses the usual amount of sculpture, painting, and gorgeous altars, as usually adorn or sometimes disfigure Roman Catholic cathedrals. One of the chapels, the Borghese, bears a close resemblance to San Severo in Naples, in decoration and design. It is humiliating to the Protestant, as it should be to the Christian, to witness the universal homage and worship paid to the great *Italian goddess*, Mary—for, unquestionably, Mariolatry is the besetting sin of Catholicism ; how different, the reputed Queen of Heaven, blasphemously styled the *Mother of God*, to poor, sinful Mary of Nazareth, who, though “blessed among women,” and highly exalted in being the mother of Jesus, is unjustly raised, and has greater honour paid to her name and shrine than either Father, Son, or Holy Spirit ; nay, numbers more worshippers than all the other saints in the calendar, the hierarchy of Heaven, or the Eternal Godhead.

CHAPTER LIX.

ROME.

Saturday, 11th.—Calling this morning on the *préfet* of police, although my passport is perfectly *en règle*, he nevertheless pesters me with an infinity of questions in different languages, to all of which he receives for reply, “I do not understand.” Baffled, he at last waves his hand to signify that I may take myself off, not, however, before I had paid a bakshish of 4s. 6d. in addition to 2s. at the British Consulate for the regular *visé*.

The temples of Vesta, Bacchus, and Peace are my next objects of research, all of them noble remains of antiquity, conveying to us a tolerably correct idea of the religious life of the ancients. It is evident the old Romans highly revered their fabulous deities, honouring them by the erection of splendid fabrics; doubtless, in common with humanity, they felt the necessity of an Omnipotent being, though they knew Him not.

Having examined these fanes, I next visit the Pantheon, a temple erected for all the gods, but now used as a Christian church, and dedicated to the Virgin. Like the Coliseum, it has been purified, say the monks, and contains fifteen chapels with altars, but in none of them, although mass is being performed, is there a worshipper. The structure is built of thin tiles, of a deep red colour, similar to those in the ruins at Ephesus, and also at the old castle of Hadleigh, in Essex. It is 150 feet in height; the dome or roof is wholly unsupported by pillars. There are no windows, their place being supplied by a circular opening, which admits a clear subdued light that fills every corner of the edifice. The floor, of different coloured marbles, is fast yielding to time's influ-

ence. Being circular in form, it is sometimes designated the Rotunda. Notwithstanding the spoliations of Goths and Vandals, and though it has served as a quarry for a succession of popes during six hundred years, it is still the most perfect monument of antiquity now existing in Rome.

In a city containing 360 churches, it may readily be supposed that at least one is to be found in every street. Like other Roman Catholic churches on the Continent, they are always open; nor do I ever pass an open church door without entering, though, I must confess, more from curiosity than devotion; paintings, sculpture, architectural design, and altar decoration being powerful attractions; still, though no admirer of Romanism as expressed in its ritual masses and mariolatry, I cannot forget that these cathedrals and chapels have been dedicated to the worship of God, nor can I retire from their hallowed precincts without feeling my devotional spirit refreshed. I cannot, nay, I dare not, enter any temple of worship, however different the creed may be from my own, without feeling that I am treading on holy ground. Moreover, it is pleasing to observe in the Roman Catholic churches abroad the working man with his spade, the market woman with her basket, the smart city clerk, ladies who have been out shopping, nursery maids with their young charges, all kneeling around me in earnest prayer. I am thoroughly convinced of their sincerity, whilst I grieve over their misdirected zeal, and pray that God may be pleased to turn them from the worship and service of the creature to the knowledge and service of the Creator; but to ridicule or disturb any one at his devotions would be sinful; religion is an affair between the omniscient God and the conscience of the worshipper—"to his own master he stands or falls."

Passing along by the old theatre of Marcellus, now a dingy ruin, I reach the "Insula Tiburina," which, like the Isle de la Cité in the Seine, or the Rhoda in the Nile opposite Cairo, is situated in the middle of the Tiber, and connected with either side of the banks by bridges. A singular mode of fishing is at work under the arches; by means of a wheel driven by the force of the current the nets are carried round and round, emptying the fish into a receiver in passing. The course of the river within the walls is winding and tortuous,

the current rapid and unconstrained by walls or quays, except on the south side, a little above the castle of St Angelo, at which there is a small steamer now moored. The banks are not only falling in, but indescribably filthy. The breadth of the stream ranges from 200 feet, reaching at the point where it is broadest about 420, and at this season of the year the volume of water is very considerable. It is slow, sluggish, and muddy, truly entitling it to the term *flavus*, as the poet says:—

“Prospicit hinc inter fluvio Tyberinus amœno,
Vorticibus rapidis, et multa flava arena,
In mare prorumpit.”—*Virg. Æn.* vii. 31, 33.

It is as broad as the Thames at Kingston, but scarcely so wide as the Clyde at Glasgow. The old Roman, who, when he first saw the Tay, shouted “the Tiber!” “the Tiber!” must have been either deficient in the faculty of comparison, or had formed an extremely patriotic conception of his native *flumen*, the difference of the Tay and Tiber being as great as that between Hyperion and a satyr.

Sated with the Tiber, I find my way to the Capitol, a group of buildings on the plateau of one of the seven hills. What a tide of historical associations roll over the memory when standing on this classic ground! Sitting down, memory recalls Gibbon’s “Rise and Fall of Rome,” her glory, decadence, and her crimes. The Capitol is attained by a splendid approach, half inclined plain and half stair, and commands a fine view of the adjoining hills, particularly the Palatine, on which stood the palace of the Cæsars, the conquerors and masters of the world. One side is occupied by the College de la Sapienza, founded by Pope Innocent IV., the other, by that of the Propaganda di Fide, from which missions are despatched to every country on the habitable globe; these, with a number of fine equestrian statues, form an architectural *ensemble* unequalled of its kind.

On the same height is the Mamertine Prison, in which Peter and Paul are said to have been confined, a locality also commemorated by being the place where Catiline and his adherents underwent the penalties of their crime. Formerly prisoners were let down into the prison by a rope, but it is now entered by a modern staircase. Inside there is an im-

pression on the rock, said to have been made by Paul's head, which one of his fellow-prisoners had dashed against it. There is also a well, which the monkish legends tell us burst forth miraculously at the command of Paul, when he required water to baptize some of the inmates. Forming one side of the prison is the Tarpeian rock, from the summit of which criminals were cast down by the ancient Romans; but, owing to cutting at the top, and rubbish accumulating at the foot, this declivity of the Capitoline hill has been reduced to some twelve or fourteen feet.

Leaping into a cab, we rattle over the hard causeway to a fountain, known as the Monte Cavallo, a marvellous work of art that graces the Quirinal. All must acknowledge that Rome stands unrivalled for the abundance, distribution, and purity of its water. For these, thanks are due to the ancients, their magnificent aqueducts and fountains having conferred these blessings on the modern population. Fountains are to be found in nearly every "piazza;" some of them, architecturally speaking, are of great beauty; that of "Navona," with its obelisk, Tritons, and Naiads sporting in *jets d'eau*, is an elegant work of art; so also is that of "Trevi," with its white marble Neptune in his shell-car, drawn by sea-horses; but still more interesting to me is that in the "Strada Felice," with the figure of Moses striking the rock, surrounded by lions and other accessories of the Arabian jungle. No city, not even Damascus, possesses finer fountains; but, like the people of Nablous, the modern Romans know not their uses. They seem to be ignorant of the purposes to which water may be applied; or at all events, oblivious to the fact that it may be made a purifier of lanes, courts, and passages, and that it is an exorciser of fevers, stench, and similar causes of disease.

From the arrangements of the house in which I am domiciled, it appears that the supply of water is not only most abundant, but is carried into every dwelling by service pipes; in a word, the system of distribution is most admirable. Unfortunately, I cannot report so favourably of the drainage—that is positively execrable. No city possesses more stupendous sewers than Rome, which have existed from an early period. Few have not heard of the "Cloaca Maxima," the construction

of which is ascribed to Tarquinius Priscus. This ancient piece of masonry is not without its interest in these days of sanitary progress. The dimensions of the great metropolitan sewers, which are being completed in London under the direction of Messrs Thwaites and Bazalgette, is each some 9 feet by 12, designed for the drainage of more than 3,000,000 people; whereas the one constructed by the ancients 2000 years ago, at a period when engineering skill is supposed not to have reached its full development, and intended for the drainage of a much smaller population, is nearly twice the magnitude.

The arch of the Cloaca is 14 feet in width, and upwards of 30 feet in height, composed of three courses of large hewn blocks secured without cement, the joints as close as those of the columns of the Temple at Baalbec. Let us not, therefore, boast quite so much of practical science and its progress in the nineteenth century. Yet there is something rotten in the capital of his holiness in the matter of drainage. The city is not only priest-ridden, misgoverned, but neglected. This much I can say from personal observation, the great underground structures of the ancients are being allowed to fall into irretrievable decay. Most of the small sewers running into the great Cloaca have been choked up for ages, and those that still remain open are likely soon to become useless. Well may the Roman people wish Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, or some other potentate, to come and cleanse out the Augean stable of neglect and abuse.

Sunday, 12th.—Having this morning walked the whole length of the Corso, beginning at the Porta del Popolo, and returning to the same point, keeping almost parallel with the river, my impression is, that Sunday, allowing for difference of population, is as well kept in Rome as in London. I am aware that the theatres are to be open to-night, concerts to be held, military bands to play in all the squares, and that the artizans will make an effort to throw off their accustomed sadness; yet public decorum is preserved with as much propriety as any Sunday morning in the East-end of our own metropolis; nay, in drawing a comparison between Sunday in Rome and in London, truth compels me to say, that in real and unmixed ruffianism London incontestably bears away the palm. To account for this, I shall only remark, as I did in

speaking of Egypt and Syria, that strong drink is as little indulged in by the Italians as by the Easterns; whereas, on the contrary, inebriety is the curse of our country, the fruitful parent of the crime, beggary, and blackguardism that disgrace Protestant Britain. Pity it is that our favoured land of Sabbaths, sanctuaries, and open Bibles, with a population second to none in skill and intelligence, should be ranked inferior in moral propriety to the inhabitants of Eastern cities, and that this inferiority should be mainly referable to the use, or rather to the abuse, of stimulating beverages.

The stroke of 10.30 A.M. finds me in what is called, by courtesy, the English Church, which is situated without the walls, being the first house on the left beyond the Porta del Popolo. However much the Roman Catholics in England may clamour for equal religious privileges, tolerance, if not altogether unknown, is not conceded to Protestants at Rome. The building used by the congregation of English residents is simply a dwelling-house and hay-loft gutted, the interior fitted up with reading desk, rail, and platform. I believe that it is entirely owing to its unpretentious character that it is allowed, though beyond the walls, to exist, the authorities winking at heretics, so long as they are content to worship God in a hay-loft.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was being dispensed when I entered, at which, although a Presbyterian, I partook. What are forms and modes, but ancillaries? The Lord's Supper is not communion with the Church of England, Scotland, or Rome, but with Jesus Christ by faith; this is the true "cup of blessing," and truly "eating the bread of life."* I have sat at the Lord's table in Methodist and Independent chapels, with Scottish Dissenters of varied names, and have partaken, both sitting and kneeling, without being guided either by the Five Articles of Perth, or ruled by the Rubric, but simply under the influence of the spirit of the New Testament. It may be observed in passing, that the service this morning is according to what is known as High Church. The four clergymen who officiated, judging from the precision of their movements, must have had a rehearsal—the turnings, bowings, and kneelings, were so frequent and intricate. I observed that one dice of the consecrated bread remained, as also a few drops of the wine at the bot-

* John vi. 51.

tom of the cup ; these, one of the clergymen received from his *confrere* on his knees—a somewhat rigid fulfilling of the injunction, “gather up the fragments.” The whole proceedings smelt of the host and the mass. Not a word was said after service—all was cold and rubrical ; not one of the audience seemed to know or recognise another.

Again, punctually at five o'clock P.M., I took my place in the church, and was one of the twenty-five individuals that formed the congregation. This time one clergyman only was present, who, in a hurried manner, read the evening prayers, the whole service being concluded in exactly twenty-five minutes. Some, like myself, may have come to hear the word of life, but instead of bread, we receive a stone, and are sent empty away. This may be High Church, or the mode in Rome, but it surely cannot be approved of by the Church of England in general. Give me life, though rude and ragged, rather than death in fine linen. A Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian minister, on the evening of a communion Sabbath, would have embraced the opportunity of rousing the feelings, and dwelling on the story of the cross, the love of God, the condescension of Jesus in dying for our sins, in short, would have made his hearers' hearts thrill with emotions of gratitude, love, and praise. This was the way in which Paul fulfilled his mission : “when two whole years, in his own hired house, he received all that came unto him ; preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concerned the Lord Jesus Christ.”* Such cold formalities are not calculated to convince sinners, convert the soul, or build up God's people in their most holy faith.

Monday, 13th.—At ten A.M. I enter the Borghese Gallery, which consists of a suite of six or seven rooms, filled with some of the finest paintings by the old Italian masters extant. At this early hour there were few visitors, I had therefore ample opportunity to inspect without distraction this rare collection. I was especially pleased with specimens of Sarto, Dolce, Domenchino, and Raphael, which, for breadth and colouring, are beyond all praise. A few artists, of both sexes, are busily engaged copying, for which every facility appears to be afforded by the authorities. There are seven or eight beautiful

* Acts xxviii. 30, 31.

mosaic tables, representing various kinds of shells, marvellously true in colouring and detail. This gallery, like many others in Rome, is open to the public.

The Vatican is my next point. This palace of the Pope is one of the most remarkable edifices in the world, and contains the largest, richest, and most precious art collection in the universe. The building is 1200 feet in length, 800 in breadth, having in the interior 4422 apartments, 8 grand staircases, and 20 courts. It embraces the Sistine chapel, built in 1473, and the library, the richest in valuable manuscripts in Christendom. The first corridor is covered on both sides with inscriptions from the tombs of the early Christians. The halls are filled with bronzes, marbles, porphyry, and agates; ornaments in gold and silver, vases of every material and shape may be reckoned by hundreds. Other rooms are crowded with groups of statuary; others again with acres of paintings, together with no end of mosaics, carvings, and antiques from every quarter of the world. I luxuriate in an ecstasy of delight over the originals of the "Læocoon," "Apollo Belvidere," "Bacchante," the "Boar-Hunter," and over a multitude of figures, busts, torsi, baths, cisterns, and urns, together with gems, which, taken altogether, leaves the disagreeable impression that our modern sculptors, painters, and gem-cutters are immeasurably behind the old masters of Egypt, Greece, and Italy. Unfortunately, I could not avail myself of an order I had obtained to visit the mosaic factory attached to the palace. Having thus rambled through the other sections till the hour of closing, I am obliged to leave; so, hiring a citadine, I hurry off and finish my visits to the remaining fountains, and finally pass the evening on the Pincian Hill—the Rotten Row of Rome.

Tuesday, 14th.—Having obtained an order from the Danish Consul to visit the ball surmounting the dome of St Peter's, eight o'clock A.M. finds me at the gate. The ascent to the roof is remarkably easy, being more like an inclined plain than a staircase. A man on horseback might ascend, and descend again in safety. The walls are covered with inscriptions, recording the pious deeds of former popes. The roof of the church is flagged, and presents the appearance of a little town, from the number of offices and official dwellings that are erected on it. The view is magnificent, embracing the yellow

winding Tiber, the palaces, and walls, the Campania, the Apennines, and the Mediterranean glittering in the distance. Quitting the roof, I begin the ascent of the dome, and at last reaching a ladder, ascend, and with difficulty squeeze myself through a narrow orifice into the ball, a copper globe large enough to contain six or seven persons; the aperture is not so wide as that of St Paul's, which I entered with ease. Having now surmounted St Peter's, St Paul's, Strasbourg Cathedral, and the Pyramids, there are only a few artificial heights left me to scale.

No stranger can sojourn long in the seat of the Beast, as my friend Dr Cumming would say, without having the conviction thrust upon him from the hints of the population, the deep, manifest, and significant murmurings in the streets, private dwellings, and *cafés*, that the populace are tired of, and hate the ecclesiastical system under which they groan. It is impossible to describe the loathing and contempt with which they denounce the clerical dead weight and *espionnage* that fetter their political freedom, and lay a bar on their social progress. The rulers, it is true, are tolerant enough of free-thinking, and sometimes of free speech, if they trench not on their own specific dogmas; tolerant, too, are they of intrigue and gallantry, the example being not unfrequently set by themselves; but to speak or write of liberty of conscience, the inefficiency of clerical rule, or the abolition of the temporal power, is not only prohibited, but a crime. The ignorance and effeteness of the powers that be are everywhere apparent; the broken down walls of the city, houses tumbling to ruins, the public monuments falling into decay, streets unpaved, open ditches, undrained courts, filth and stench everywhere regnant. Nor is this state of matters surprising; the municipality, being clergymen, their education confined to the narrow curriculum of dogmatic theology and the canon law, they are, therefore, not only ignorant of the practical application of sanitary measures, but of civil government.

Immorality and dissoluteness have reached a fearful height in the Eternal City; whilst poverty, discontent, and crime are fostering in the vitals of the people. I do not mean to say that the Pope, either as a man or a priest, is not respected; but I affirm, that in his own capital his

temporal power is thoroughly detested. Were the army of occupation withdrawn, the States of the Church would doubtless be obliterated from the map of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel have his palace transferred to the Quirinal, and the unity and freedom of Italy would be at once realised.

“It’s comin’ yet, for a’ that.”

Although I had not the honour of beholding his Holiness, I had the gratification of seeing his secretary, Antonelli, an abler man, as he stepped from the municipal chamber into a carriage drawn by four richly caparisoned horses. His coachman and lackeys were splendidly attired in rich crimson liveries, but his intelligent countenance bore a care-worn aspect, as if ill at ease, or borne down by the burden of state affairs.

It is difficult to understand the attractions that induce so many of our aristocracy to take up their abode in Rome; true, there are a multitude of objects of high art in her galleries, and her ruins are unequalled in extent and antiquity, but it is said that few of this class are either art admirers or students of archæology. It cannot be either the beauty of the city, salubrity of the locality, or the conveniences of life. To spend the winter or autumn in the Eternal City, although hundreds in it are dying of ennui, has become fashionable, just as dining at seven or eight in the evening, or going to the sea-side in September, is regarded as the acme of *haut ton*. It may be safely affirmed, if our fair dames and delicately-nurtured upper ten saw or knew Rome ere leaving Belgravia or Tyburnia, the beautiful-watering places or inland cities of Britain, with their pure air, wholesome dwellings, and healthful bracing air, would be preferred to the dirt, *espoionage*, and monks of this priestly metropolis. We can understand the object for which painters, sculptors, and admirers of the antique, the classic, and the æsthetic in the fine arts, not only visit but make Rome their home for years; study and labour is their profession, ambition urges, and success must be wooed and won in the studio, and Rome is the artist’s workshop. But for any one, who is not under the pressure of necessity, to suffer himself to be cooped up, exposed to extortion and *shirri*, where there is neither “kirk nor market,” is to me a problem.

CHAPTER LX.

CIVITA VECCHIA TO FLORENCE.

BIDDING Rome adieu at 4.30 P.M., I start by the train for Civita Vecchia. In the compartment with me are three priests and a lawyer. One of the former is busy at his Breviary (especially the Psalms) all the way down. The country for the first few miles is flat and uninteresting. The corn harvest is now over, and the greater portion of the crops secured. Thirty or forty miles from the city, the sea appears at intervals. As night approaches, a bitter cold wind begins to blow, and I feel delighted when at 8.30 P.M. the train stops. Here, as on departing from Rome, one is beset with custom-house officers, who examine boxes and passports with the most minute care. All being found correct, I proceed by omnibus to an hotel, where, hastily getting into bed, popes, *shirri*, and priests are forgotten, the sound of the surf lulling me to sleep.

Wednesday, 15th.—Civita Vecchia being the port of Rome, and the chief harbour of the Papal States, may be regarded as the key to the Imperial City. It is well fortified and garrisoned in every corner by French soldiers. Like most other seaports, it is not only filthy, but has a fishy, tarry smell about it. There is a considerable amount of business transacted, both in the harbour and the upper part of the town. The quay is lined with shipping, and some shipbuilding is being carried on. The streets are generally narrow; many of the houses, being built back to back, having neither yard nor ventilation, except near and round the new market-place, where there are some handsome shops, and three large hotels. The streets are more or less obstructed with stalls of small wares, fruit, vegetables,

and fish, as if no special market existed for these commodities. Outside the walls there are some beautiful walks, fringed with trees, and furnished with seats. The place, in short, is more French than Italian; nor should I be surprised if the astute Emperor, in resigning Rome, were to retain his hold on this port. Before leaving, I have to pass once more through the ordeal of the custom-house, and for boat fare and *permis d'embarquement*, to pay twenty-five bajocchi. I am now on board of a small screw steamer belonging to "Vellery & Co." of Rome, and beyond the Papal power. On shore no traveller, or at least foreigner, is safe; for if there be not danger in thinking, there is in speaking. My steps I am aware have been dogged, and my movements watched, ever since I crossed the frontier at Isoletta. On the blue waters of the Mediterranean I feel relieved from the oppression of *gens d'armes* and spies. Our destination is Leghorn, and we steam along the coast in that direction. The land is low and tame, darkness fast setting in, so I turn my attention to my fellow-passengers, believing in the sentiment of the poet, that—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

The persons around me this evening are mostly such as form the base of the social pyramid, or at least far from being the best specimens of the *physique* or the *morale* of the sons of Italy. Some of them, I have reason to know, if not *chevaliers d'industrie*, are adroit conveyancers, as I am not the only person on board whose luggage has been rifled during the night. On making complaint to the captain, he informs me that, though not responsible for such incidents, if I could lay my hands on the thief, or point out the stolen property, something—he did not say what—would be done. This being tantamount to non-intervention, the matter dropped.

Thursday, 16th.—At 6 A.M. we enter the large and commodious harbour of Leghorn. This being the chief port or commercial emporium of Tuscany, is a place of importance in a mercantile point of view. Ships of all nations are lying in the harbour and at the quays. The town and environs is the summer and autumn resort of health and pleasure seekers from Florence, Pisa, and Rome. Uniting, in this respect, the

characteristics of Brighton and Bristol, it is less of a beautiful than a commercial city, and possesses more of the *utile* than the *dulce*. The streets are well paved, wide and clean, with broad foot-pavements, which generally run at right angles. There are a few fine squares ; whilst the shops are elegant, displaying not only wealth, but cultivated taste. There are numbers of handsome churches, besides the cathedral in the grand square, at which I heard mass. There are also Scottish and English churches, which have service every Lord's day. Having made a hasty survey of the town, I hasten to the Strada Ferrata Leopolda, or railway for Pisa and Florence. The station is a noble structure, fitted up with every comfort and convenience. We are now bowling along for Pisa, over a country as level as a bowling-green, and everywhere cultivated like a market-garden, rivalling the Neapolitan territory, which I had thought displayed the *ne plus ultra* of horticulture.

The station at Pisa is a building of magnificent proportions, and has every convenient arrangement. I had long supposed that Carlsruhe in Baden was the cleanest town I had ever visited, but I believe now that this bears the palm. It contains a population of 26,000. The streets are broad and well paved. Two or three bridges cross the Arno, which runs the whole length of the place, diffusing an air of life and grace on either side, whilst terraces of beautiful houses line the river. There are many interesting associations connected with this ancient city, and many objects of interest within its walls ; its high antiquity, eventful history, cathedral, Baptistry and Campo Santo—these, with the memories of Byron and Shelley, render this one of the most interesting cities in Italy. Like other travellers, I mount the Hanging Tower, ascending to the summit partly by a staircase constructed in the thickness of the wall, and partly by an inclined plain. Noble columns, 207 in number, arise spirally from the base to the summit, forming, between them and the wall, a cork-screw path to the height of 190 feet. The top is flat-roofed, on which there are five bells ; the ropes drop from the centre, but long before reaching the ground, lie against the walls.

I put the question to myself—What could be the architect's motive for rearing so costly a fabric so far out of the perpendicular ? It possibly may have been whim, or to show

what might be accomplished in architecture by means of a knowledge of mathematics. The appearance of the tower, though strange, is graceful. It is built wholly of white marble ; the circumference at the top is fifty-two paces. The prospect embraces the city, its churches, windings of the Arno, and the plain extending from Florence to the sea ; conveying to the visitor a fair conception not only of Italian scenery, but of the configuration of the country and its cultivation. The cathedral is a beautiful specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, dating from the eleventh century, a hundred years anterior to the leaning tower. It has many rich paintings, altar-pieces, and sculpture in groups ; a double row of Oriental granite and marble columns, seventy-four in number ; the bishop's throne ; and a bronze angel, itself worth a visit. The doors are of bronze, on which is carved in *basso relievo* the history of our Lord and the Virgin, the floor tassellated, and the roof gilt and figured in compartments. The Baptistry of St John's Church stands within a few paces of the cathedral, and is also of white marble, chaste in its design, rich in its material, and perfect as a whole. These three monuments—the Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, and Baptistry—are so contiguous that they might be enclosed under a single roof, and being clear of buildings, are seen on all sides to great advantage. Hastening to the station, I am just in time to catch the train for Florence.

The country is still level and beautiful, dotted with villages, villas, and farms. This being the centre of straw-plait industry, the carriages are literally crammed with merchants and manufacturers, on their way to the capital with bales of Leghorn bonnets, a branch of industry that employs some thousands of male and female hands. The line runs along the banks of the lovely Arno, the country beautifully wooded, and the air vocal with music. At every turn we are surprised by some new beauty ; at times the hills close around us, and again widen into valleys. Cultivation seems to be chiefly carried on by hand labour ; few cattle are grazing, but crops of wheat, barley, and Indian corn meet the eye in all directions, interspersed with vineries and luxuriant gardens of peaches and apricots. But here we have reached the station, the finest I have seen anywhere in my travels, being

of marble, rich in design, florid in architecture, covered in with ground and coloured glass, with every appliance of comfort and convenience.

Florence has a population of 130,000, and is the capital of an important state. This, the loveliest city in the world, situated in a valley, occupying both sides of the Arno, celebrated alike for its architecture and its subdued and dignified elegance, whilst on account of its magnificent collection of paintings and sculptures, has been styled the world's repository. It is indeed a magnificent city, having handsome streets, four curious bridges, palaces, galleries, and 180 churches; it is difficult to know in such an *embarras de richesses* where to commence the description. First ascending the campanile, I thus obtain a conception of the salient points of the city and environs. Crossing the square to the cathedral, begun in 1296, a curious pile, cased in parti-coloured marbles, the windows marvellous specimens of tracery and glass colouring; behind the high altar is the celebrated group in marble, "La pieta," by Michael Angelo, also Mary with the dead Christ—a piece of wondrous painting. Next I visit the Baptistry, and luxuriated over the bronze *Ghiberti* gates, which Michael Angelo declared to be worthy of Paradise. A wooden carved Magdalen, by Donatelli; the mosaic floor is also well worthy of inspection; the entire structure is an octagonal chapel, one of the finest in Florence, if not in Italy. The next point of interest is the Church of St Lorenzo, which has an elegant Corinthian interior, an altar exquisitely inlaid with agates and lapis lazuli; but of more importance still is Michael Angelo's chapel, containing the tombs of the Medici, by the great sculptor, one of the groups being the celebrated "Night and Morning." The Chapel of the Medici is a large marble wonder, the roof gilt, and having frescoes in the compartments.

Afterwards I hurried to Santa Croce, where there is a monument erected to Michael Angelo by Foggini; another to Alfieri, by Canova; a third to Galileo, by Michael Angelo; there is also a splendid sculpture of a dead Christ, and a chapel containing the remains of some of the Buonaparte family. Among other churches I make a pilgrimage to Santa Maria Novella, in which there are a few good altar-pieces, and rich stained-glass

windows, together with a fresco of questionable taste—a paradise filled with females, and an inferno filled with men. I finish the day by visiting different points of the city, and particularly the quarter known as the Lungarno. The streets of *La Bella Firenze* are beautifully laid out, admirably paved with wide *trottoirs*; the names of the thoroughfares parallel with the river are written on the walls on a blue ground, the cross streets on yellow. The houses are lofty, most of them having balconies; the shops have plate-glass fronts, with all the attractions of the Boulevards or Regent Street. The better class of Florentines dress in the height of fashion. The females, taken as a whole, are beautiful, having fine busts, and dark, lustrous eyes; but, like the Venus de Medici, are deficient in size. This being market day, the pavements are crowded; three Cheap Jacks are in the Piazza dell Gran' Ducal, vending Birmingham and other kinds of trashy ornaments. Servant men and women are waiting about to be hired. The markets are exceedingly well supplied with comestibles—fish, fruits, and coppers of boiled potatoes—maccaroni in every possible shape, price six bajocchi the plate. I have not seen a beggar in Italy, nor a poor person in Florence. The churches of England and Scotland have services here every Lord's day—the former meet in a building at the back of St Marco, the latter in the Lungarno.

Friday, 17th.—It is a pity that so many of the Florentine churches are built in back streets, encroached upon and almost closed in with small dingy dwellings, similar to Notre Dame, or our own St Paul's. These, however, serve as a foil in enhancing the splendour of the interiors. The subject-matter of the paintings and altar-pieces are generally scriptural, and chiefly illustrative of passages in the New Testament. A few of the female faces are of angelic sweetness; whilst two of the dead Christs have a naturalness of colouring that render them almost repulsive, but are nevertheless beautiful in an artistic point of view. Gazing intently at a group of sculpture or painting, it requires but little imagination to expect each figure to start into life; hence probably the origin of the winking Madonnas, for if the canvas seems to live, the marble seems almost to breathe.

At 10 A.M. I am on the staircase of the Pitti Palace. This

gallery is said to contain the finest collection of paintings in the world. Amongst the objects that seize the attention are Raphael's *Virgin in the Chair*; the *Virgin and Child* by Murillo; the *Ecce Homo* by Dolci; carved ivory gems, ebony, lapis-lazuli, Canova's *Venus*, Sevres china, vases of malachite and agate, and mosaic tables. Having satisfied my curiosity as far as time would permit, I retire from this museum, cross a quaint bridge to the Uffizi Gallery, which contains some of the most remarkable sculptures in Christendom—the first and rarest being the *Venus de Medici*, “who lives and loves in stone,” the *Wrestlers*, the *Cymbal Player*, the *Sleeping Venus*, *Niobe*, *Bacchus*, and *Adonis*, by Michael Angelo. There is also a collection of paintings, amongst which are two reclining *Venuses* by Titian, a *Holy Family* by Raphael, and another by Michael Angelo, besides hundreds of the Dutch school, by Rembrandt, Vandyke, Albert Durer, and others. Oh, ye great masters, how is it that ye have left us no successors, none to whom ye bequeathed your mantle with your genius, none on whom your inspiration rests! Shall your brushes and chisels ever again be taken up and handled with the same skill and devotion?—yes, devotion! for that alone kindled your intelligence, animated your spirit, skilled and nerved your arm whilst designing and executing these glorious triumphs of art, and noble contributions to the beauty of God's house.

It may be surprising to some that a clergyman of the Church of Scotland should thus speak—a Church that at the Reformation flung aside all form of ritual, and altogether ignored church adornment; severely yet scripturally plain in her worship, but hitherto repellant of every accessory of beauty within her walls, abhorrent even of external ornament in her edifices. But why, let me ask, should not the eye of the worshipper as well as the mind be pleased with the harmonious and a sense of the beautiful? Why should not the understanding be enlightened, as well as the heart warmed, in the service of the sanctuary? Why should not talents and genius, the rare endowments of mind, the cunning skill of the handicraftsmen, the glories of art, and the triumphs of science, be consecrated to God and His holy temple, as well as to the temples of the god of this world? Why should not God's house be beau-

tiful without as well as all "glorious within?" Is worship in singleness of heart incompatible with a temple chaste in design and symmetrical in proportion?

Some may, and many do, object to the exhibition of nude figures, as tending they say to licentiousness. Without committing myself to this view of the question, I may state certain facts that came under my observation bearing on the subject during this and former trips to the continent. There are many such in France, but more especially Italy. Undraped figures are erected over fountains, standing in squares, and abounding in public galleries, in short, seen everywhere. Youth from infancy to manhood, have them daily before their eyes; yet, from all I could gather and observe, they seem to regard them, if they regard them at all, with the same indifference as we look upon representations of animals or draped images. At a fountain near the market or public square of this city, above which there is a life-sized nude figure, youth of both sexes are drawing and drinking water; they come and go, as far as I can judge, without for a moment seeming to know or to look at the nude humanity over their heads.

This is just *a priori* what might be predicated; as concealment is the mother of curiosity, so familiarity breeds indifference, if not contempt. Were such a breach of what in this country we would call decency, and a figure life size, *in puris naturalibus*, set up in one of our public places, or over one of our newly-opened fountains, how the pulpit would fulminate its thunders, and the public press would take up the cry till the nuisance was removed; or, as good old George the Third said, when walking through a museum with his royal partner, Charlotte—"Put an apron on it! Put an apron on it!" I cannot say, after all, that licentiousness is either more rife, or public morality less in nude-figured Italy than in draped-figured Britain. But probably true morality, *i.e.*, pureness of heart, public decency and propriety, have little or no connexion with the exhibition, or non-exhibition of God's choicest works, as He, not the *modiste* or *schneider*, made them.—*Honî soit qui mal y pense.* With regret I bid adieu to fair Florence, and return to Leghorn by rail; we run the fifty-four miles in two hours.

Leghorn, Saturday, 18th.—The whole day is spent in

rambling over the town and along the quays till 8 P.M., when I go on board the steamer, *Zuave de Palestro*, which starts for Genoa at 10 P.M. There are only a few passengers, and these of a very humble class—in fact all, with two or three exceptions, are soldiers or thieves; three women and eight men are in handcuffs, accompanied by a detachment of Italian conscripts.

Sunday, 19th.—We are hugging the shore pretty closely, which affords me an opportunity of seeing and admiring the magnificent scenery of the coast; among other points the celebrated Riviera, and for hours the maritime Alps, have been in view; the picturesque Carrara, from whence the best and whitest marbles are obtained. At different points, the great turnpike that runs from Leghorn to Nice can be seen, the morning sun bathing the whole in beauty. If there be a defect in the landscape, it is the want of wood—neither cultivated fields, luxuriant vineyards, crags and peaks, can compensate for this deficiency in the eye of an Englishman. We enter the roads of Genoa, threading our way among tiers of shipping and steamers, into the inner harbour, where we cast anchor at 8 A.M. Passengers and luggage are only permitted to disembark at the custom-house stairs. The *Dogana* are more exacting than any I have come in contact with since leaving Egypt. Selecting the Hotel de France as my residence; after breakfast I hasten through the long, winding, narrow, but well-paved streets, in which most all the shops are open, to the Via Assarotti, where I attend worship at the Scottish church. The Rev. Mr Murdoch, of Nice, preached an excellent sermon from 1st Timothy i. 19. The congregation numbered upwards of forty. I feel thankful in being permitted once more to enter His sanctuary, mingle with His people, and hear His gospel.

Taking up a position at the lower end of the square San Carlo Felice, one cannot but admire the crowds of handsome men and lovely women; the latter this morning are swarming like butterflies, and for the sake of my lady readers, I shall briefly describe their costume. Like the Bernese, they wear neither cap nor bonnet, but simply a white gauze scarf-shaped veil, thrown over their head, which is fastened with a silver pin, and floats behind them; the hair combed back from the front, and exces-

sively frizzled out from the temples, *à la Eugénie*, the face and forehead being wholly exposed. The dress chiefly black silk, the make-up the prevailing fashion of London or Paris, whilst both old and young are moderately crinolined. I observe no parasols, but the fan is as adroitly used, and seemingly for as many purposes as those mentioned by the *Spectator* in speaking of our grandmothers. This is a gay city, much more so apparently than Rome or Naples. I do not observe anything like intemperance, nor have I yet encountered a case of inebriety in Italy. I retire early to the hotel, but the hum of voices continues surging like many waters till far on in the night; the Italians, with their sunny skies and genial atmosphere, living to a great extent *al fresco*.

Monday, 20th.—Immediately after breakfast I take the 'bus to Sempiederarene, a village on the shore, where a view of the city, bay, and surrounding scenery is obtained. Genoa is walled, strongly fortified with a garrison, gates, and drawbridges. Returning to town, I get into another 'bus and take a run out on the Leghorn Road as far as Albaro; here I obtain a view of the city from another point, and observe its beautiful position. The harbour, shipping, mole, castles, palaces, churches, hills, and valleys, covered with gentlemen's seats and villas, basking under an Italian sky, form a panoramic picture of surpassing grandeur and loveliness, well entitling it to the proud title *La Superba*. Strada Nuova is lined by a series of marble palaces, amongst which is the Jesuits' college, the Palazzo Spinola, the Palazzo Leira, the Doria Tursi. Passing along this street, I visit the churches San Lorenzo, a splendid pile, with a magnificent façade, erected in the eleventh century, and that of the Annunciatia, which has a few beautiful altar-pieces, and is also richly decorated; mass was being performed when I entered, at which thirty men and four women were present. The jewellers' shops are worth attention, the Genoese excelling in silver and gold filagree work, as also in coral cutting and setting. The new railway station has a semicircular colonnade, and, though a work of art, has every modern convenience. Genoa may not be able to boast, like Florence, of a Dante, a Galileo, or a Michael Angelo, but she has given birth to one who is greater still, and to whom civilisation is even more indebted, namely, the discoverer of the

new world. She has been tardy, but at last raised a noble tribute to Columbus, by far the most illustrious of her sons. The monument is a marble pedestal, surmounted by a statue, in gigantic proportions, of the great maritime discoverer, who stands in contemplative attitude, as if solving some abstruse geographical problem; the whole is a beautiful composition, harmonious in its accessories, marvellous in delicacy of execution,—and occupies a level area in front of the railway terminus.

We leave Genoa by rail at six P.M. The Italian carriages are comfortably fitted up, the third-class equalling our second, the servants, without exception, civil and obliging; the train runs at a slow pace, averaging only about twenty-five miles an hour; this is an advantage, however, as it affords the stranger or visitor more ample opportunity of observing the features of the country, and no part of Italy, except the first forty miles out of Naples, surpasses or equals these lovely valleys and vine-clothed slopes; indeed, the whole route thus far is an unbroken succession of picturesque hill and dale scenery. Every foot is cultivated by hand-labour, clothed in rich and luxuriant vegetation, the vine clustering in festoons or trellises, affording evidence of an abundant vintage; whilst at every turn there are sweet nooks, where peasant dwellings lie embowered, and draped in foliage and flowers. The people are simple in their manners and stereotyped in their customs, yet affable, unaffected, and obliging to strangers. At length, weary and alone, for the passengers have been gradually dropping off at the different stations, at 10 P.M. we roll into the large terminus of Alessandria. I take up my quarters at the first and readiest open hotel, where after a hurried refreshment I am soon in the arms of the “sweet restorer.”

CHAPTER LXI.

MILAN, TURIN, AND GENEVA.

Tuesday, 21st.—Alessandria is situated near the junction of the Tanaro and the Bormido, the latter a clear running, rapid river. The town is strongly fortified, the citadel modern, but of great strength. It was here Victor Emmanuel and Cavour inaugurated the policy that has resulted in the creation of a new kingdom, of which Rome will probably soon be the capital. There is not much to be seen beyond batteries and fortifications; the streets are well paved, some of the granite stones being laid lengthways, similar to those of the Commercial Road in the east end of London. The town itself resembles Reading, in Berkshire. There are numbers of good shops, and the people seem comfortable and well to do. Oxen are generally employed as beasts of draught, horses only in light carriages. Having made the circuit of the town, and seen all that is remarkable, I take the rail to Milan. The line crosses the river, which this morning rolls full from bank to bank, by a splendid bridge; the country presenting the same level and well-cultivated aspect as already described; whilst the irrigation is as perfectly carried out as anywhere in Egypt.

It is not a matter of surprise that the Italians are proud of their country; a Swiss mountaineer believes his native land to be the richest and most beautiful on God's earth; the Scottish Highlander, and even the Lowlander, are under a similar impression, believing Auld Scotia, with her lochs and burns, woods and glens, nay, though only heather braes and "braken knowes," to be the most magnificent territory under the sun. If such love of country or patriotism animate the mountaineer

in his affection for his barren hills, how much more the Italian for this lovely land of sunny skies, luxuriant alluvial plains, and vine-covered heights! Exactly at noon we run into the handsome station of Milan, and leaping into a 'bus: I am landed at the Hotel Rebecchino.

My steps are first directed to the Duomo, or Cathedral, began A.D. 1585. Paying a few sous to the janitor, and ascending to the roof, one is bewildered with the mazes of statues, pinnacles, arches, and tracery, triumphs of genius and works of inspired men. Many of Canova's highest efforts adorn the exterior of this edifice. His Adam and Eve especially are beautiful creations in marble. An idea may be formed of the profuseness of sculpture, when it is stated that there are upwards of 4000 statues, and a forest of Gothic pinnacles, at least ninety-eight in number, arranged with mathematical symmetry, whilst the marble tracery resembles lace work. Never did mortal man conceive a nobler work of art, or present a more elaborate contribution to the worship of the uncreated and eternal God. Apostles, saints, martyrs, isolated, and in groups; but why attempt detail? they rise before me in brilliant carrara, exciting an ecstasy of wonderment and admiration.

The pile is in the form of a Latin cross; its length within the walls 493 feet, with a breadth of 177; length of transept, 283; height of nave, 151; from the pavement to the Virgin that crowns the spire, 356. It is a rare gem, more like frosted silver, or filagree work, than a structure of marble—nay, a vision, a dream of beauty—spire and pinnacle, sculpture, tracery, and statuary bursting and running over with florid sculpture. Such is the exterior. How shall I describe the interior? Ruskin, Scott, or the late lamented Pugin, might give an approximate detail of its beauties. I know not the technical terms fitly to describe the design and wondrous execution. Its vast size, gigantic columns, magnificent capitals, niches filled with statuary, the roof either open, mosaic, or painted, tassellated floors, the dome, high altar, on which have been lavished all that art, skill, or science could purchase or accomplish, altars and paintings, ormolu and brass, gilding and stained glass, present a *tout ensemble* beyond dispute the finest of its kind in

the world. The Continent can produce no edifice, either single or combined, to be compared with this marvellous structure.

Getting into one of the 'buses that pass every five minutes, I proceed to the Church of San Ambrosio, a curious old structure, rich in ruins and old books, manuscripts, and missals, some of the latter beautifully illuminated. My taste not leading me much in that direction, I am better pleased with the autograph letters of the author of "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," and those of the noble persecuted Galileo, than with all the riches of the Borghese cabinets, containing cameos, cups and saucers, with one exception, the *Nautilus Cup*, designed and engraved by Benvenuto Cellini, of itself a fortune to its possessor. Next bending my steps—as visiting churches is my work for to-day—to Santa Maria della Grazia, merely to see, or to say that I had seen, the original of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo Da Vinci. Entering the venerable pile, I am at some difficulty to find the object of my search, not knowing its precise locality. I am told to go to the *refectory*, and there, sure enough, is the old weather-beaten and time-eaten plaster or fresco, covering the whole end of the apartment, which is now disused, except as a place for lumber. The size of the painting is probably from twenty to thirty feet, and though now mutilated, blurred, and broken, must have been a noble work, and of art of high merit. I feel disappointed, as I always have done, in examining copies of this unique work; the feeling may partly arise from being dissatisfied with the painter's design, his misconception probably arising from his ignorance of scriptural customs and Eastern manners. Every Greek reader knows that food in the East was eaten, and the Last Supper partaken, in a reclining position—"ἀνέκλιτο μετὰ τῶν ὁδώδεα."* This objection may be regarded as puerile. Why turn away from a marvellous work of art, because of a mis-reading or misapprehension of an Eastern custom, more attributable to the Vulgate than to the painter? This I have no time to determine, but simply repeat my impression of dissatisfaction with the design of the fresco. Next I find my way to the Chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, under whose protection the city is believed to be secure. This

* Matt. xxvi. 20.

belief I am not disposed to dispute. The shrine of this saint is a gem in workmanship, delicacy, and design of execution, composed of solid silver, chased in alto rilievo, made or created—for it is more like a creation than a manufacture—at a cost of 5,000,000 francs. It is surprising that the first Napoleon did not melt it down, and send the saint on a mission to the Parisian exchequer. As it is, this noseless figure might be usefully employed, if converted into current coin, in assisting Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel to secure possession of Rome and Venice, and thus complete the *unità* of Italy.

I also paid a flying visit to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, but it is scarcely tolerable after the Duomo. In passing, I take a look at the Arco della Pace, a beautiful structure of pure Carrara marble, surmounted by a group in bronze. The Corso, or principal street, a long straight thoroughfare extending from the cathedral to the city gate, is lined with handsome shops, but the pavements are narrow and indifferently looked after. The streets present a gay appearance, from the number of awnings over the windows, crimson curtains before the doorways, and the Italian flag of white, red, and green floating from almost every dwelling. Ecclesiastics and church dignitaries moving about give the streets an animated and gay appearance.

The ease and elegant manners of the Milanese are proverbial; their dress rich in fabric, is made up in the newest Parisian fashions. The city and environs are studded with palaces, mansions, and villas, giving evidence of the wealth and taste of the capital of Lombardy. But what, it may be asked, do the inhabitants say of their new king, Victor Emmanuel? No monarch ever was more popular than *il re galantuomo*; if there be one more so, that one is Garibaldi. His photograph is in every window, his name in every mouth, scribbled on every blank wall, and given to street, square, and *piazzi*. In short, he is not only the hero of the day, but truly worshipped. My gifted countryman, Thomas Carlyle, should visit Italy ere he issues his new edition of "Hero Worship," for here that kind of devotion reigns with Italian intensity.

It is the general conviction that Garibaldi is yet destined to achieve for Venice what he has already accomplished

for the two Sicilies. Rome is already his. The hour that Napoleon withdraws his red-legged legions from the Papal territory, God help poor Pio Nono; for, excepting some *ultramontane* priests, as a prince, friends he has none. I have learned more of the views entertained by the Italians of Garibaldi than many travellers attain, never having made any secret, in whatever city or society I happened to enter, of my admiration for this king of men. In cafés, restaurants, tea-gardens, private dwellings, and public assemblies, I have heard expressed without reserve the political aspirations of this brave people. A glorious future, no doubt, awaits the young nation, when the various dukedoms from Cape Spartivento to Como, and from Venice to the Alps, are thoroughly consolidated, as in all probability they will soon be, a new generation will have sprung up, who knew neither King Bomba nor the Duchess of Parma, but only Italy, one and united under a constitutional king.

La Scala, one of the finest opera-houses in the world, has been closed for the last two or three nights; but the square in which it is situated is enlivened by a military band, with the ordinary concomitants of fruit-selling and fruit stalls; the manners of the crowd further strengthening my conviction of the national temperance and *bonhomie* of the Italian. The chief manufactures of the town are silk-throwing, cigar-making, and saddlery. Provisions are abundant, and moderate in price. Education has been much neglected till of late, even amongst the higher classes; whilst the lower, I am sorry to say, have been almost entirely overlooked. It is only justice to the proprietor of the Hotel Rebechino to state that the attendance, viands, and wines are excellent in quality, whilst I have no complaint whatever to make as regards the charges. Bidding good-bye to Milan, we are driven to the railway station. It is a question whether Italy surpasses us most in churches or railway stations; the one in which I stand is, architecturally, even a credit to Milan. It is supported by columns of polished marble and granite; a chequered floor of the same materials, the ceiling divided into compartments and painted, the shields and arms picked out in white and gold; the counters and barriers of carved walnut, and the whole covered in with ground glass; a noble corridor running the whole

length of the building ; everything clean and well fitted, the servants civil and obliging. We have nothing that can be at all compared in design and ornament to the stations of Florence, Genoa, and Milan.

Now we are on our way to Turin. The line runs along the great plain of Lombardy, and presents the same features of cultivation as that portion between Alessandria and Milan. We stop a short time at Magenta to allow passengers to visit the battle-field, the soldier's graves, the bomb-shattered houses, and an obelisk commemorating the victory of the French and Italian arms. On one side is the inscription in Italian :—

“Napoleon III. and his ally.”

The soil is exceedingly fertile, being a rich loam, well adapted for corn, wheat, rye, and hemp ; the crops are now all housed. There are groves of mulberries, straggling poplars, copses of oak, and the vine everywhere. The fields are small in size, but well fenced ; and, if I mistake not, the holdings are small, being only of a few acres. At 9.15 we rattle into the station at Turin.

Thursday, 23d.—Now I am in the capital of Piedmont, the London of Italy, situated on the banks of the Po, near its junction with the Dora Riparia, with a population numbering about 150,000. In shape it is nearly oval, and four miles in circumference ; the plan regular, the streets mostly running at right angles, without either the dinginess of Naples, or the decay of Rome ; nor has any city in Italy a greater number of magnificent squares, beautiful drives, and views. Among those worthy of note are the Piazza Real or Di Castello, in which the palace stands, and that of San Carlo. The houses are lofty, the principal thoroughfares adorned with beautiful shops and palatial residences. The Strada del Po, half a mile in length, colonnaded and arched on each side, and terminated by a beautiful bridge of five arches, is truly a fine street. There are gardens and parks at the Rondo, near the Po, and the Valentine, open daily to the populace. Amongst the public buildings the cathedral first claims attention ; it is a Gothic edifice of the fifteenth century, the western façade is profusely decorated with bas-reliefs ; and, it is said, amongst its relics is our Lord's winding-sheet. Next in importance are the Churches

of San Christina and San Philipppo, but both must yield to the beautiful structure La Superga, situated a few miles out of town. It is surmounted by a graceful dome, and has two small spires, similar to those of the west front of St Paul's ; its high altar is said to be a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind.

Turin has a university, which was founded in 1405, and is said to be well supplied with philosophical apparatus, an able staff of professors, and a library containing 100,000 volumes. The museum is rich in Egyptian antiquities, and has a choice collection of different editions of the Bible. The citadel is a regular pentagon, constructed by Urbino, and is said to be impregnable ; at the present time is quite full of soldiers. The fruit market is a treat this morning, everything that the country produces being displayed in abundance. I travelled by 'bus from the Piazza di Castello, through the whole length and breadth of the city, taking eight different directions, in as many vehicles, the fare in each being 10 cents, (one penny.) Photographic artists are as plentiful as in Oxford Street, whilst daily papers are in every one's hands ; nor are the Turinese destitute of a *Punch* or a *Charivari* as well as ourselves, in which the caricaturist neither spares his Holiness, the priesthood, nor Napoleon III.

I am under the impression that the *morale* of the lower orders is not so high as elsewhere in Italy ; yet London has its roughs, Paris its *canaille*, New York its rowdies, and, after all, Turin may not be worse than other cities of the same population in this respect. Be this as it may, Turin is a right noble city ; everybody has a gay and festive look ; the change, when it does take place, of the capital from Turin to Florence, will, no doubt, have a damaging effect on the former. The streets, with their splendid houses, the villas around, and residences within, the city, in the absence of the court and parliament, will fall into decay. Nor is it at all surprising that the Turinese should be somewhat indignant at losing the king, court, and nobility, particularly since Rome has not become the capital.

Bidding farewell to Royal Turino, I am again *en route* by rail for Susa, a small town on the spurs of the Alps. We run through a rich country, producing less Indian corn, but more barley, and interspersed with forests of acacias ; the pub-

lic roads, of which we obtain glimpses, being well kept, fringed with trees, and furnished with seats for foot passengers. The vine continues universally cultivated, and is trained on low frames. The soil, as already remarked, is a rich loam, but sadly cut up by sub-division into small farms of from sixty to seventy acres. The system of letting is faulty in the extreme, and is known by the name *pignioranti*—that is, lending and sharing between labourer and proprietor, the tenant paying rent in money for dwelling and outhouses, and for the land a fixed rental in kind. There are no leases, nothing but verbal agreements from sire to son. The cattle on the farm generally belongs to the proprietor; in short, as we say in Scotland, a mere “bowing of cows.” There is another, or sub-mode, of letting land to labourers, the holding descending as low as two or three acres. Ploughing the land and furnishing the seed is the farmer’s part; the labour that of the peasant; at the end of the harvest, they divide the produce. This sorry mode of letting and cultivation goes far to create the *dolce-farniente* style that obtains in these beautiful plains.

We are now among the mountains; Alpine peaks, and picturesque crags, with snow on their summits, are both around and above us. The rail runs through a narrow gorge, then a succession of winding valleys, threading its way among rocks, with many a dubious turning, until we reach, in the twilight, the station at Susa; the mountain presenting an effectual check to further progress by rail, until the great *bore* through the Alps is finished. There is a good hotel opposite the barracks, where, after having tea, I take a stroll through the village; but, excepting the everlasting hills, the brawling burn, and the single-arched bridge, there is nothing to arrest the tourist’s attention. I therefore devote the evening to posting up my journal.

Friday, 24th.—This being market-day, the whole village is astir at 5 A.M. The country and dairy produce is brought in by clean buxom girls and Alpine farmers. The next portion of the journey is to be performed by diligence. The morning is as lovely as ever shone out of heaven. We start for San Michel at 8 A.M., in a diligence drawn by eight mules, with two horses in the shafts, and proceed at a rattling pace, the drivers whooping, bells jingling, and whips cracking like

the shots of so many muskets. Up, up, we go ; the road, a series of zig-zags, is capitally macadamised ; the precipices fenced occasionally to prevent accidents, the scenery magnificent. The trees are in a flush of bloom, the valleys gemmed with flowers, the birds fill the air with melody, the clear atmosphere, villages lying basking in the hollows, the great plain of Lombardy stretching behind us, fill the mind and eye with a sense of the beautiful and the sublime. We frequently change horses, and at last reach the immense hospice of Mount Cenis. This establishment contains 1500 beds, or accommodation for between 2000 and 3000 travellers. Having thus gained the summit level of the Alps, 9000 feet high, and entered France, we now commence our descent with only two horses, by a series of inclined plains, down the valley of the Arc and Isère. Looking south, the Po and the Dora flow behind us ; on the other side the tributaries of the Rhone ; far above other mountains rises the hoary Mont Blanc, towering to the height of 15,795 feet. The scenery presents the same romantic features as that on the Italian side, the difference as imperceptible as in passing from Scotland into England.

In an hour we reach St Michel, where our luggage is examined, and passports cease to be necessary. Here taking a ticket by rail for Geneva, and having two hours to spare, I pay the tunnel, which is to connect France and Italy by rail, a visit. There are 1300 miners working in shifts of eight hours out of the twenty-four. It is believed that the entire construction will be completed by 1874. The rail from this point runs through some beautiful hill scenery, with villages perched on crags, and hamlets in glens. We stopped a short time at Chambery, a town of 24,000 souls, the air is pure, and the water abundant ; but the streets are narrow, crooked lanes, swarming with priests and soldiers. There is a fine old cathedral, a Hôtel Dieu, and some little gauze manufacture. Again we are off, the line running parallel with a mountain torrent through a succession of Alpine scenery. At 11.30 p.m. we arrive at the station of Geneva. Entering an omnibus, I am put down at the hotel *Garni de Poste*, where, fatigued and worn out, I at once retire to rest.

Saturday, 25th. — Geneva, a small canton and capital,

forms the south-west corner of Switzerland, and is almost isolated from the other cantons by Savoy and other French provinces. It is situated on Lake Lemman, at the point whence the Rhone issues and divides, forming an island, upon which part of the town stands; being connected with the mainland by a handsome suspension bridge. The streets are in general wide and commodious, with handsome shops and hotels. The principal buildings are the old cathedral of St Peter, the hospital, museum, town-hall, and penitentiary, the academy founded by Calvin, and a public library, containing upwards of 30,000 volumes. There are a number of beautiful drives round the city, a tramway on which travellers are conveyed at the rate of two miles for a penny. Besides having been an asylum for persecuted Puritans during the troubled time of the Charleses, and the Presbyterians of Scotland, Geneva has been the retreat of many illustrious characters, amongst others Calvin, Ferel, Beza, John Knox, and Melville. In more recent times, Voltaire at Ferney, Cassaubon, Rousseau, Neckar, Béranger, Madame de Staël, and a host of others. It is still regarded as a city and canton to which the Protestant world is deeply indebted.

This morning, taking the steamer for Lusanne, we go up the Italian, and return in the evening by the Swiss side of the lake. Few but are acquainted with this beautiful sheet of water; its praises have been sung by Byron, and warbled by Rogers. The magnificent views of the *Dentelles*, Mont Blanc, and the Alps, as far as the Jung Frau; the many villages which skirt its shore and smile upon it. The excursion, like the day, was beautiful, the boat crowded with holiday folks; the enjoyment and harmony caused regret when we separated in the evening.

Sunday, 26th.—After a night's unbroken rest, I rise at 7 A.M. Before leaving my room, the noise and throng of carts with their bells, carriages, and work-people, disturb the calm of the Sabbath morning. The question presents itself, Was this the manner in which the day was kept in Geneva in the times of Calvin, Ferel, and Zwingle? Surely not. How much changed the place must be since then! Now Rationalism and Romanism are rampant, where once the saving know-

ledge of justification by faith in the Redeemer was paramount. O Lord ! in Thy mercy visit again this land and city with Thy gospel truth as of old, but in Thine own time and way ! I found my way to the cathedral of St Peter's, where Calvin long preached, and Knox, and other great and illustrious men, now in heaven, proclaimed the principles of the Reformation, and the truth as it is in Jesus. O that a portion of Calvin's patience and learning, Knox's zeal, Farel's fire and energy, were poured out anew upon this people ! The service is in French, the opening prayer extempore, and only four minutes in length—the sermon delivered with animation and earnestness, without notes, the attendance from three to four hundred, all attentive, and seemingly devout. The edifice, except four or five windows, which are beautiful specimens of glass-painting, is bare, and scarcely clean—in a word, cold and comfortless—the walls merely whitewashed, and the floors unmatted. How unlike the Roman Catholic chapels around in the matter of decoration and comfort !

Again I perceive a little decoration to be expedient, if not necessary, in a place of worship. Probably I am more fastidious, being just fresh from Italy, with its gorgeously decorated cathedrals, the East, with its gilded mosques, and Greece, too, with its highly-ornamented churches. Although there is little within these walls to please the eye, the gospel is preached in its purity ; God's praise is sung by human voices, and, I believe, He is worshipped in spirit and truth. In coming out, I informed one of the elders that I was from Scotland, whereupon his eye brightened, and grasping, he wrung my hand, exclaiming, "Knox ! Knox !" I hastened across the river, and am just in time (11 A.M.) to attend service in the English Church. The place is full, with an intelligent-looking and well-dressed congregation. The liturgy occupies an hour and a quarter, and is mostly sung ; the text of the preacher is Luke iii. 17, "Whose fan is in his hand." The discourse was delivered without notes, and occupied thirty minutes ; the subject was scripturally handled, correct in doctrine, but disjointed in composition.

Monday, 27th.—This forenoon I visited the principal places of interest in this ancient and once right noble Protestant city. There is evidently a stir and a shaking among the religious

classes, who are making an effort to arouse themselves and awaken others to a higher standard in morals and spirituality, or to what is known by the term "Evangelism." In this may Heaven grant them grace, and crown them with success. The social and political section of the population, it is also pleasing to observe, are making an effort, as they say, to overtake the constitutional freedom of Britain; in this aspiration, likewise, may their hopes be realised! Leaving Geneva, the city of many memories, this afternoon, by the four o'clock train, we are now *en route* for Maçon. The country presents a series of magnificent views, comprising glens and hills covered with vines, and the cereal crop is all cut and partly housed. At 11 P.M. we reach Maçon, the birthplace of Lamartine, not only a poet and patriot, but, like myself, an eastern traveller. Here I take up my quarters, and terminate the day in tranquillity and comfort.

Tuesday, 28th.—Leaving Maçon by the forenoon train, we reach Paris at 11.30 P.M., and the whole of next day is devoted to lionising in the French capital.

Thursday, 30th.—Six A.M. finds me at the railway station, ticketed for Boulogne, which we reach without mishap in the afternoon. Crossing the Channel in an hour and forty minutes, in the teeth of a gale of wind and rain, as soon as we reach the shore at Folkestone, we are whisked by special to London Bridge in something within two hours. Seventeen weeks have now elapsed since I departed from this spot on my journeying eastward. Many whom I left in health are now sick and afflicted, and many in death who were full of life and hope; yet hitherto hath the Lord spared and protected me through perils by sea and dangers by land. The dream of youth and the aspiration of riper years have been realised—I have traversed the Holy Land. May all I have witnessed in the lands of The Book, the information I have gathered of nations and peoples, together with the sense of having been preserved by a watchful Providence, be made subservient to His glory. Amen.

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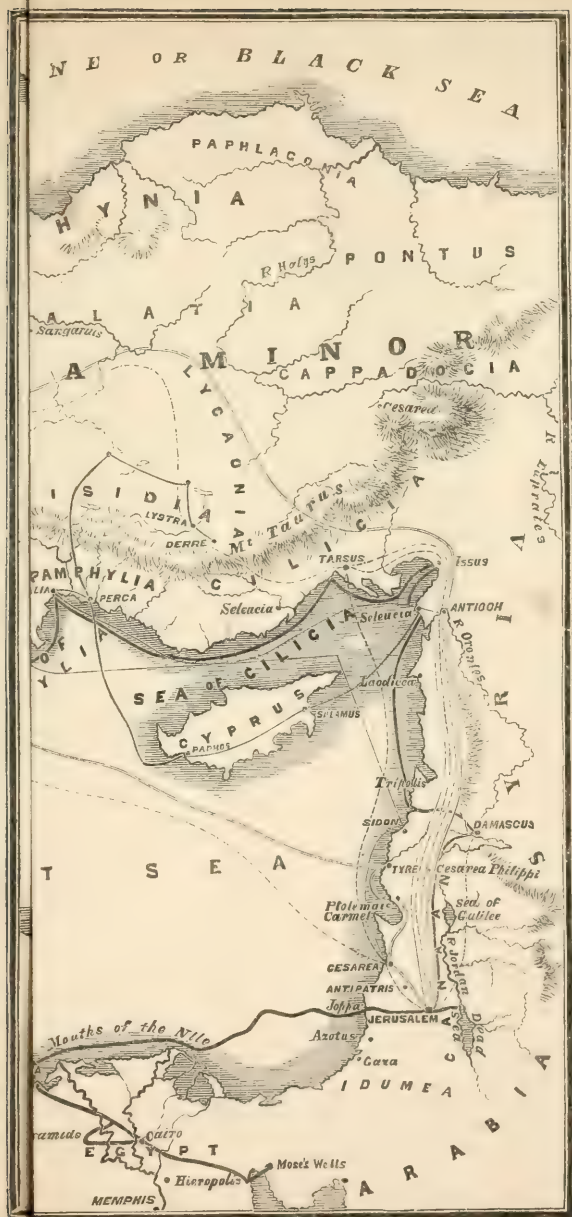
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